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CORNELIA AND DIONYSUS

Introducing also her husband and some others

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

I

THE smooth order of Cornelia's life was interrupted on New Year's Eve by a distressing occurrence which I — which all of us who possess a rudimentary sense of tact — insist on calling an accident. The circumstance which seemed at the moment to point the accident with a piercing significance, a chilling personal meaning for us, was, I suppose, the mere coincidence that we were arguing in the abstract about just such occurrences when the brutal reality of the thing burst in among us with the effrontery of a bandit in a Pullman car. Of course it admits of the natural explanation which I shall give, leading up to the mishap in the order of my own approach.

Cornelia spends the winter months in the city, in a desirable apartment near the lower end of the Park — an apartment so spacious and so desirable that an old New Yorker once amused himself at my small-town ideas by asking me to guess the annual rental. As her children, Dorothy and Oliver Junior, — the centre of her summer solicitude, — are at their preparatory schools except during the holidays, she

devotes this season to her women friends, to her husband, and to her husband's friends. I group in this way the people whom she entertains, first, because she has no men friends who are not her husband's friends, and, second, because her husband has an endless string of interesting official and unofficial personages whom he gets up — or brings up — from Washington for conferences or for exhibitional or other mysterious diplomatic purposes.

As an ancient admirer — to put it discreetly — who has sunk through the incalculable accidents of life to the level of an educational counselor or referee, I confess that I find Cornelia just a shade more perfectly herself in the country, where she is comparatively alone with the children and Nature and her books, than in the city, where, on my occasional expeditions, I see her but seldom and then usually so beset with husband, friends, and personages that there is little opportunity for the long educational tête-à-têtes of the summer.

In the winter holidays I like to call

on the two of them in their own characteristic setting, for a variety of reasons which will be obvious enough to all those provincials who spend the gray season quietly sitting in silent, snowbound prairie towns and villages, dreaming, like waifs in a Scandinavian fairy tale, of the bright commotion of crowded streets and thronged foyers and Duse and Pavlowa and grand opera and Conrad and Lloyd George and Swinnerton and windows full of new books and golden gowns and cut flowers. I remember once remarking to them, after they had taken me into one of their theatre parties in the grand style: 'Art for the upper classes; morality for men of moderate incomes; religion for the poor.' 'No'; retorted Oliver, with his instantaneous eye for the weak spot in my armor: 'Art for the cities; morality for the towns; religion for the villages.'

We provincials are, it is true, fairly well disciplined to the stoic 'apathy' — a kind of cultivated hardening of the heart toward everything beyond the reach of our hands and the range of our eyes. Through month after month the rosy knuckles of temptation may knock on our hardened hearts in vain. But recent investigation proves that under constant percussion and strain the hardest substances yield — steel girders buckle, flywheels burst, and bridges wear out and give way to a malady known to science as 'the fatigue of metals.' An analogous malady, attacking even the most firmly tempered of hearts, accounts for the popularity of Charles Lamb's 'moral holiday,' that excursion from the moral macadam which nowadays we call a 'detour.' It explains, too, in my own case, the sharp nostalgia for the city which afflicts me annually on the depressing morning after Christmas. On that spiritless day-after, I feel like a wretched silkworm in a glass jar,

which will swiftly perish of inanition if not supplied with fresh mulberry leaves. That explains why I pack my bag and, by the first Limited train, creep to the city — under the pretext of reading a paper before one of the learned associations.

What I am coming to is the rather curious fact that the attraction of Cornelia's winter establishment is perhaps due less directly to her than to her husband, and to the refreshing and, for me, delightfully relaxing air of worldliness which circulates around him. Cornelia wonderfully incarnates the Eternal Feminine, which is supposed to draw us upward. But in the interim between Christmas and New Year's Resolutions one does n't desire to be drawn upward. All one wants is to escape from ennui and suffocation. In the colloquial idiom of our section, one 'wants out.' And Oliver, in the negligee of old acquaintance, is a most agreeable, realistic, and sometimes rather witty Mephistopheles, letting one out of conventional and cloistral habits of thought, and leading one by sharp detours into the heart of 'things as they are.' Clearly, I don't dislike Oliver: I envy him, and, like his other familiars, call him 'Excellency,' a title which I believe few persons except the Governor of Massachusetts have any right to use officially. Nor do I think that Oliver really dislikes me: he pities me, and calls me 'Professor,' a title which he has also conferred, in my presence, upon the learned Greek who polishes his shoes. I tell him that both the Greek and I have a better right to our titles than he, for Oliver is now writing his reminiscences of the war, and has at present no official Washington connection whatever, busy as he seems to be there.

I envy him the variety of his life, the interest and importance of his personal relations, his position inside the façade of public affairs, his understanding of

the huge subterranean dynamos which operate the puppet-show of politics, his familiarity with the little hairsprings which govern the dynamos, his chatter of Wall Street and the Departments and the legations, and his inexhaustible stock of unpublished anecdote. In public he has had the reputation of a strong team-worker, a sound 'administration' man; and in the newspapers he passes as a champion of the common people, friend of the farmer and the laboring man — and the rest. But twenty-five years of more or less public life have not stereotyped his mind. In private, indiscretions bubble from him like water from a spring. He utters the most profane and contemptuous condemnation of major enterprises of his party. In a friendly circle he will even repudiate, with perfect recklessness, the 'asininities' to which he has been constrained by various public considerations to subscribe. I twit him on the essential duplicity of the official character. I call him what he seems to my academic sense to be — 'a tough little Yankee crabapple, coated with the wax of European diplomacy'; 'a hard-shelled individualist steeped in Nietzschean philosophy and merely dipped in democratic shellac.' I insist that there is no more milk in him than there is in a billiard ball; and that he values the plain people as a professional golfer values his caddies.

In revenge, Oliver blandly replies: 'The only trouble with you professors is that you know absolutely nothing about life' — a charge which I always admit; and then pump him for information. He responds with the — I think — sincere conviction, shared by many Eastern statesmen, that we Mid-Westerners are of an unsubjected alien race, ominously multiplying within the borders of the otherwise united States, and mainly occupied with the propagation of miscellaneous fanaticisms. He has

not yet forgiven me 'the pacifism of the Mississippi Valley when the seaboard was aflame.' He ascribes to me the 'bolshivism' of North Dakota, and is always inquiring solicitously: 'By the way, how did you come out with your investments in the Dakota bonds?' Sometimes he pretends that, as I am from 'Puritan Kansas,' I may have scruples against breakfasting with them 'on the Sabbath'; if I accept, he turns to Cornelia and gravely warns her not to forget 'the Nebraskan's grape-juice.' Or he will ask my permission to light a cigarette, remarking, 'As you are from Utah, I feared it might be offensive to you.' His mocking compassion is often excited by my provincial residence and by my profession. I don't mind his designating me as 'Pascal,' nor his reference to my correspondence with Cornelia as *Les lettres provinciales*. But, in one of his sharper moods, I remember his saluting me as 'Calpurnia.' I asked him to enlarge a little on the idea. 'Oh, it's nothing,' he replied, 'only I hear that nowadays they are dismissing all the men from university faculties and manning them with Cæsar's wives — with persons "above suspicion." I always think of you professors as Cæsar's wives.'

Cæsar's wives? Oliver's immediate implication, I suppose, was merely that the public expects on the part of instructors of youth a quasi-priestly character, a many-sided and inhuman exemplariness of opinion and conduct such as neither the youth in our charge nor their parents require of themselves. But Oliver meant more than that. He meant to suggest the absurdity to the 'realistic' mind — the practical invalidity — of the entire professorial and schoolmasterly point of view, and the utopian insubstantiality of our ethical and social vision. Cæsar's wives! The sting of that quip, which he planted in me last summer, was still rankling a

bit on a gray hungry morning a few days after Christmas, the poison of it being its truth; and a doubt was stealing insidiously into my mind, like the snake into the garden of Eden, whether perhaps the influence of the secular priesthood over the democracy might not be greater if the priesthood abandoned its attempt to appear so supremely untouched by the gross human infirmities of the democracy — when I received a note from Cornelia, and, half an hour later, a telegram from Oliver. For brevity's sake, I give the telegram:

CORNELIA NOTICES YOU SPEAK
HERE SATURDAY STOP DINE WITH
US MONDAY AT EIGHT THIRTY STOP
NOBODY ELSE BUT YOUR NOVELIST
FRIEND VERNON WILLYS STOP
WATCH THE YEAR OUT STOP DIS-
CUSS FUNDAMENTALISM AND BURY
BACCHUS STOP SEMIOFFICIAL STOP
WE WANT MIDWESTERN POINT OF
VIEW STOP REGARD AS IMPERATIVE

I packed my old suit into my old suit-case, slipped into my inside pocket the old club-paper which was to pay my expenses, snatched a book of Gilbert Murray's to read on the train, and crept slowly eastward on the Limited. My diary shows that my occupations during my first forty-eight hours in the city were about as follows: —

(Details at this point omitted by the Editor.)

Mulberry leaves! These details I include in order to indicate briefly how I reduced the unmannerliness of my provincial appetite before I put in my appearance at Oliver's, and, leaving my bag at the office, went up one flight to their apartment. I don't like to seem too eager.

II

As I stepped into the clear soft blueness of the candlelit apartment Cor-

nelia rose, a silvery shimmer, from the settee where she had been chatting with Oliver Junior, and, approaching with Artemisian stride, greeted me with her finished graciousness. The artistic perfection of it might subtly pain a sensitive heart, were it not for the intimate reassurance imparted by the rippling overtones of her voice, which resolves art into intoxication and curiously persuades a man in evening dress, in the heart of the city, that he is standing in the midst of a garden full of flowers. . . . I muse.

Cornelia swiftly explained that Oliver Junior, though festively attired, would not dine with us. That spirited and well-groomed youth would, in a few minutes, drive his sister and two of their friends to a young people's party in Riverdale. After I had asked him a few banal questions about his school, a topic which did not appear greatly to 'intrigue' him, he edged into the adjoining room and diddled with the piano till his sister Dorothy skipped in, looking like an adolescent Bacchante, — she is a little over seventeen, — and they disappeared together.

Cornelia in the meantime had also explained that Oliver Senior was in the library with Vernon Willys. 'I don't like him much'; she added, 'in fact I think him rather horrid. He is very happy to-night over his separation from his wife. He could hardly wait to get inside the door to tell us about it. But I believe you have discovered something precious in his books, and Oliver seems infatuated with him. They have been running around together all the fall. He is doing a political novel now, and I accuse Oliver of sitting for the portrait of the hero. But here they are.'

The two men came in from the library with red buds in their buttonholes. Oliver as usual saluted me with a volley of questions, which he gave me no time to answer, and with an animating smile,

in which I always feel a slightly satirical edge. Willys, whom I had met once or twice before, nipped my arm, smacked his lips, and murmured with a communicative flicker in his eyes that I must be sure to see His Excellency's library before I left. As we moved toward the dining-room, Oliver's quick fire continued: 'Did you get my telegram? Get the point about Bacchus? I'm feeling the pulse of the country on this prohibition business. Willys here has convictions, I find — just as many convictions as you have, but different. I got you two together in the hope of hearing you beat each other's brains out. I hope you'll do it in good style. Give him the Mid-Western gospel. I'll hold the coats. I've arranged the proper setting. But be human, Professor! Be human — just for to-night!'

It is not my intention to describe the dinner in detail. The excellence of a dinner *à quatre*, for any but a quartet of gourmands, is merely to provide a soft-footed ministration of successive felicities to the appetitive nature while the higher faculties, stimulated by the æsthetic accessories of the feast, nimbly engage in the discourse of reason. Of the material details, my memory is as indistinct as an impressionist poet's. I recall only the tall silver of candlesticks on an immaculate whiteness which was doubtless linen; and a soothing greenness which may have been holly; and a dark rich redness which was certainly roses; and a fragrance, mingled, various, which was partly roses and partly — well, I sat at Cornelia's right hand, and in that dazzling proximity — she carries her head so proudly that Time has hardly ventured to touch a wisp of her bronze-gold hair nor to breathe near her shoulder — in that proximity I did not notice, I honestly did not notice till some seconds after we were seated, that in front of each plate was a half-moon formed of three delicate

glasses, glowing with candlelight reflected from the varicolored souls of old vineyards.

Vernon Willys quite audibly drew in his breath, which after the visit to His Excellency's library was a discreet enough thing to do with it. Oliver, glancing at me, repeated: 'Remember, Professor — be human.' Then he raised his ruby-colored glass toward the novelist and said: 'Let us drink to the death of Bacchus.' The two men clinked and instantly drained their glasses. Cornelia lifted hers in my direction, just touched it with her lips, and then replaced it in the semicircle. I was thinking of Ben Jonson's old song, that Anacreontic thing about the first that rises from the soul. But what I did with my glass, since whatever I did would grievously offend many persons' notion of the right thing to have done, I absolutely refuse to disclose. That point is of quite subsidiary relevance.

The thing which engaged my attention as a Mid-Western 'ethicist' and one of 'Cæsar's wives' was not the content of the glasses nor the number of times they were filled by the chocolate-colored Caribbean cupbearer. A person of my long practice in the ascetic philosophy actually does not much attend to these matters. I merely — let us say — became aware of Oliver's Machiavellian plot to seduce me. Then what leaped to my sense as worthy of exploration was just the personal feeling, the intimate private attitude of my friends, of precisely this sort of people, toward the ethical question — or complex group of questions — which the alleged death of Dionysus and his active posthumous life have forced into the foreground of our consciousness.

His Excellency, I knew, had publicly advocated the passage of the obnoxious measure, and had given to the press a 'strong' statement on the necessity of enforcing the law. In the intimacy

of friendship, however, and in the circumstances which he himself had arranged, that was only a provocation to my remarking, as he set down his glass:—

‘It is obvious that you support the Eighteenth Amendment, with reservations.’

‘With a diplomatic reserve,’ he corrected, chuckling. Willys, who had penetrated the ‘reserve,’ laughed. And Cornelia, crushing a smile between her lips, entered into a rather needless explanation, of which the intention, I perceived, was to dissipate any uneasiness which a Mid-Western Puritan might be conceived to feel on his abrupt introduction to a ‘wet’ New Year’s Eve.

‘Monsieur — meaning Oliver — is a little naughty,’ she said, ‘and he likes to make himself appear worse than he is. You must remember that he is practically a European.’

‘Oh, nonsense!’ I exclaimed; ‘Oliver a European! Then so was Andy Jackson.’

‘Yes,’ Cornelia insisted, ‘his tastes and habits were formed in the earlier part of his life, when he was almost constantly abroad. His best friends in Washington are men in the legations who are n’t obliged to adopt our reforms. Naturally, when he entertains them here, he does n’t wish to seem inhospitable or absurd, like poor dear Mr. Bryan. We don’t ordinarily have wine on the table for our own guests — I mean outside the semiofficial connection. But just for to-night, as it’s a holiday, and one of you is a pilgrim from the Mid-West, Oliver thought — we thought — you would appreciate it if ambassadorial privileges were extended to you.’

‘I get the point perfectly,’ I said; ‘that’s Oliver’s point of view — or one of his points of view. But please let Janus defend himself. He will need practice before we Puritans are done

with him. But now that the theme is before us, Cornelia, won’t you give us the benefit of your own point of view?’

‘My point of view?’ Cornelia smiled her Mona Lisa smile. ‘I — oh, I am Oliver’s wife!’

‘I have often regretted that,’ I replied with a consciously provincial affectation of urban daring; ‘but knowing your strict old-fashioned convictions about marriage, I stifle my regrets. I can’t quite reconcile your indulgent humor this evening with your rigorously prohibitive principles regarding — well, the moral fluidity of such novels as Willys writes. I had hoped that your conservatism, your puritanism, as they call it, on the marriage question would bring you around to our position on prohibition, and so, in that respect at least, detach you from Oliver.’

‘You are dead wrong, Professor,’ Willys interjected, ‘you are muddled. Prohibition is n’t conservatism. It is radical innovation. It is n’t Puritanism. As you yourself have admirably demonstrated, the Puritans drank like fishes. I am a Puritan. So is His Excellency. We are conservatives. So is our hostess.’

‘You don’t read my articles, Willys,’ I said, ‘as carefully as I read your novels. What I demonstrated was, that the Puritan is a radical innovator. The Puritan of our day says, “Let the dry land appear.” You are not a Puritan; you are a Fundamentalist. You wish to return to the Flood. You are a Diluvian.’

‘Now you are at it!’ cried Oliver gleefully. ‘Go to it!’

‘Excuse me,’ I objected; ‘we have n’t heard Cornelia’s point of view yet. I was about to say, when Willys broke in, that we educators don’t attach any great importance to the opinions of disillusioned politicians and satirical novelists — cynics like you and Willys.

The national culture is in process of fundamental change and regeneration; and you belong to an order that will soon be obsolete, with none to mourn its extinction. The future of the country is in the hands of the young people and such of the rest of us as keep up with them. I am totally indifferent, Cornelia, to what you think of prohibition as His Excellency's wife. In that capacity I doubt if you think at all; you merely accept the situation. I am curious only about your attitude as a parent of the new order — as Oliver Junior's mother. Won't you, for example, psychologize — analyze your feelings and tell us just why you kissed the glass and set it down untasted?

A hint of rose — pride or some deeper emotion — appeared in Cornelia's face when I mentioned her son. He is her religion — the substance of it. Her husband is the church which she attends from old habit, repeating her belief in him with her lips, like the phrases of an ancient creed. But what she really believes in, with the fervor of prayer and faith, is her son. I suspected that Willys and Oliver would think me guilty of bad taste for bringing into the conversation a subject — as a Restoration hero remarks of his wife — 'so foreign and yet so domestic.' Somehow children seem out of place when one is celebrating a moral holiday! But if one wishes to break down the guard of a woman who says, 'My point of view? I — oh, I am Oliver's wife!' one must risk bad taste. Cornelia's voice glided softly from gay to grave as she answered: —

'I kissed the glass for auld lang syne. I set it down untasted for the sake of the new times and the children. I used to enjoy it — as I used to enjoy being twenty years old. It is n't much to relinquish, is it? — compared with what one has to relinquish.'

When Cornelia talks in this vein

about age, she seems to me, well, just ravishingly young; and I murmured, for our angle of the table only, 'You've relinquished nothing!' She ignored me and continued: —

'As my son's mother, I am very happy, under present conditions, to know that he does n't drink or even feel any temptation to drink. We refrain, my son and I, more as a matter of taste than as a matter of conscience. Besides, he is too young. In my own home the boys had a glass of wine on their twenty-first birthday as a part of the family celebration. And the girls — I can't remember that I tasted wine, except in Italy, till after I was married. Oliver is only nineteen. If, when he is of age, he is at Oxford, — as I hope he may be, — or if he were able at home to have his wine in a natural atmosphere, simply and innocently, with gentlemen, I should not wish to deprive him of what I was brought up to regard as a proper element of social festivity.'

'Bravo!' cried Willys.

'But, alas,' she concluded, 'all that is gone now. And it's all so furtive and mean that I have a horrid feeling. And one hears so many hateful stories about the secret drinking of mere boys and girls, at school and at their parties, treating one another in their cars by the roadside, — and the consequences of it, — that it's odious, just odious. And I — I just sigh a bit for "the age of innocence," and bid it all adieu.'

'Admirable speech!' cried the novelist, as the Caribbean attendant refilled his glasses. 'Beautiful speech: full of sweet reasonableness — all but the conclusion. But why adieu? Watch and wait! I maintain that the prohibitionists builded better than they knew: they have driven drinking out of the barroom and are bringing it back to the home, where it belongs, and where as Burke says, — does n't he? — it loses

all its evil by losing all its grossness, or something like that. You and His Excellency are performing a service to posterity by preserving through this destructive period the purity of a fine old tradition.'

III

I turned to Oliver. 'Oliver,' I said, 'you have been shielded by your wife. Now Willys is apologizing for you. Really, you know, this won't do. You will have to come into the open and speak for yourself. When I go home, my friends will expect me to give them some intelligent account of what is going on here beneath the surface of things. We sit out there among the cornfields with our radio sets and listen to Washington uttering austere words about enforcing the law, and the next morning we read in the papers that there has been a party under the shadow of the Capitol, and that there is no one to see that the law is enforced, because all the responsible people are busy putting away their private stocks. Slanderous, no doubt. But in the ethical sense, how — actually — do you get away with it? Janus, explain yourself.'

'Oh, very well, Calpurnia,' said Oliver, 'yours to command, remembering only that, as Judge Black informs me, what a man entrusts to the wife of his bosom "in the sweet confidences of the midnight hour" she is not permitted to bring into court against him. But shall I explain myself as a friend of the Government, or as the master of my private life? As an ornamental pillar of the Administration, or as the captain of my own soul? Which shall it be?'

'Both, by all means!' Willys exclaimed. 'First one and then the other. First the marble bust and then the man. First the friend of the aspiring people and then the friend of the down-trodden artist. Discuss your public betrayal of your own class and then

your private loyalty to the good old cause. But tell us first why you passed the Eighteenth Amendment. I can't write my next chapter of *Senator Jones* till I have an authentic hunch, the *vraie vérité*, about the fashion in which you and the Professor and the Puritans and the Mid-West and the Anti-Saloon League — in short, the Anglo-Saxon minority — downed the great hearty Teutonic, Celtic, Italic, Slavic, and Hebraic majority — the glad, gay, sinful, eating-and-drinking majority — and put it over on us.'

'My dear man,' said His Excellency in his quietly impressive diplomatic manner, 'don't tell me that you accept that fable. You call yourself a realist! Neither the Anti-Saloon League, nor the Puritans, nor the Professor, nor I had any more to do with passing the Eighteenth Amendment than a butterfly on a steam-roller has to do with building the Lincoln highway, or than a catfish in the Mississippi has to do with irrigating the rice-fields of Louisiana.'

His Excellency 'held the point' by pausing to light a cigarette.

'Well, we are waiting,' someone prompted, after duly respecting his technique.

'*Mes enfants*,' he continued, and then blew a ring of white smoke spinning toward the tip of one of the candles, where it hung for a moment like a nimbus and then dissolved upward. 'My children, let me disclose to you the fundamental axiom of political philosophy — not the orthodox but the esoteric philosophy. Distrust the press and ignore the palaver of the man in the street. I tell you this: you may scold yourself red in the face; you may bleed yourself white; you may shout yourself blue with pietistic, reformatory, and patriotic fervor; nothing of any importance, of any public consequence, is ever accomplished in this

world except by Necessity — by a succession of linked Necessities.'

'The theory is n't entirely novel, Excellency,' I said. 'And now the application.'

'The necessity which put through the Volstead Act was the war; the necessity behind that was the sky-vaulting of wages; the necessity behind that was maximum production; the necessity behind that was a workman sober seven days in the week; the necessity behind that I could make concrete to you by naming the hundred leading corporations of the country that were in the belly of the wooden horse, making his feet track, when the Anti-Saloon League rode on his back into Jerusalem — or, if the figure offends you, into Washington.'

'The figure seems a little mixed at the best,' said Willys. 'But call it Jerusalem — whither the tribesmen go up to liquidate the burden of laying taxes on us. As for your chain of necessities, now that the war is over, that chain is falling apart. The workingman sees the Big Brother in the wooden horse, who bullied him into working six days in the week and into doing, according to Union standards, two days' work in one. He does n't like that. Besides, he knows that his Big Brother's own throat is n't dry, has n't been dry. The injustice rasps him. He wants his beer again. He wants the "poor man's club" again. And he has a jolly good right to have them. What do you say to that?'

'Oh, he has rights enough,' Oliver assented; 'but the poor man's club has passed into the hands of a receiver — a mighty capable one. The poor man's club is now in the hands of his wife. She is in charge now of the Saturday afternoons and evenings. Do you think, when her vote is as good as his, she is going to let him pour his wages into the sink? Rather not. She has

spent them, spent them in advance, for a generation to come.'

'Yes,' said Cornelia. 'Is n't it a pity! Workwomen are the most wasteful creatures. Why, when Margaret —'

'You don't quite get the idea, my dear,' Oliver resumed. 'As I was saying, in war time, while her old man was sober, with money bulging his pockets and nowhere to go, she made him buy her a house and a Ford and a Victrola and savings stamps and baby bonds, and now she's buying a municipal playground along the line of the old grog-shops and a new schoolhouse and a hospital and a couple of movie theatres and a municipal stadium and a municipal swimming-pool and God Himself alone knows how many hundred thousand miles of the finest and most expensive roads in the world.'

'Why, Oliver dear,' cried Cornelia, 'what do you mean?' I don't know anything more painful than to report the occasional fatuity of a woman whom one almost unreservedly admires. But dear Cornelia has not meditated very deeply on the problems of the working classes. And returning to her point, she insisted: 'I'm sure Margaret has n't bought any swimming-pools or hospitals.'

'No, my dear,' said Oliver calmly, 'I doubt if she has. But as I was saying, she has her own ideas of a club — that woman. She is a Progressive. As a big employer in Pittsburgh said to me yesterday, "She has tasted blood." She has dug in, and is going to extend her works. Wages won't go down; they'll be higher to-morrow morning. Why? Do you suppose that new outfit of hers is paid for? Rather not. Do you suppose that the business men are going to continue in business and collect their bills? Do you suppose they know what kind of plain people pay their bills and have money to spend? I fancy they do. Well! The Big Brother is still in the

wooden horse. Maximum production and high wages till the Judgment Day. And prohibition! The only ticket on which any party will hold office. That's my forecast — as a servant of the Government and a friend of the workingman.'

'Heaven help the poor workingman,' cried Willys, 'and spare us a few noble specimens of the idle rich. But now, Excellency, you must cheer our fainting spirits by explaining your point of view as the master of your private life.'

'As the master of my private life,' said Oliver promptly, 'I deny that I am any such Janus as the Professor here tries to make me out. As a private citizen, I still believe that prohibition cannot be repealed. Within this belief, I merely include, as a private citizen, my philosophic certainty that it will never be enforced, except where it is economically necessary. In my case it is not necessary: therefore, it will not be enforced. Its enforcement helps the business of the plain people; it would hinder mine. It adds, on the whole, very greatly to the comfort of their lives; it would detract from mine. The whole case against liquor grew out of the plain people's abuse of it. The whole case of liquor will be improved by my right use of it. There is no "rasping injustice" but a beautiful poetic justice in their losing theirs and in my keeping mine. That does n't express adequately my generosity in lending my hand to riveting the workingman's benefits firmly upon him. Many of the most decorative and not the least substantial pillars of prohibition are men of excellent and experienced palate. I simply cannot understand the Senator who refers to the Volstead Act as an idiotic measure and a failure. It was absolutely necessary: nothing which is necessary is idiotic. And every economist will tell you that it has been a marvelous economic success. It wonderfully accom-

plishes what had to be done, and it leaves undone what it ought not to do. And there you are.'

'And there *you* are!' retorted Willys, 'you and your economic argument. But where are the rest of us? I'm sorry to say that, for economic reasons, I can't follow you. My bootlegger is devouring my royalties. Therefore, as you would say, I have conscientious objections to illicit liquor.'

'I had rather overlooked that possibility,' said Oliver. 'But lean on me — at least until you have finished *Senator Jones*.'

'Thank you,' said Willys, 'I'll do so. But seriously speaking —'

'Forgive me!' Cornelia interposed, with a delightful wave of her hand flagging the onrush of the novelist's volubility. 'Before Mr. Willys begins to speak seriously, suppose we adjourn to the library. You remember that Oliver is likely to lose his temper if I keep him too long at the table fiddling with cigarettes.'

IV

I have never had leisure to examine the books in the library, which range from floor to ceiling. Sargent's portrait of Cornelia at twenty-five hangs above the fireplace. When we had relaxed in Oliver's wonderful library chairs before a real log fire, and had been equipped with an ambassadorial type of cigar, which the elder Carib lighted for us, and had been fortified by the highest potency of a private stock of real Java coffee, we men, at least, were in a position to contemplate the approaching midnight with equanimity. As soon as this change of base had been fully effected, Cornelia, who seldom loses the connection of things, irradiated the novelist with her most hospitable smile. (I sometimes think my feeling for her is pure intellectual respect for her skill in keeping a good topic alive and not

letting conversation die out in small talk.) She smiled and said: —

‘Mr. Willys, you were just about to speak seriously, when I interrupted. Please speak seriously, Mr. Willys. We are all most anxious to have you.’

‘Oh, my point of view, you mean?’ said Willys. ‘Speaking seriously, I can’t — for more or less obvious reasons — take as calmly as His Excellency does the poor man’s loss of his pleasures. I appeal from the tyranny of our recent moral legislation to my constitutional guaranties of liberty and the right to pursue my happiness where I can find it. I agree with the Senator that the whole business is idiotic. It is idiotic impertinence to dictate what I shall eat and drink at my own table, or what I shall brew in my own cellar.’

‘If you had a cellar?’ suggested Cornelia, rather spitefully reminding us of Willys’s arrangements to leave his house in New Jersey to his wife, and his wife to his house. But, as I have said, she is firm on such points.

‘Spare the wormwood, Cornelia darling,’ Oliver blandly interceded. ‘But, Willys, if you have a better remedy for our present discontents than mine, don’t conceal it from the country. Everyone is clamoring for it. Only be sure that it is a remedy. Be sure that it rests firmly on the necessities of the situation. There is no use in talking of anything else.’

‘I’ll tell you my remedy,’ said Willys, ‘when I get done telling you my troubles. I object to governmental regulation of my diet. But I object even more to governmental corruption of my conscience. God knows I need what little I’ve got left, and I’d like to keep it pure. I protest against the creation of crime by Act of Congress. My conscience tells me that moderate drinking is not a crime but one of the few certain solaces in this chaotic world.’

‘I had always fancied,’ said Cornelia, ‘that those who find drink a “certain solace” are seldom very moderate.’ But the cork, so to speak, was out of Willys’s bottle. He flowed on unchecked:

‘I protest against the legislative destruction of old customs which every civilized nation under heaven but ours respects. Your Excellency has seen the vintage in Greece, Italy, France, Germany — Persia, too, have n’t you, not to speak of our Gulf Islands? Consider merely the picturesqueness of it! The romance of it! Blood of the grape! Bottled sunshine! We had a bit of it ourselves, here and there — in the green vineyards of northern California, wild grapes on the Sangamon, moonshine in the Kentucky mountains, mint-julep on the old Southern plantations. Even the cocktail, you know, our own national contribution, had begun to be humanized and to have its tender local associations, as every club of distinction modified its ingredients and christened it with some lovely name: the Chrysanthemum, the Chrysostom, the Golden Girl, and so forth. Does n’t it really stir your imagination a little?’

‘Yes, yes,’ said Oliver, first smacking his lips and then pursing them with mock severity. ‘Yes, we grant you all that. But what, sir, is the *necessity* of it? We are talking of necessities, not of sentiments. We, we midlanders — the Professor and myself — want to know what necessity requires the tolerance of a mere beverage which is so liable to become a beastly nuisance.’

‘Exactly so,’ I said.

‘I’ll tell you the necessity,’ replied Willys. ‘And I’ll tell you, too, that it goes far deeper than your economic theory. You know, I know, everyone with two grains of sense knows that there is something desirous in the inside of a man which even hard roads and baby bonds don’t satisfy. That

something is a primitive and profound need of our elemental nature for excitement and every now and then for something like intoxication. Why, my wife says — excuse me, a lady with whom I was formerly acquainted used to say — “no woman can get along on less than a thrill a day” of one sort or another. It’s rooted in the human organism — this hunger for an occasional escape from humdrum. “Tedium” — what was it you said the other day, Professor? Rather good, you know — “tedium is three fourths of life.” For the multitude, for the masses, the fraction that is not tedium is almost negligible, when it is not positive pain. But — *but*, in that microscopic fraction there must be a few moments or hours of heightened consciousness, a burst of hilarity, a breath of freedom, a little dream, a little edge of ecstasy — or a man will cut his throat in order to feel that he is alive.’

‘It is not done among the sort of people we associate with,’ said Cornelia, whom the argument impressed as rather silly.

‘Perhaps not,’ said Willys, ‘perhaps not. Perhaps you “escape” in some other fashion. But I say His Excellency is wrong in making light of the poor man’s club. It’s his safety valve. Take the poor devil to whom Saturday night has been the only bright spot in a black week. Deny him beer, he drinks whiskey; deny him whiskey, he drinks vanilla extract; if he can’t get vanilla extract, he takes to methyl alcohol; or he falls back on drugs, and takes to theft, burglary, and crimes of violence.’

‘Are n’t you leaning rather heavily, Willys,’ I said, ‘on what you allege prohibition has done to the criminal classes? You can’t expect repeal of prohibition in behalf of thieves and thugs.’

‘As for the upper classes,’ said Willys, ‘I won’t offend our hostess by knowing

anything that simply “is n’t done.” But just consider what everyone knows: the Capuan character of the New York roof-garden, the Corinthian style of current dancing, nice young girls at petting-parties indistinguishable, actually indistinguishable in costume and paint and manner from courtesans, the high spots that can’t be kept out of movies, the chief interest in the novels we’re reading and writing, and then the general domestic smash-up that is following prohibition. There are worse things than a liquor license, Professor, and we’ve got the whole pack of them on our backs by putting in prohibition.’

I quoted my favorite passage from *King Lear*: ‘We make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on.’

‘Quite pat, Professor,’ exclaimed Willys, whose wits are quick enough. ‘And there is, by George, a divinity in it. I maintain it’s the vengeance of Dionysus! We’ve tried to bind a god, and, by George, he’s getting back at us. See what I mean? Have you read Euripides, Excellency?’

‘Once on a time,’ Oliver said, ‘not lately. Tell us about it.’

‘A great work — his *Bacchae*. Everybody ought to read it. You see, there’s a reformer in Thebes, called Pentheus, a straitlaced, stiff-necked puritan, an out-and-out prohibitionist, a — a regular Mid-Western professor. Well, the young god — Dionysus, you know — comes over into Greece from Asia with his choruses, singing and dancing and swinging the ivy-wreathed thyrsus — and all that beautiful joyous stuff, you know. But this Pentheus makes up his mind that Dionysus is a bad lot, and he locks the god up in the stable —

passes a sort of Volstead Act on him, you understand. But he gets out — the god gets out. Of course he gets out; on the q.t. He escapes into the hills — classical moonshine, classical bootlegging, you see. The women get hold of the stuff and, up there in the hills, begin celebrating “mysteries” — all on the q.t. Attorney-General Pentheus says this must be stopped — law must be enforced. He sleuths up into the hills to spy them out. But the women, his own mother among them, catch him, and literally pull him to pieces, tear him limb from limb and strew the bloody fragments all over the place. That’s the vengeance of Dionysus.’

‘How perfectly horrid!’ exclaimed Cornelia.

‘You know the play, Professor,’ said Willys, ‘of course.’

‘Oh yes,’ I replied, as if I had been intimate with it from infancy. As a matter of fact, Oliver’s telegraphic reference to Bacchus had prompted me to chuck Gilbert Murray’s little book on Euripides into my traveling bag for train reading. That accident enabled me to sustain my bluff by a bit of critical wisdom. ‘The play is curious,’ I said, ‘coming from Euripides. He passes for a progressive, an intellectual radical. You would have expected him to sympathize with Pentheus, of course. But I notice that Gilbert Murray does n’t accept the old theory that Euripides recanted and went back to the ancestral gods.’

‘Well,’ replied Willys, ‘in that case, I think Gilbert Murray is wrong —. Who is this Gilbert Murray? I’ve got the play here — in my overcoat pocket — somebody or other’s translation, of course. You take it with you, Professor, when you go. Read it again and tell me if you don’t think I’m right.’

I had to laugh; and then we both explained how we happened to be reading, or reading about, the *Bacchae*.

Then Willys returned to his argument.

‘When I read this play, you know, it hit me in the eye that this thing is as old as history. This prohibition idiocy is as old as the race. If drinking could be rooted out, it would have been rooted out long ago. All the arguments against it were cheesy in the days of Noah. It sticks because, as His Excellency and I are pointing out, it is rooted in necessity. You reformers, as you call yourselves, don’t know what you are about. You’ve bit off what can’t be chewed. You are attacking religion; and it’s dangerous business. You are trying to kill a god, and it can’t be done.’

‘But my dear Mr. Willys,’ cried Cornelia, ‘it is n’t *our* God. The Church has n’t really defined its position, and of course some of the bishops are very liberal. But don’t the dissenters in this country take a very firm stand in favor of prohibition? Most Americans are dissenters, are n’t they? If so, then I should think you would call prohibition itself a religious movement.’

‘It has long been identified with the popular evangelical churches,’ I said.

‘Don’t talk to me about the evangelical churches,’ cried Willys. ‘The “uplift” has hit the churches till now they are nothing but community-improvement societies, with no more religion in them than the municipal waterworks. There is no more real relation between religion and prohibition than there is between signing the pledge and seeing the Beatific Vision. Wine is as much a part of our traditional religion as it was of the Greek religion. The Jews still drink their Passover wine. Why should n’t they? What do you make of that passage in the Old Testament about the winecup in the hand of God? What do you make of the wine at the marriage feast in the New Testament? Or the wine in the Holy Grail? Or the sacramental wine, drunk by all the faithful, till the

spirit of mystical fellowship evaporated in the grape-juice of that paradox, the *individual communion cup*.'

'But it's much more sanitary that way,' said Cornelia firmly, 'really much nicer. And since everyone knows that it's only a beautiful old form —'

'Oh, you formalists!' Willys ejaculated. 'You formalists are the real atheists. Till the days of frank atheism, we wished our friends Godspeed, we pledged their healths, and we launched our ships with a libation of wine. The central act of religious worship for two thousand years was a kind of sacred intoxication in the blood of the living God. Omit the central act and religion disappears; all you've got left is a lot of unedifying bishops wrangling over the "higher criticism" of fifty years ago. It's the vengeance of the Dionysiac element in Christianity overtaking them. I repeat what I said before — it's just as true of bishops as it is of workingmen: human life can't be sustained without a little edge of ecstasy. If we try it, something will burst. That's my forecast!'

'And your remedial measure?' said Oliver, 'your remedy, rooted in the necessities of the situation?'

'Why, moderate drinking, of course,' replied the novelist, lapsing into the wide arms of the chair, like one from whom all the virtue has departed. 'Teach Americans to drink as the Greeks do to-day: wine everywhere, no one drunk.'

'Not a bad idea,' chuckled His Excellency.

'An idea of startling originality,' I added.

'Our "dry battery" is crackling with suppressed thunderbolts,' said Oliver. 'But,' he glanced at his watch, 'it lacks only ten minutes of midnight and the dawn of a better era for the world. While all the inhabitants of this borough of Manhattan are meditating

on their sins of the past year, and signifying repentance by various acts of atonement, it is fitting that we should not let the hour pass without some appropriate ceremony. Professor, you have n't seen my new set of Casanova — a Christmas gift from the wittiest of my French friends. Let me show it to you. Willys admires it immensely.'

Willys and I followed our host to his bookshelves, while Cornelia idly turned the pages of the new *American Mercury*. But why go into details? Oliver's edition of the *Mémoires*, handsomely bound in full morocco and locked in a glass case, proved to be the mask of His Excellency's 'diplomatic reserve.' From the ingredients of two or three 'volumes' he compounded something which he told us was known in Washington as the 'Gentlemen's Agreement,' because it agreed with gentlemen. As the clock and the bells and the whistles sounded the knell of 1923, Oliver exclaimed, 'Why, Cornelia, where's the Professor's buttermilk!' and he and Willys clinked glasses, and drank 'To the vengeance of Dionysus!'

V

'And now,' said His Excellency, stroking his silvered brown beard and turning upon me the raillery of his dynamic dark eyes, 'it's up to you, Professor. You've been sitting here like one of Uncle Sam's "observers" at a peace conference — a chiel a-takin' notes, an' sayin' nothin'. Don't you know that henceforth there shall be no more neutrals? You are our only representative of the great drouthy forward-looking West. Don't you know that the business of a representative is to represent? But Willys and I have got you backed into a corner. I've shown the economic necessity of prohibition. Willys has shown the religious necessity of drink. What is the Mid-West going

to do about it? Which way are you going to break? Break, Professor! But stick, as we do, to the necessities of the case.'

'I am as much a necessitarian as you, Excellency,' I said.

'You'd better be,' chuckled Oliver, 'Caesar's wives, I suspect, had better be necessitarians.'

'But I am as religious as Willys,' I added.

'That's very right,' said Willys.

'And so,' I continued, 'I shall take a middle ground.'

'I see,' said Oliver, 'the golden mean, or temperance. Too little temperance is chronic inebriety. Too much temperance is teetotalism. Prohibition may and must be defended as the only known means to ensure moderate drinking among the better sort of people. Exactly my position!'

'No, Excellency,' I said, 'you don't see. Mine is not exactly your position. The extremes which I have in mind are your economic necessitarianism and Willys's religion — his theory of the necessity of religious excitement. I lay hold of both those positions as firmly as you and Willys; but I reconcile them, instead of making them mutually destructive. Starting from the same premises, I reach a different conclusion.'

'Of course,' said Oliver. 'Of course. But what is it?'

'Before I state it,' I said, 'may I, since I am on the defensive, take a minute to rebut your fallacies and to present, as you and Willys have done, my more intimate personal feeling and private "point of view"?''

'Oh yes,' murmured Willys, rather sleepily, 'that will be very proper.'

'It will be good for you, Willys,' I said. 'I shall not hurt you more than is necessary. And I shall not be half so tedious as I might be if I were not leaving town on the 2.37. Relief is in sight; my taxi will be here at one.'

'At one?' said Cornelia. 'The children promised to be home by one, or earlier. Oliver, could n't you all —?'

'Why certainly,' Oliver said. 'Send away your taxi, Professor. When the Infant comes in with the car, we'll drive you to the station, and then I'll take Willys to his hostelry. But go ahead now, Professor, with your personal narrative of the great drouth in the Mojave Desert.'

'Oh, it's the first forty years without water that's hardest,' I said. 'After that, one gets on nicely. Do you know that, far from being keen for this argument, the entire subject bored me terribly, till you and Willys drenched it again in — in reality. Since my student days, a generation ago, I have hardly even seen liquor enough of all sorts to float an old-fashioned alumni reunion for a single evening. A resident during the latter half of my life in a bone-dry district, I, like most of my neighbors, viewed the annual extension of the dry lands with the aloofest academic interest.'

'Of course!' said Oliver, smiling. 'Of course! But you can abridge that: we all know the quality of a professor's interest in any matter of first-rate importance.'

'It was not till bootleggers were commonly reported to be as ubiquitous as German spies in war time,' I resumed, 'and men began to attribute all the evils of the hour to prohibition, and seriously to argue that the Volstead Act was forcing drunkenness and criminality upon numberless respectable citizens who thitherto had led lives of unblemished virtue — it was not till then that I began to feel a certain curiosity about the facts and, especially, about the mental condition of intelligent and responsible people resident in territory which is still subterraneously wet.'

'Their mental condition, Professor?'

Oliver inquired. 'Why their mental condition?'

'Because I could n't understand, Excellency,' I replied, 'how intelligent men like you and Willys, who have lived abroad, could permit yourselves to attribute the sexually hectic flush of recent literature and life in America to the Volstead Act. All these evils, says Willys, followed prohibition, and he wags his head and mutters, "Vengeance of Dionysus." Suppose, now, I seize the same absurd *post-hoc-propter-hoc* principle and attribute the virginal chastity of French, Italian, and English fiction and private life to the free use of intoxicating beverages?'

'I smell irony, Professor, somewhere,' said Oliver, 'but I grant you that Willys's logic slipped a cog there. We'll have to grant you that America dry is no more sex-obsessed than Europe wet.'

'And then,' I went on, 'I was a little troubled by Willys's plea that with the general decline of drinking in America, something of real poetic beauty is passing out of our lives. I honestly can't feel that he speaks realistically about that. I know the Anacreontic tradition, the literary romance of nut-brown ale and blood-red wine, perhaps as well as Willys does, and in the bookish imagination of youth used myself to revel with those that "gloried and drank deep." But when I had an opportunity to compare the Bacchic frenzy of an ancient Greek or Persian or Elizabethan, as represented by the poets, with the Bacchic frenzy of an American citizen howling drunk — I declare it was one of the major disillusiones of my life. The actual beauty of the real thing has come at last to impress me as very nebulous, like the amours of Thomas the Rhymer with the queen of the fairies. The lover is too often left "alone and palely loitering," with a crumpled shirt-front, with his hat in

the gutter, by a green lamp-post — "where no birds sing."'

'Oh green grapes!' stuttered Willys. 'What can you make of green grapes! What can you know about it, Professor? On your own showing it's twenty years since —'

'True, Willys,' I replied, 'true. But the pathos of distance ought to lend a glamour to one's memories. One has, you know, one's memories. Even a Mid-Western professor has his memories; and in the deep interval of twenty years all that is ugly in them should have faded out, should have been gathered into the blue mist of oblivion, leaving the soft contours of the Bacchic landscape bathed in pure beauty. I don't find it so. I see —' I hesitated. In a company like this, it is a bit awkward to talk on the killjoy side of the question. But Oliver rallied me forward.

'Tell us what you see, Professor,' he said. 'Life or death, give us only reality. Show us the sad pictures in the prohibitionist gallery of disillusion. We'll try to look interested.'

'Well,' I said, 'Willys's praise of this beautiful old custom of getting drunk, now and then, did press a button in my gallery of memories and light up a few old pictures. They are relevant only because I did have, in my earlier years, about the average American's chance to feel the æsthetic value of this vanishing phase of our popular culture. I see pictures. As Whitman says, "The shapes arise."'

'Whitman was a priest of Dionysus,' said Willys.

'So was Emerson,' I said, 'and so, according to my lights, am I. The shapes arise. I see a strayed reveler, with no vine leaves in his hair, — with only a shirt, trousers, and suspenders, — lying on his back, and shouting children towing him by a rope attached to his foot, through the main street of an Arizona town; the reveler grins and

plucks feebly at the rope and says, "Now, boys." This picture is thirty years old. I see a driveling swaying figure in a crowd at a street corner in Los Angeles, trying to give away the contents of his pocketbook. I see a Vermont farmer in his haymow, surly and maudlin with the unfreezable alcoholic element of frozen apple-cider: he jabs his cow with the tines of his hayfork. Returning from a mountain camp at midnight to a Massachusetts village, I see in the road before me a dim mass reeling through the moonlight and entering a cottage in the outskirts, and two minutes later I hear a woman's voice shrieking, "Murder! murder! murder!"

'Yes,' yawned His Excellency, 'I have always insisted that the peasantry and the proletariat were nasty in their liquor — serves them right to lose it.'

'Don't interrupt my vision,' I said. 'The shapes arise. I see in a New England city a trolley car full of sick college students scrambling for the rear platform — one of them lies at full length in the passage; he is a little trampled. I see a fellow student regularly soaking his shredded-wheat biscuit in whiskey; he carries his flask to morning chapel. I see another, stepping — without vine leaves — into the open shaft of an elevator; no god bears him up. I see other youths of the better sort in large numbers in a smoke-heavy place of midnight refreshment, after a football victory, treating to hot whiskey weary-looking painted girls in black — Stephen Phillips's "disillusioned women sipping fire." I see five professional men on a moral holiday, seriously approaching the task of consuming three quarts of Scotch and Bourbon before morning. I see groggy alumni embracing one another in tears, hugely pleased to be drunk with men to whom they never speak when they are sober. I see derelict artists and novelists and law-

yers, quietly slipping away from professional life to settle down in a rustic hermitage to drink themselves to death. I see a group of permanent class-secretaries in secret session, running through the long list of alumni in every college who never report and never turn up; the secretaries know why, but they publish no report.'

'Good heavens, Professor,' groaned Willys, 'His Excellency and I were not born yesterday, and doubtless even our hostess knows there are some casualties. Whiskey is n't buttermilk. Knives have edges, and are dangerous. Everything that's good for anything is dangerous. But really now, what is the point of all this?'

'It has a point,' I replied, 'it has a point at both ends. It bristles with points, and all of them are dangerous to you and your remedy for our discontents — your moderate drinking. The first point is this: that customary drinking in America, whatever it may be in Greece, has been and is, on the whole, not beautiful but ugly, disgusting, and destructive. The second point is this: that customary drinking in America is so inveterately intemperate that your proposal to institute a custom of temperate drinking is really far more visionary and impractical than prohibition. Your remedy is not conceived with an eye to the essential facts in the case.'

'And these are —' prompted His Excellency.

'These are,' I said, 'that Americans of both upper and lower classes are temperamentally hard to stop when they are started. Ninety out of every hundred Americans feel a curious pride in "seeing the whole show," on "going the whole hog," on "sticking the thing out," on "going the limit," on "getting results," and on "getting there first." This temperament shows in their drinking as in everything else. They

care nothing for taste or bouquet. They value their liquor in proportion to the quickness of the "kick." "I can let the stuff alone," they say, "but when it speaks to me, I want it to speak with some *authority*."

"The first really sensible thing you've said this evening," said the novelist.

I was tempted to mention his perfectly callous consumption of Oliver's choice Spanish wine as a case in point; but I restrained myself and said: —

"A Frenchman sits down at a table on the boulevard with a single small glass of light wine; and sips, and rolls it under his tongue; and sips, and studies a cloud in the sky; and sips, and holds the glass up to the light; and sips, and looks at the river, and quotes a couple of verses of Ronsard; and sips, and considers what he was doing in April a year ago; and lifts the glass, and puts it down, and counts his change; and so on for half an hour or an hour; while the Yankee traveler at the next table selects a bottle of the most expensive wine on the list, gulps it down like ice-water, and sighs for an American cocktail. We were born whiskey-drinkers, high and low, men and women."

"I adored wine but I abominate the taste of whiskey," said Cornelia. "I detest the very odor of it."

His Excellency relieved me of the obvious duty of saying that her taste in that, as in all things, is exceptional.

"The Professor," he continued, "overdraws it a little; but there is much in what he says. Historically considered, we have, as a people, rather taken to extremes: George III or pure democracy; abolition or a thousand niggers; the book of Genesis or Robert Ingersoll; for better for worse, till death do us part, or Brigham Young and his twenty-eight wives; the town wide-open or the town bone-dry; milk-shake or whiskey neat. It hangs together. You'll have to admit, Willys, that moderate as you

and I are, as a people we insist on going in for a kick. It's rooted in what you yourself called the "primitive and profound necessities" of our national temper."

"It's rooted," said Willys, "in the artificial "necessities" created by our national puritanism. It's rooted in the artificial necessity of being ashamed to drink at home, and having to live, like a false little Sunday-School god, in the eyes of a sanctified wife and puritanized children."

"Really — Mr. Willys!" Cornelia exclaimed.

"It's the truth," insisted the novelist. "It is rooted in the necessity thrust upon a poor devil by the surrender of public opinion to the prohibition bullies — the necessity of carrying a portable kick in his hip pocket, or, in the old days, of standing up with his foot on the rail and taking it quick and getting out before his neighbor — came in for his."

"No, cynic," I said, "it is rooted in a deeper necessity than that — and a real one, which can't be essentially changed. I mean, that our national custom of whiskey-drinking was rooted, like all bad things, — according to His Excellency, — in the Mid-West, rooted through a thousand miles of the richest corn-land in the world. Do you know that if the Atlantic Ocean were pumped dry and we Mid-Westerners applied our resources to it, we could fill the basin with corn whiskey every year? That is the real reason why a kick-loving people would, in America, always be a whiskey-drinking people. And that is one of the real reasons why we Mid-Westerners have maturely decided to feed our corn to hogs."

"A-ha!" cried Oliver. "Striking into your argument at last! Economic theory of morals! My argument! I "get" you, as you midlanders say."

"Yes, Excellency," I assented, "you get me very well. As a "friend of the

plain people," you get me very well. I accept the whole of your economic argument for the necessity of prohibition. I accept every word that you say on the expensiveness of the reconstructed workman's club, on the expensiveness of his wife's post-bellum tastes, of the long future in which we may expect high wages, of the continued necessity for maximum production. But you hardly scratched the surface of the argument. You have hardly glimpsed the expanding expensiveness which the average life in America is soon going to exhibit. We are headed straight and hard for an era of broad, inclusive, expensive popular culture. The plain people whom we've been feeding for a hundred years on the skim-milk and fragments of old morality and religion are developing an appetite for comfort, for health, for knowledge, for recreation, for variegated pleasure, for style, for art, and for beauty, which is the most expensive thing in the world. Prohibition — and the average man knows this, even the moderately intelligent workman knows this — prohibition has its tap root of necessity in the imperative choice of our entire society between "booze" on the one hand, and, on the other, beauty, art, style, pleasure, knowledge, health, and comfort — which he knows, and you know, are the real tangible substance of modern upper-class religion.'

'Oho,' cried Willys, 'getting around to *my* argument at last! But it does n't sound much like what *I* mean by religion.'

'Religion!' cried Cornelia. 'Why, it is n't religion at all!'

'What is religion, my dear Cornelia?' I asked.

'Why, religion,' she replied, 'is what the bishops agree are the fundamental teachings of the Church.'

'It is not!' I retorted with the intimate discourtesy and dogmatism of an

old friend who is also an old puritan. 'My dear Cornelia,' I hastened to add, 'that is theology — not religion.'

'Tell Cornelia,' said Oliver, whom the high Anglican tendencies of his wife rather amuse, 'tell Cornelia, Professor, what religion is.'

'Your religion,' I responded, 'is what you actually believe in, whatever that is. My religion is what I actually believe in, whatever it is. The religion of the average American is what he actually believes in, whatever it is. What *do* you actually believe in, Cornelia?'

'I believe,' she replied firmly, 'in the Apostolic Church, in the communion of saints —'

'His Excellency, for example, among them?' suggested Willys, saucily enough.

'Really, Mr. Willys!' said Cornelia. I felt the air cold on my cheek. I doubt if it lowered the temperature of Willys. He merely said, 'I am a realist,' and lapsed again. Cornelia repeated: —

'I believe in the Apostolic Church,' and this time I interrupted.

'The average American,' I said, 'does not — at least, he does not believe in it with any such fullness of faith as he accords to baseball.'

'The tone of this conversation is becoming decidedly distasteful to me,' said Cornelia. She picked up a copy of *Vogue* and buried herself in it, pretending to lose all interest in our discussion.

'I'm sorry,' I said, 'but I too, like Willys, am a realist. I have learned much from the master realists of my time — I mean the salesmen. I have learned, when I wish to make a religious appeal to a man, to appeal to him on the basis of the things in which he really believes. If a man's real belief is small and mean, you've got to begin mean and small. If he believes only in his pocketbook, I must appeal to his pocketbook. If he believes in his

children, I can appeal to him through his children.'

'Excuse me,' said Cornelia, rising, 'it's nearly time for the children to come home. I will telephone down to the office to have them send away your taxi.' When she returned from giving the message at Oliver's desk-telephone, she picked up her *Vogue* again, and seated herself outside our circle, near the tall windows looking on the street. We readjusted our positions by the fire so that our backs should not be turned to her, and I continued:—

'The real business of religion is to reconcile us to our necessities. According to the powerful drive of Oliver's economic argument, the outstanding necessity to which the average American has now got to be reconciled is prohibition. That is a rather hard selling-proposition. I don't think it can be put over except under pressure of some sustained religious emotion, or as Willys calls it, "excitement." Now don't you see how important it is to know what the average American sustains a religious emotion about—what he really believes in?'

'Yes, that's all right,' said His Excellency. 'What next?'

'Well,' I said, 'if the average American registers no emotion about the Apostolic Church, we can't use that in a case like this, can we? We've got to fall back on our really common bonds of union like our common belief in modern plumbing, health, youth, the athletic life, education, publicity, automobiling.'

'Popular elements, anyway,' said Willys. 'Automobiling as a substitute for which of the Thirty-nine Articles, Professor?' I glanced to see if Cornelia were listening; but she was plucking at a holly-wreath in the window, and seemed intent on the street.

'It is a vital element of our popular religion,' I insisted, 'and by no means

so absurd a substitute as you suppose. One has got to take together, you see, this whole group of genuine popular beliefs. Next one asks every honest average man if he does n't agree that these things are what he wants and believes in, and that the group of them expresses what our modern civilization wants and believes in. Then one turns on the average man and says: "This, sir, is your effective Shorter Catechism; and you've got to junk whiskey as your national drink because it is just flatly incompatible with the general distribution of the objects of your religion." That's the way his religion reconciles him to his necessity.'

'I had a hunch, Professor,' said Willys, who had long since grown weary of serious argument, 'that automobiling and drinking went together.'

'They have hitherto,' I said, 'but —'

VI

My speech was cut short at that point by Cornelia at the window, calling out rather sharply:—

'Oliver, why do you suppose the children don't come?' Almost in the same breath she sprang to her feet, and pulling aside the curtain, cried:—

'Oh!—Oh! Oliver, what's that?' And an instant later, 'Oh! Oh! Oh! How dreadful! Thank God! Thank God! Oh, thank God, it's not the children!'

'Of course not!' soothed Oliver, with his arm about her shoulder. 'Of course not. What was it? Tell us about it.'

We ourselves had heard, not indistinctly,—the apartment is on the second floor,—the prolonged steady screech of an automobile horn, and, in response to Cornelia's cry, had rushed to her side, expecting, I suppose, to see the fire department clearing its right of way up the avenue.

'Oh, there's been a dreadful acci-

dent,' cried Cornelia. 'That poor little boy — Oh, that poor little boy! They were driving like mad — to the hospital, I suppose. I saw two policemen standing on the running-board of an open car coming up the street, and another sitting on the front seat by the driver. Then, for just an instant, as it flashed into the bright light under the windows, I could see that the policeman in front was holding in his arms a little boy — seven or eight years old — with his head, face upward, hanging over the edge of the car — bright red with blood — absolutely one bright red disc of blood — and streaming. Oh, it was horrible! You have no idea how horrible! And then, as it went past, I could see that there was a woman crumpled over in the rear seat, and an old man trying to hold her up.'

'It must have been a shock,' Willys offered; and I added something equally helpful, as one does on such occasions.

'Well, my dear,' said Oliver, as we returned to the fireplace, 'accidents, you know, do happen. Are you calmer now?'

'Yes,' said Cornelia, 'yes, I guess so. I'm trembling still. You've simply no idea how it shook me.' She sank into a chair, then recovered herself sharply, and said with a smile: 'I'm sorry. Forgive me for making such a fuss over it. I'm all right now. I suppose it's horrid to be so selfish — but, O Oliver, are n't you glad it was n't the children? Are n't you?'

'Certainly, my dear!' said Oliver, in such a droll matter-of-fact tone that we all laughed quite spontaneously. 'And now shall we talk of something else? Or do you wish me to telephone to the Infant that their mother has been anxiously expecting them for at least five minutes?'

'No, don't telephone,' Cornelia protested. 'It's really only just after one. I'm sure they will be here in plenty of

time for the train. And please don't change the subject. I heard what you were saying. You were talking about automobiles and automobile accidents. That is what made me so "jumpy," I suppose. I'll not be silly any more. What were you going to say about automobiles when I interrupted?'

'It would be hard,' I said, 'to avoid "improving the occasion" a little. Heaven knows I did n't get up the accident to illustrate my argument — and there's no reason to suppose that it does illustrate my argument exactly. These people may all have been perfectly sober. But if this thing, just now, had happened in a story, like that, we should have felt that it was contrived and artificial — I don't recall just where I stopped, but what I was about to say was — the gist of it was, that you can make a live argument based on our automobiling civilization, with almost anybody in the United States, because almost everybody in the United States has some sort of vital interest in a car; and so the argument, as we say, comes home to him.'

'That is sound enough,' said Oliver.

'Yes,' I said, 'the things that people have in common are the things that hold them together and enable them to act together. Cars are a much more expensive cultural and social amalgam than, say, abstract fraternity, or a belief in the Apostolic Church, or even than an old family Bible. But the fact remains that cars are at present far more widely diffused and almost infinitely more used among our fellow countrymen than any of the older and less expensive amalgams. I doubt whether there is any other subject whatever upon which our people possess so large a fund of common knowledge and experience. Consider: we have fifteen million cars. That means that perhaps one out of every six or seven men, women, children, and babies in this

country actually drives a car. That's what I call practical belief in an article of the popular religion. And you see — if you think — that it's the garage and the filling-station that crowd out the saloon, at every few blocks in the city, in every town and village, at every crossroads from Florida to Montana. It's one — just one, mind you — of the expensive new clubs of the plain people, of the average man.'

'Yes,' said Oliver, 'there's something in that.'

'There's a good deal in that,' I persisted, 'both for economic necessitarians like you and me, and for religious enthusiasts like Willys. For Willys, you remember, the essence of religion is a kind of dangerous and exciting Bacchic escape from humdrum into a few hours of heightened consciousness and mystical fellowship — through the national drink. Well, Willys, when the half gods go, the true gods arrive. The national car does everything that *you* ask of the Holy Grail: it provides the average American with an emotional discharge; it provides him with danger, excitement, the intoxication of speed, heightened consciousness, and a mystical sense of fellowship with the owner of both the Rolls-Royce and the Ford roadster; and it provides these things not on Saturday night only but every day in the year. As you will concede, there is a kick, the possibility of a kick — especially in our national car — for every day in the year. And there's one more thing about the religion and ritual of the car.'

'Oh, at least that!' said Oliver. 'But what is it, Professor?'

'It's a thing,' I said, 'that knocks into a cocked hat His Excellency's private argument for privately nullifying the Eighteenth Amendment. Of course His Excellency did n't invent the argument — I mean that hoary old bore about personal liberty and private con-

science and so forth. All the "wet" newspapers pull it out of the pyramid of Cheops seven times a week. All the "wet" city newspapers count the German and Italian and Slavic noses in their constituencies, and then get off that tedious drip about the "puritan minority" and its attempt to bully these honest European consciences, which, being European, are free from sanctimonious scruples against befuddling their wits with liquor.'

'*Quo me rapis, tui plenum* — where, O Mid-Western Bacchus,' cried Oliver, 'where dost thou drag me at the tail of thy car? I feel the thong going through my heels and the rope running up to the axle of your Ford. Crank up! Drag on!'

'Why, don't you see, Excellency,' I persisted, 'that the car hauls the whole argument clean out of the gumbo of "personal liberty," clean out of the slough of "private conscience." We don't know how this accident out here in the street took place; but in our Mid-Western metropolis we killed some seven hundred people last year with cars, and, according to the papers, there was more than one such accident as this one from drivers who were drunk. With one out of every seven men, women, children, and babies in the United States driving a car at from twenty to forty miles an hour, along crowded streets and thoroughfares from Maine to California, we have simply got to prevent drivers from being drunk. It's in the necessity of the situation. We are all private engineers nowadays. That's what we want. Very well. If we all want to be private engineers, we've got to submit to the same regulations as governed — long since — engineers on the railways. Our job is not less hazardous than theirs, but more so. A railway engineer who drinks is fired by the railroad and, I understand, by his own union.'

'I'm as stiff on that as you are,' said His Excellency, 'a man who drives his car when he's drunk should be strung up to the nearest telegraph pole.'

'Oh, no,' said Willys, 'you're a little hard on him. You can't stop a man drinking because he occasionally drives his car, drunk. Give him a good fine and take away his license. Or if he is very drunk, put him where he can sober up.'

'That would n't,' I said, 'quite straighten things out, would it? for the occupants of the car that went by here?'

'Oh, but Professor, you are so unrealistic,' said Willys, as he rose and clapped a hand over his mouth in order to eject a yawn which he could not swallow. 'You are hopelessly unrealistic. If a man does n't drive when he's drunk, now and then, how in the dickens is he going to get home? What time is it?'

'It's half-past one,' said Cornelia, who had also risen at the first opportunity. 'And there's the telephone. See what it is, Oliver — quickly, quickly. But nothing could have happened to them — my son is such a careful driver.'

VII

Oliver stepped to his desk and removed the receiver. There was an inevitable moment of suspense. Then tossing to us with a smile — 'It's the Infant — they're all right,' he turned again to the telephone and listened for nearly five minutes, during which he said 'Yes' several times, 'What's that?' once, and concluded with 'I'll come immediately.'

Then he faced us with a curious smile, meant to be reassuring, and, with that promptitude of thought and action which idle Americans in Europe are understood to exhibit on the outbreak of war, said too swiftly and decisively for debate: —

'Oliver has been arrested for speed-

ing. I'll have to go and bail him out. They are letting the girls come home. They will be here any minute. Willys, will you go downstairs to the office and tell them to send a taxi here at once? Professor, you go, too, and meet the girls downstairs. I want to have a word with Cornelia. If Dorothy comes before I join you, keep her there a minute. Yes, put on your coats — we'll not come back. Willys and I will look after this business; the Professor will go on to his train.'

In the face of a real little emergency Cornelia's nerves never betray her. As soon as Oliver began to give orders, she became the source instead of the recipient of reassurances, as if her only anxiety had been for a gracious leave-taking. She did it extraordinarily well.

The rest of my impressions of that night I shall drastically telescope because this is not a story, but a conversation, and my impressions relate merely to the incident which had intruded with such coincidental force upon the conversation.

I recall that the first moment in which my imagination began to link the talk and events of the evening vividly together was in the elevator, descending to the ground floor, when Willys, casually thrusting his hands into the pockets of his overcoat, and muttering something about His Excellency's being a little fussed, fished out his copy of the *Bacchae*. As I transferred the book to my own coat, somehow association shot a link from the Greek tragedy and its gory scene in the hills to the red face that Cornelia had seen under the city lamps.

While Willys occupied himself with accelerating the arrival of a taxi, I went out on the street and stood on the curb, waiting reflectively enough for the appearance of Dorothy and her girl friend. Five minutes later they were driven up. With the notion that my

function was to shut off a 'scene' of any sort, I instantly remarked, in the quiet tone of a man who understands all about the situation, that Dorothy's father was explaining the thing to her mother, who was a little agitated, and that he desired them to wait downstairs till he came down. Both girls looked as if they had been crying, but they were calm now, and seemed indisposed to talk to me. When I had drawn them aside out of observation from the office, and saw no hysterical signs, I ventured to ask why they had been driving so fast. The other girl, whose name I did not catch, said that they had not been driving fast but had skidded. Before I could utter my natural question, Dorothy turned on her young friend, and said:—

'That is not so. You know it is not so.' Then she did a queer thing. She asked me if I was leaving town that night, and when I said that I was, she slipped from under her fur coat a small light oblong parcel wrapped in a man's handkerchief, thrust it into my hands, and whispered with singular intensity: 'Take it with you, please. Take it away and pitch it—pitch it where no one will ever find it!' I dropped it discreetly into my overcoat pocket. Then Oliver entered from the elevator, questioned Dorothy for a minute, and sent the two girls up to Cornelia.

Oliver, Willys, and I then entered the waiting taxi and drove away. Oliver sat with his back to the driver, facing us two. I itched to ask him why the other girl had told me that their car had skidded, and why Dorothy had denied it. But it seemed a good time to let Oliver speak first. He sat for a few moments in a frowning concentration, almost as if we had not been there. Then he ejaculated, still as if we had not been there, 'My God, what a mess! My God, what a mess!' Willys rallied him on making such an ado over a fine.

Then Oliver hurled the whole thing between our eyes, just as he himself had got it, standing there so gaily in the library, smiling histrionically back at us from the telephone: the Infant—he still referred to him as 'Infant'—had been arrested on a charge of manslaughter and driving a car while drunk. He was n't drunk, but he had been drinking a little at the party, as the other boys had. He had somehow lost control and hit some people, a woman and a little boy, he thought, just a few blocks from home.

Well, that is the gist of the incident.

As I look back now on that trip to the police station, I am shocked to remember how self-centred we were, all three. I can't recall that it occurred to any one of us to be concerned about the load of broken humanity that had gone, an hour earlier, to the hospital. Our sole concern seemed to be, lest a couple of physically uninjured boys should spend a few hours of the night in jail. And just before the taxi stopped at the police station to let His Excellency and Willys out, I know that I myself was actually wondering about this remote point: how it would affect Cornelia, and whether she would not suffer more in the injury which her son had inflicted upon others than if he had himself been injured. But what I was actually saying was, that I thought young Oliver did not drink; Cornelia seemed so sure of him. Oliver Senior exclaimed 'Oh rot!' And then he added:—

'Why, the Infant and the furnace-man made a keg of raisin wine in the basement of our own apartment last Easter. He told me about it just yesterday. I asked him why he had n't told me at the time, since we two were on the square with each other. He said that he was afraid of setting me a bad example! Oh, the poor little devil! The poor little devil!'

Willys said it was 'a damn shame,' and that they must see what they could do to get the charge of driving while drunk withdrawn and the charge of exceeding the speed limit substituted. Then we shook hands. Oliver and Willys got out, and I went on to the railway station. I hated not to stand by and see the thing through. But Oliver had assured me that I could n't really do anything *but* stand by; and as I had a speaking-engagement in Ohio on the next day, and my college work began the day following, I surrendered to the necessity of the situation. My holiday was over.

I started westward with little eagerness — with an odd sensation of repletion and fatigue mixed with cerebral excitement. 'The starved silkworm,' I muttered to myself, 'has had his feast of mulberry leaves.' I was not sleepy and did n't wish to spend the small hours of the morning tossing in my berth. I went into the vacant dressing-room for a smoke. As I hung up my overcoat, I thought of the parcel that Dorothy had entreated me to 'pitch — pitch where no one will find it.' Poor pathetic, distracted little Dorothy! It was only an empty silver flask, wrapped in her brother's handkerchief and neatly engraved with his monogram. Poor little distracted Bacchante — apparently it had n't occurred to her that the breath of whiskey still strong in the silver flask was doubtless giving even stronger evidence elsewhere.

The thing hurt me, and I put it away. Everything that I tried to think of, however, hurt me. I wanted to escape from too much sensation. But my mind was in that state of fatigue-intoxication in which one seems to be simply an observer of a succession of pictures which form spontaneously there. I was conscious of wishing to reflect consecutively on a certain idea, namely,

whether Willys was right in declaring that one can't kill a god. But the moment that I began to grip the idea and ask myself whether in the course of history many terrible old gods and dynasties of gods had not utterly passed away under the pressure of that Necessity which encompasses the gods and is stronger than they — then pictures began to form: Bacchanalian women dancing in the hills; Willys's humorous torn limbs of Pentheus strewn 'all over the place'; Cornelia's terrified picture of the gory head hanging over the car; and — the young Bacchus at the police station.

Sometimes one manages to escape from the persecution of such pictures by reading a book. I had nothing available but the copy of the *Bacchae* that Willys had lent me. When I found it impossible to escape from its suggestions, I decided to face them. I read till the gray morning crept into the car and extinguished the lights. The last lines of the tragedy moved me deeply, with a kind of strange solemnity, a haunting beauty.

O the works of the Gods — in manifold wise they reveal them:

Manifold things unhop'd-for the Gods to accomplish bring,

And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign not to fulfill them;

And the paths undiscern'd of our eyes, the Gods unseal them.

I looked out at the window. Another day had come. We were thundering through wintry cornfields — a hint of snow on the withered brown stalks. I rose, and passing through the silent sleepers to the deserted observation-car at the rear, I went out on the platform and pitched the empty silver flask as far as I could pitch it into the wind. I seemed to hear from the corn a remembered godlike voice crying: 'O celestial Bacchus, drive them mad!'

THE COMMONWEALTH OF THE ATLANTIC

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

I

'We should study maps of the seas, with the lands which lie round them, not maps of the land.' This was the advice given many years ago to his students by an inspiring and imaginative teacher. It embodies a view of history and indicates a line of thought which is useful in reconstituting the past, and which may even be of immediate value in considering our politics of to-day and their probable extension into the future. A shape alters according to the view which we take of it, and a new point of view may help us to see the real shape of some of our present problems. All our lives we have looked at them from the land; let us now look at them from the sea.

The ordinary atlas shows us maps of countries — America, Great Britain, Germany, France, and so on. They are shown as separate entities, isolated from one another, and so we are led instinctively to think of the countries themselves as isolated, separate from one another and capable of independent action with relation to one another. Yet we know that this is not the case. At present in particular we have cause to know that a rumor in Berlin may reverberate through the markets of Chicago or Montreal. It requires a map of all Europe to show us that the countries of Europe are interdependent; it requires a map of the Atlantic to convince us that Europe and America are not unconnected and that the

old-fashioned globe is, after all, the best instrument for world politics.

To what extent and in what manner the countries of the world are necessarily connected with one another is, of course, a matter for discussion. To help us in this, a slight historical retrospect may be of assistance.

The older historians were accustomed to derive our present civilization from Egypt and from Babylon. Here, in the great river valleys of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates, have been found the remains of civilizations which long preceded the earliest signs of that Greek culture upon which our own is founded. So it was only natural to conclude that Greek art, literature, and thought took their inspiration from these older people. The fit was not very good: Greek culture was patently different from that of either Egypt or Mesopotamia; but this was easily attributed to the transforming power of Greek genius, which could change the clumsy temples of Egypt into the Parthenon.

So our European culture was thought of as beginning on river banks, thence advancing to larger countries, transferred from land to land by sea voyages increasing in length and security until the Atlantic was bridged — but still founded on land, where people lived. We speak of the culture of Greece, of China, of India, and look sometimes for a new culture of North America.

Culture was — and is — thought of as rising out of a land.

But since the beginning of the twentieth century the story of a Mediterranean people as old and as civilized as either the Egyptians or the Babylonians has been literally dug out of the island of Crete. Sir Arthur Evans, who excavated the remains of the city of Knossos, has shown beyond doubt that here was a civilization contemporary with the earliest dynasties of Egypt, extending back to some four or five thousand years before our era.

Earlier explorers had found remains at Mycenæ and Tiryns in Greece, at Hissarlik, the site of ancient Troy on the Hellespont, and at many other points on the shores of the Levant. These remains were evidently older than classic Greece and they refused to fit into any reasonable scheme of development. There were golden cups, fragments of jewelry, traces of buildings, and strange domed tombs. They had evidently some affinity with Greek art, yet were not Greek. So, in the ignorance then prevailing, they were associated with the Homeric poems and regarded as 'primitive Greek.'

We know now that these 'Mycenæan' remains were not Greek at all. They are the remains of a civilization which held the Ægean sea long before the Greeks first appeared in history. This was a civilization of merchant and pirate kings, whose rule centred in Crete and whose colonies lay all round the coasts and through the islands of the Ægean. It has been named 'Minoan,' and it was founded on a sea.

The evidence is already strong, and is becoming stronger every day, that the cultures of Egypt and Babylon did not deeply influence that of Greece, and so have not a very great importance for us to-day. Babylon and Egypt were hemmed in by land;

neither of them had free access to the sea nor were their people ever seavers. So their civilizations, like those of China and India, were doomed to stagnation. The greatness of Crete has been hidden in her ruins for some three thousand years and it is hard to readjust the historic views of many centuries, but it is becoming more and more evident that the culture of Greece owes more to Crete than to either Egypt or Babylon. The long-lost Cretan seafarer is our own spiritual ancestor. He nourished Greece as Greece has nourished us. European civilization begins as the civilization of the Ægean Sea.

II

The Greeks never formed an empire: they were too individualistic to form any such rigid organization, but they formed a very distinct culture. They were Hellenes when all other outer people were barbarians, — babblers, — and their culture was that of the eastern Mediterranean. A look at the map shows that the Mediterranean is divided into two basins: a western, bordered by the shores of Italy, France, Spain, and Barbary; and an eastern, from Italy and Sicily to Egypt and Syria.

It was on the shores of this eastern basin that the Hellenes lived. In Asia Minor they founded Miletus, Samos, Ephesus, and many another splendid city. In Italy and Sicily were Sybaris, Croton, Syracuse, and Acragas; in North Africa, Naucratis and Cyrene, though here, in the south, traded their mercantile rivals, the Phœnicians of Tyre, Sidon, and Carthage. Beyond this basin, Greek colonies stretched out into the western Mediterranean at Pæstum, Marseilles, and Naples. To the east they spread through the dark Euxine to Heraclea

of the Chersonese and to the wild lands of the Scythians.

We are apt to think of classic Hellas as the modern country of Greece; but historically Hellas is the eastern Mediterranean and the lands which lie about it. Although their literature ignores it, yet the Greeks were a trading people. The vases which Greek merchants exported from Athens four hundred years before Christ are still found in central Italy; their ships ranged the inland sea, along with those of the Phœnicians from whom they had learned their letters. Hellas is the name of a sea rather than of a land.

Twice in classic times do we find efforts to found great land-states to stretch from the Ægean to India. The empires of Darius and of Alexander were founded on land. Both were of short duration; both fell to pieces from their own sheer weight. They were not founded on the security of a sea, or even of a river, and they could not last.

It is perhaps worth noting that the Persian art of Darius borrowed from rather than gave to Hellas, and that the empire of Alexander spread Greek art-forms widely through Asia. A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the immemorial wisdom and ancient culture of the East, that is, of Asia. There was, of course, give and take on both sides; but our European civilization goes back to some four or five thousand years before Christ and we gave of our wisdom and of our art to Asia quite as much as Asia gave to us.

As civilization expanded, it seemed for a time uncertain whether Rome or Carthage would predominate on the Mediterranean. For with larger and swifter ships, the sea was growing too small for two great mercantile powers. Carthage was but two days' sail from Rome; Sicily with its Carthaginian colonies was but one: much too close for comfort. So Rome and Carthage

fought and, once she reigned supreme on the Mediterranean, Rome could grow. By the beginning of the Christian era the Roman Empire had reached its greatest power and it was the Empire of the Mediterranean. Britain and Northern Gaul were outlying provinces to be dropped on the first signs of weakness; the strength of Rome lay in her command of the Mediterranean or, more truly, Rome *was* the Mediterranean; for Egypt, North Africa, Spain, and Greece were as Roman as the City of Rome itself. Classic Rome was the Mediterranean Sea with the lands round about it. Rome inherited the earlier Græco-Phœnician culture of the Levant; she gave it to us, and she gave us our religion.

The oft-repeated view that Christianity is an Oriental religion is worth just a moment's investigation. Palestine at the time of our Lord was a Roman province deeply tinged with Greek culture. The Jewish religion had grown up on the shores of the Levant, and is as true a product of that sea as is the art of Greece. Paul, the great apostle, was a Hellenized Jew and a Roman citizen; his letters are full of Greek philosophical terms. It was in Rome that Christianity attained its position as the recognized religion of European civilization. In its development, as in its origin, the Christian religion is a product of Mediterranean civilization and it is quite unnecessary to postulate for it any Oriental origin.

So in the third century of our era the civilization of Europe, its laws, its art, and its religion are founded on the Mediterranean Sea.

III

When this culture fell before the inroads of the northern barbarians, there followed a long period of darkness and re-formation. When next we can

see Europe clearly we find two cultures: that of the south, still Mediterranean though weakened by the irruption of the Moslems into Africa and Spain; and that of the north, centring round the North Sea. The distinction between northern and southern Europeans is a valid one. Anthropologists speak of Mediterranean man as different from Nordic man. So they may well be, for they live on different seas.

A map of mediæval Europe shows how much the north was dependent on the North Sea. Across it from Denmark and Friesland came the Angles to colonize England. Later from Norway and Denmark came the Norsemen to conquer northern France and their earlier-arrived kinsmen in England. Round the North Sea lay the great mediæval ports: London, Norwich, Hull, Leith, Dundee, in Britain; Paris, Rotterdam, Bremen, Hamburg, Antwerp, on the Continental coast. The prosperity of mediæval England was largely dependent on the trade of the North Sea. Let those who doubt the unifying power of the sea consider that Orkney, Shetland, and Caithness in the north of Scotland are more akin in race and tradition to Norway across the sea than they are to Perthshire, but a few miles distant across the land. Northern France is more akin to southern England than it is to the Midi. The native of Hamburg or of Denmark is more akin to the Englishman than to the Bavarian. The lines of culture follow the seas.

But mediæval Europe was growing too large for these small seas. The Crusades may be regarded as efforts to regain control of the Mediterranean. They failed, unfortunately for Europe, and to-day we are still paying the penalty. The Turk is still in the Mediterranean. That he was not long ago expelled or absorbed is probably due to the timely discovery of a new

sea. The break we make in European history in the sixteenth century coincides with the discovery of the Atlantic.

Early traders had of course crept through the Straits of Gibraltar and around the western shores of Europe, but, until the sixteenth century, Europe was bounded on the west by ocean without end. By 1520 men knew that the Atlantic existed, a sea with land lying around it. They began to colonize the shores of that sea. Columbus really discovered the Atlantic.

IV

The shores of the new sea were settled by Europeans: Spaniards, Portuguese, French, and English, with a smaller Dutch and Scandinavian element. As was natural, looking to their geographical position, the Spaniards were the leaders of this emigration and colonized farther south. The causes which led to the eventual English domination of the North Atlantic hardly come within the scope of this article, though it may be suggested that both Spain and France are too closely associated with the Mediterranean ever to become great Atlantic Powers. It was rather North Europe which required a new and a larger sea.

This Atlantic colonization, of course, led to the rise of new and important ports. England had to right-about turn in order to face the new sea. Bristol, Liverpool, and Glasgow became more important than Leith or Hull. London, Rotterdam, and Hamburg direct their traffic through the Channel. Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Quebec, and Montreal rise on the western seaboard. Progress since the sixteenth century has lain in the extension westward of the American seaboard, until now all America is occupied by Europeans who still look to the Atlantic as their home sea. This

statement may require to be modified later, but it will be acknowledged that the Eastern seaboard of America still dominates its culture.

To-day then we, whether we call ourselves Americans or Europeans, really live on the Atlantic. A great deal is sometimes made of the three thousand miles which separate America from Europe; but those three thousand miles are sea, and by all historic precedents seas unite people — they do not separate them. The Atlantic is to us to-day an inland sea, very much what the Mediterranean was to Rome.

We may illustrate this by comparing the size of the two seas by the only true standard, that of travel-time.

The speed of Roman sea-commerce has been reckoned at from four to five knots; that of our own to-day is about twelve. In other words sea distances in miles are to-day one third to one half of what they were in Roman times and probably about one quarter of what they were in Greek times.

Pliny tells us that a merchant ship would pass from Messina to Alexandria in six days, with favoring winds. That means that Egyptian corn, at quickest, took about seven or eight days to get to Rome. To-day Canadian wheat takes at least a fortnight to get to England. But a passenger can pass from America to England in six days, and a message in as many minutes.

So the Atlantic to-day is, for merchandise, about twice the size of the Roman Mediterranean; for passengers, about the same size; and for news, very much smaller. The comparison of Roman Mediterranean with modern Atlantic is more than mere fancy. The sense of national unity was indeed much stronger in the Roman sea, but such a sense does already exist in the Atlantic and it will probably increase with increasing civilization and in obedience to practical necessities.

To-day the Atlantic is more unified than it was in the sixteenth century. When Columbus first crossed it there were three cultures on it: that of Europe, strong and vigorous; that of Africa, weak; and that of the American Indian, midway between the two. To-day the American cultures of the Aztec and the Red Man are matters of archæology; the Negro has adopted the culture of his masters, and European culture is supreme. It would almost seem as though two different cultures could not live together on the same sea, although of course many nations may if they are of the same culture. This community of Atlantic nations has as yet no name. Its essential unity has not yet been recognized sufficiently clearly for that and it has been torn by family quarrels. It is not an empire, for that suggests unity of rule as well as of culture. We may perhaps call it a 'commonwealth,' the Commonwealth of the Atlantic — for the weal of each nation in it affects all the others.

V

This reading of history suggests an interpretation of recent events. Before the war, Germany had two dreams of empire — the 'Drang nach Oesten' and the 'Hegemony of the Atlantic.' The outward manifestations of the first were the penetration of Turkey and the Bagdad railway. Its ultimate purpose was the creation of an empire reaching from the Rhine to the Euphrates. Alexander the Great attempted this and failed; Darius tried it and failed; nor does it take much intuition to prophesy that, even with the aid of the railroad, any such empire would fall to pieces in modern times quite as fast as it did in the days of the great Alexander.

The second dream was typified by Emperor William's announcement of

himself as the 'Admiral of the Atlantic.' This was indeed a claim and it had a reality in geography. Indeed, the real cause of the war was possibly not the attempt of Germany to get a place in the sun, but to gain the chief place on the Atlantic. Between her and her sea stood France and Britain, and it was against those Powers that she hurled her strength. When for a moment it seemed even faintly possible that Germany might dominate — not Europe but — the Atlantic, the war became the active concern of the other great Atlantic Power. The United States entered the war, not to help France or England, but to hold the Atlantic.

The questions of 'coöperation,' 'participation,' and 'interference,' which seem so urgent at the moment, must also be regarded from this point of view. The old tradition of American isolation is based on the idea that the ocean separates America from Europe. So long as a voyage across the Atlantic took weeks or months, this was true. So long as the States of the American Union were weak, the doctrine had at least a value as an act of self-defense. It applied, of course, only to political rule; for no one would pretend that Europe, in sending thousands of emigrants to America, was not interfering very actively with this country. Now, however, when the Atlantic is only six days wide and the American States are as strong, or even stronger, than those of Europe, the attitude of noninterference is purely imaginary. Every disturbance on either side of the Atlantic sends its waves across to the other. America and Europe to-day both belong to the Commonwealth of the Atlantic whether they happen to know it or not; for, like all real unions, it first creates itself and only later is recognized. A policy of complete inaction on the part of America, of utter noninterference, will have just as active

an effect on Europe as the most active policy of coöperation.

Indeed one often feels a little impatient with leagues and conferences, with disputes on coöperation and the opposite, on America helping Europe, on entanglements, for all these ideas involve the idea of separate entities. Surely the overruling fact in our politics to-day is that we all live on the Atlantic, and that automatically we do form a community of Atlantic nations. This community must live together somehow, and it is the business of our statesmen to see that it lives together comfortably. Indeed at the present moment two of our Governments are negotiating a treaty dealing with twelve-mile limits and similar arrangements for living together comfortably on our sea. In time we shall probably have a great many more such agreements.

VI

To-day the Atlantic is an inland sea, the seat of a culture which began in the Levant some five thousand years ago. There remains yet another sea, the Pacific. It is not yet enclosed. Enormously larger than the Atlantic, it still separates America, Australasia, and Chino-Japan. But as travel becomes more rapid the Pacific will become smaller, so that it too may some day become an inland sea, the suitable home for a new culture. To say what that culture will be would be to adventure too dangerously into prophecy.

But a survey of the coasts of this sea shows us one fact very clearly. The mass of the population, the best ports, and the most fertile lands are all upon the western side, from New Zealand and Australia in the south, to Japan on the north. The American coast is but a narrow strip between the mountains and the sea.

The real division of America is, of course, not along any imaginary forty-seventh parallel from east to west. That is only a political division between two Atlantic nations. It is along the Rocky Mountains and the Andes, from north to south. Every traveler from Montreal to Victoria must have felt the sensation of stepping into a new world. China, Japan, and Australia, which in Montreal are far-distant, unreal countries, suddenly come into the world at Victoria. The railroads indeed join Montreal and Vancouver, but the interests of East and West are different.

This American Pacific coast not only is very narrow, but has few good ports. From north to south are Vancouver, Seattle, San Francisco, Lima, and Valparaiso. America really faces the Atlantic and these few cities are to be regarded rather as colonies of the Atlantic planted on the Pacific. Like all colonies they retain a sentimental affection for their mother sea (or land), but their interests are necessarily different. Oriental immigration is of much greater interest to them than any European politics. They have their own Pacific difficulties and cannot be interested in the Atlantic ones.

Some foretell an eventual war between the two cultures which at present occupy the Pacific shores. We may, however, remember that Greece and Phœnicia lived for centuries at peace on the Levant. It is true that Rome and Carthage fought, but the Pacific is large.

VII

And now some reader may protest that this argument is indeed all at sea, and that America's real future is in America after all. Such is indeed possibly the case. There is a freedom of choice. We know that in ancient Egypt, in India, and in China great civilizations were founded on river

banks surrounded by land, and we know too the characteristics of such riverine cultures. They may rise to considerable heights of administration, science, and the arts, but they are cut off from the world and so tend to become ultraconservative, stagnant, and eventually dead. There is, of course, room for such a self-centred civilization in North America and the map will show its natural boundaries. It is the valley of the Mississippi and her tributaries. It may be regarded as stretching from the Peace River in the north to New Orleans in the south. It is bounded on the east by the Alleghanies and on the west by the Rocky Mountains.

Here is the opportunity for a great land State, concerned with no seas, thinking of no matters beyond its own mountain boundaries. Is there any whisper of this in our present day politics?

If this is to be the line of America's future development, then New York, Boston, Montreal, must all sink into marginal villages where stern-faced officials will stop all foreign immigrants, all foreign merchandise which might possibly penetrate into the hermit State of the Mississippi Valley. Foreign trade must cease, immigration must cease, St. Louis and Winnipeg must become the capitals of the new land State. Is there any whisper of this in our present-day politics?

I hope not, for I believe that the future of all America is on the Atlantic. America is a part of that great community of nations whose ancestors for five thousand years have lived on the sea, and I cannot believe that she will now change her path. The Commonwealth of the Atlantic is the fulfillment of our history; it is the greatest power that the world has yet seen; it exists even if we do not see it; and in it is our future.

FROM A COOK'S POINT OF VIEW¹

BY ANN ALDERTON

I

HISTORY relates that after a period of experimental asceticism the Lord Buddha decided in favor of a normal diet and conferred some special spiritual honor upon a damsel who appeared most opportunely with a bowl of rice; and I have read that at one time in Turkish lands the professional cook had the rank of the second admiral of the fleet. Except for these two instances, however, there seems to be little honor, mundane or spiritual, for the people who prepare three, or even six, meals a day, for seven days a week, all the year round, year after year. The kitchens of Gil Blas and of the Court of King Arthur are not entirely the outcome of wild imaginings, or representative of a bygone age.

There are some people who like to feel themselves on such a high plane of existence that they don't notice what they eat; so, chafing secretly because they cannot live on fairy pancakes of yellow tide-foam, they snub their meat and potatoes. The majority of people seem to eat, and to eat what they like, because they always have done so, and they enjoy it, and it never occurs to them not to do so, although universities are teaching the science of nutrition and preaching on the psychological aspect of meals. Later on we may arrive where Buddha was

thousands of years ago, and consider the spiritual significance of meals, those important events in the perpetual re-creation of the body. Then perhaps we shall study our own needs and our economical maintenance as seriously and intelligently as we now study those of automobiles and farmyard animals. Then the work created by these needs may be respected as a service requiring spirit and intelligence as well as physical energy unrelated to any abstract processes.

A profession is necessarily an echo of a conviction: it is usually a faint echo reaching us across the cries of the market-place and made discordant by them; but the original music is there for those who desire to hear.

If a lesser teacher seeks inspiration and knowledge he can turn to the greater teachers; they are the creative impulse behind all that is good in education and behind the profession that sometimes conceals them; they unify ideas and ideals; they possess at the same time a power to concentrate and diffuse.

Many of the manual occupations are potential professions but they lack centrifugal force; they are organisms without a nucleus; they are not even organizations; they are a hotchpotch consisting of the relics of slavery and feudalism (preciously guarded by the employer), the work and influence of an occasional artist, and the products, good and bad, of various strikes.

¹ This article is contributed by a cook in actual service who enjoys unusual advantages of education and a background less Celtic than usual. — THE EDITOR.

Anyone who has been a professional wage-earner has consciously or unconsciously possessed certain privileges connected with his work—the possibility of appeal to tradition and history, access to definite sources of knowledge, and social tolerance. But to attempt to be a cook and to grasp the situation as a whole is like trying to read a book by the light of street lamps which are few and far between and often very dim. High standards of skill and artistic conscientiousness must be sought in one place, scientific knowledge in another, and social ideals in yet another.

Universities have got as far as producing trained dietitians, but you have to be very tactful, not to say roundabout, when telling them that you are a cook. On the other hand, if you want work as a cook, it is unwise to let your possible employer know that you have ever seen the inside of a university; you are liable to be condemned unheard as being utterly incapable with your hands; even when you have experience you are looked upon with suspicion.

'You've got something at the back of your mind, and I can't make out what it is,' I was told by the employment secretary of a large concern of eating-places; and she would not put me in the kitchen on the ground that I was too intelligent! This, however, was not a difficulty which I encountered at the outset.

Considering the outcries now raised against the exodus of women from kitchens, it is rather extraordinary to recall the difficulties I had in getting into them, and, judging from what I have seen, I should think it would be more difficult for a woman to achieve an acceptable profession for herself as a cook than it has been for her to fight her way into the ranks of doctors and lawyers.

To begin with, there is a social stigma attached to the work, and one is fighting for something considered valueless even by those who possess it. A Norwegian kitchen-maid I worked with said to me, 'If I could speak English like you I would not work in a kitchen.' This illustrates the fact that the kitchen is the most unpopular place on the market, and many of the people who work in one are there because they know nothing of commercial value, not because they know anything about food or because they desire to learn a skilled occupation.

It is not merely the underlings who complain. I do not know of one good cook who would put his own children to his own trade.

'I have a sister, and if she wanted to be a cook I would cut off her hands!' a French cook declared to me, and, however exaggerated, it is typical of an attitude that is not difficult to understand.

'No one will know what you are doing,' I have been told as an inducement by people who were trying to persuade me to accept some work.

When I first insisted on being a cook I rather distressed a charming elderly lady who had befriended me. 'My dear, have you ever thought of nursing?' she said.

I had thought of nursing, and how much I should dislike it, for of all occupations it surely must call for the performance of the most difficult tasks, and the endurance of continuous strain. Yet not so very long ago nursing was as 'unthinkable' a profession as cooking is to-day.

The worst of the work of a cook is not necessarily disagreeable; there is a great deal that is pleasant when the conditions of employment are good, and the work of the responsible person in the kitchen requires a fine combination of hand-work and head-work; yet the possibilities of the occupation are un-

recognized by hundreds of bread-winners in overcrowded kinds of employment, and there is perpetual discussion of the vexed problem of the domestic. This is a discrepancy easily accounted for by a great many of the conditions of employment, but not necessarily caused by the occupation itself.

II

My first experience as a 'real cook' was in the family of a Canadian fruit-grower in Ontario. I had been spending the summer in that neighborhood and obtained the work through the Government employment bureau in a large town, from whom I received notice of it.

The worst of this place was that in all probability it was one of the best of its kind. In some ways my employer was surprisingly friendly, but details of the conditions in which I was expected to live are fit only for a report to a sanitary inspector. I will, however, give one instance of a minor atrocity.

As a rule, milk was not sold at this farm, but a cow was kept for the household. My employer always insisted that when the greater part of the milk had been skimmed, the rest of the cream should be blown from the pan into the receptacle for cream. On one occasion she had been in bed for a week with a bad bronchial cold. Almost as soon as she came downstairs she spat into the kitchen fire, called for the pan of milk I was skimming, and blew violently till the last particle of cream had gone. Then she turned to me and said with great pride: —

'There! Now if you ever have a farm of your own you'll know how to manage the milk, won't you?'

I reported conditions there to the Government Agency, but they said they could not afford to make investigations and evidently took no responsi-

bility for the conditions of employment offered by them.

After I left the farm I was constantly in touch with the secretary of the Y.W.C.A. employment bureau. She was persuaded that the cause of most 'domestic' dissatisfaction was the unwillingness to work of the present generation of young women. At that time I was thinking of going to a Domestic Science college. The employment secretary opposed this, as she said that cooking ought to be learned in a kitchen under a good cook. This should certainly be a strongly emphasized part of the training; the great difficulty seems to be to find any kitchen where the scientific side of the work is respected, or any school where the actual conditions and the daily routine of a kitchen are represented. In short, there is no system of apprenticeship and no training school where theory and practice are adequately balanced.

One employer, who ran a large dining-room in connection with an apartment house, consented to take me into her kitchen if the cook would consent; but the cook declared that she had had to learn herself and was n't going to teach anybody else.

After one or two efforts which were failures on account of my inexperience, I landed in a small restaurant where the Government was feeding the unemployed, and where a great many students came to eat regularly on the meal-ticket system.

My experience here was valuable only in so far as this place was probably typical of the small eating-houses that spring into existence in great numbers wherever there are crowds of people who can afford to spend only as little as possible on what they eat.

My employer, who directed two dining-rooms and occasionally visited this one, had consented to take me because I seemed anxious to learn to cook; she

was a good-natured but incompetent woman, who quite frankly thought I was mad.

I did all sorts of kitchen odd-jobs in this place. The reigning cook was a kindly old crone who used to put most of the saucepans on the floor, so that it was difficult to walk about without falling into pots of soup or vegetables. She had seven sons and a lethargic husband who did the carving. They used to come and sit about the kitchen and eat pie.

The dishwasher here regaled me with stories of the ex-chef, a Chinaman, whose great accomplishment had been to cut flies in half with the carving knife he happened to be using.

One day one of the seven sons tried to commit suicide because the waitress was flirting with somebody else. He did not succeed, but the family party was broken up, and the cook departed. She was followed by a woman who was a good plain cook and very clean; but the establishment was so poorly managed that there was practically nothing to cook with.

This woman made one remark which showed plainly her contempt for her own standing, and which I thought would have been a suitable climax for a play of Ibsen's on democracy.

'Them wot comes 'ere ain't no better than wot we are,' she declared firmly, speaking of the customers. *'If they was, they would n't come.'*

Soon afterward I answered an advertisement for a scullery maid in a hospital kitchen. The dietitian who interviewed me seemed interested in my experiment and allowed me to put in what hours I could in the kitchen while taking a course of cookery at a school in the town.

The chef was an Irishman and a good cook. The work of the scullery-maids was to wash the pots and pans and a

few dishes and to prepare vegetables for from two to three hundred people. There were usually three scullery-maids.

I found this experience very useful because I learned ways of handling large quantities of food and had practice in doing so. I do not know of any school which could have provided this amount of training.

I will go into a few details of this hospital experience because I have since heard that deplorable conditions exist in many hospital kitchens, and because it convinced me at the very outset that only a part of the problem of kitchen sanitation is being solved by the training and the employing of dietitians. If the cook had a certain amount of scientific training with which to supplement his craft, and had also the standing of the dietitian, the outlook might be more hopeful; but at present the conditions of kitchen employment keep out the fastidious type of employee, and the available types help to make kitchens what they are; so there is a vicious circle.

In the hospital where I worked most of the maids lived in a house near by, under the supervision of a very nice clean Irishwoman of the 'uneducated' type. I think I am right in saying from memory that there were from forty to fifty girls living in this house, and that there were only two bathrooms. At any rate the conditions were such that the supervisor when talking of the accommodation said, 'No wonder the girls are sick!'

The bedrooms were very crowded, and the night cook, who finished her work about three o'clock in the morning, had to share a room with a day worker, so that both occupants suffered.

After working in the scullery for about two months I was the night cook in this hospital, but I did not live in the maids' quarters. I was allowed

ten dollars a month extra to find an outside room for myself.

If I had had to accept the conditions offered to the maids I should not have stayed in the place, and I cannot feel that it was surprising to find in the kitchen scullery-maids who blew upon the food, and used tea-towels to wipe their hands and hot foreheads. From the point of view of kitchen sanitation I think it would be interesting to have a record of the women who buy the most expensive and, presumably, the most sanitary food for their children, yet congratulate themselves that they employ the cheapest possible 'kitchen help' to handle it.

In New York I wanted to find an entrance into kitchens where there were fine workmen, and I thought it might be possible to work in a hotel kitchen in the way in which I had worked in the hospital kitchen, taking courses in subjects that would supplement the manual work I was doing.

An employment agency had been recommended to me by a reliable source and I went to see the man who ran it. He was extremely discouraging. He said that he knew all the hotels and restaurants in the city from A to Z, and that there were only two or three kitchens in which it would be at all possible for me to go. He said that the kitchen was the last place on earth in which he would want to see any of his 'women-folk,' and that one who worked there must have the 'hide of a rhinoceros' and a few other similar protections.

Finally, by extreme good fortune, I was allowed to visit, as often as I pleased, a restaurant where there were a great many French and Italian cooks. The chef was an Austrian under whose management the working of the kitchen ran like a beautiful machine; he saw everything and said little — but he could say very effectively whatever he

wanted to, and with equal ease, in German, French, and English.

I have never met with greater generosity or courtesy than I did in this kitchen, neither have I seen more skilled workmanship than I did there. This was a matter partly of inheritance and partly of long practice.

'You'll do it all right when you've done it three or four hundred times,' the cooks would declare when I was allowed to struggle with a pastry bag or a slippery fish, and, 'It's all right after the first ten years!'

All the same they tried very hard to persuade me not to think of becoming a cook. 'Go out into the streets about eight o'clock and watch the doors open, and you'll see the cooks come out,' they said; 'they are all so big . . . and they walk like this. . . .'

In this kitchen the simplest operations were performed with the skill and rapidity of a conjuring performance. The fillets of fish were cut with two or three movements of the hand, and the fillet bore the perfect imprint of the bones from which it had been separated; each dismembered part was as symmetrical as the entire fish had been. It was worth a long journey to see an onion cut up, and the sound of the activities was an education in itself.

Running tea-rooms, just now, is a very popular occupation and perhaps may help to change the attitude toward kitchen-work. At the same time, the management of them seems to be the chief attraction, and as far as I know them they are managed by women who could not take the place of the people they employ to do the necessary manual work. If the preparation and serving of foods is to be a possible profession for women it seems a pity that they should not seek some sort of apprenticeship under the best and most experienced workers. If they leap at manage-

ment before they have learned to handle tools they will only arrive in a field from which are missing the aristocrats and artists of the profession.

It is quite true that good clean food may be served without the highest degree of skill; but if a despised occupation is ever to become attractive it seems foolish to eliminate from it its most artistic possibilities; and these are not to be found merely in pink and green dinners, but are more closely bound up with the dexterity of hand that can come only from 'a long patience.'

I have worked in the kitchen of a cafeteria that is very admirable and flourishing. The social ideals there are as praiseworthy as the food; and this is a compliment to both. The arrangement of hours and the conditions offered to workers are little short of ideal; there is, in fact, so much that is good that it is perhaps exacting to desire more. Yet I found the kitchen disappointing after the fine workmanship and the ingenious management I had seen in the other kitchen. It was under the supervision of very nice young women whose only drawback seemed to be that they had had no training under first-rate people of their own profession. This showed itself both in details and in the general management; their knowledge of the handling of their tools was elementary, and the general arrangement was unnecessarily inadequate. The pot-washer had no light over the sink; there was no place for the collection of plates that had been used in the preparation of food, and these were often scattered about in the limited space required for the next piece of work; no definite plan had been made concerning available space and the arranging of prepared food, and the consequence was that the kitchen was clogged and uncomfortable while there actually was room elsewhere for the

overflow. The manager merely said, 'A kitchen will be higgledy-piggledy.' A good chef would have made short work of her.

The worst faults of this kitchen were those of amateurs; and so long as schools and universities teach manual occupations not as ends in themselves, but as supplements to some non-manual wage-earning profession, the desire to manage without training will probably be prevalent, and the worth of those things given by schools will be undervalued by all except graduates.

In the very early stages of one's mathematical efforts one learns that the whole is greater than the part; and while there are many kitchen-problems that must be worked out by an educated mind with organizing ability, there is much that can be learned only by daily contact with workers of long experience. The subject is not treated as a whole by those whose grasp should be the most comprehensive. There seems to be so great a gulf between schools and kitchens that an attempt to cross it must be a leap in the dark. It is not a leap to be made by refined young women who feel that they would lose caste by eating in kitchens and being called by their first names.

III

The position of the cook in a private house is fundamentally worse than that of the cook in a business concern. As a result of much agitation the hours of the workers in hotels and restaurants have been limited within reason. I believe fifty-six hours a week is the maximum, and one free day is given. One of the cooks in the restaurant I visited told me that he had been on strike five times because of the conditions he worked in: at that time the cooks stood for fourteen hours a day over a red-hot coal-stove, and even after that were

liable to be called upon for night duty. The men who struck against these conditions were considered unreasonable because of the amount of pay they received.

However, there is still no protection for the worker in the private house, and conditions exist there that actually are criminal, and would be legally criminal in any institution of a public nature.

Two women-employers may say with equal truth, 'I give my maids one afternoon a week off, and every other Sunday afternoon.' (I have heard this said as if it were an extraordinarily gracious concession.) Yet the routine of one household may be such that the servant can lead a more or less reasonable existence, while that of the other may be such that the worker has to leave her position or undermine her constitution because of her daily life.

The demand for definite hours is not a demand for less work; it is a demand for properly organized work; and until there is a readjustment — or rather a revolution — which establishes housework on a business basis, arbitration on other issues is vapid.

I worked for some months in the kitchen of a very rich family, where there were about twenty other servants. I kept a record of my working-hours for two weeks which were typical. During one week I was on duty just over eighty-four hours, and during the other just over ninety-four. The eighty-four-hour week was the week in which I had 'one afternoon off' and Sunday afternoon. The 'afternoon off' began after nine hours' continuous work, with the exception of about ten minutes for breakfast and about fifteen minutes for lunch. The Sunday I was not off I was 'on' for little short of fifteen hours.

Under other employers the conditions may be better, but in the absence of legislation such conditions are possible, and are, I believe, frequent; for the

average servant feels the kitchen situation to be hopeless and turns to some other branch of domestic employment or seeks work of another kind. I have frequently heard the demand in employment agencies, 'Give us anything but the kitchen!' And it is not to be wondered at.

In a house of the type in which I was employed, it was quite impossible for the kitchen workers to have the proper amount of out-of-door exercise; even if freedom could be obtained for one hour, or a little over, during the afternoon, this occurred after working on one's feet from 6 A.M. to 3 P.M., and it required a great effort to change one's clothes and drag one's self into the fresh air.

On the walls of an employment bureau I noticed a set of regulations for women employees in certain institutions. I think it included factories and shops and eating-places. Among other conditions demanded, the hours of work and times of employment were limited, sufficient time for meals was to be allowed, chairs were to be provided and the workers permitted to use them. If these conditions were universally accepted the servant problem might begin to dwindle. It was merely conditions that I found impossible.

The work in itself was not too hard, and a great deal of it was very interesting. There was nothing that a woman of average strength and health should not have been called upon to handle. At the same time, in a kitchen one is working under a nervous strain, fifteen hours a day (with ten minutes off 'to wash your face'), for many continuous days. It is not a mode of life that can be endured by any but the roughest type of woman, and not always by her. It was not a leisurely fifteen hours, either. As the kitchen-maid I worked with said, 'When you walk you must run, and you must never sit down.'

At the end of three months in this house I was obliged to give up the work because it was a physical impossibility to continue it. I was advised by a doctor to spend half the day in bed and the other half out of doors for at least two weeks.

I cannot feel that any amount of money could compensate for the life of a kitchen worker (either the chef or his assistants) in that household. My wages were certainly not good, considering the hours of work required and the money that had to be spent to recover from the effects of the strain and the long hours.

I wondered whether I found this work such a strain because I had not had a very long experience of the conditions I was living in. I asked the chef if he considered there was any work in that kitchen which an 'educated' woman could not do because she was educated. He said that there was not, and that there should be at least one other woman employed there. I also asked the doctor whether she thought that education made women less able to do physical work, and if that accounted for my inability to stand the life in the kitchen. She considered the long hours sufficient to account for a breakdown. I was interested to find afterwards that the other kitchen-maid, a large Norwegian woman, had also been obliged to find employment elsewhere. A little later the laundress, also a Norwegian, had to stay three weeks in a hospital as a result of overwork and rheumatism which the doctor attributed to the conditions of her employment.

One of the chambermaids who had at one time worked in a large kitchen, in either England or Scotland, said that she had been obliged to give up the work because of ill health. She had had to spend a great deal of time kneeling on damp stone floors which she was

cleaning, and the doctor whom she consulted considered her illness the result of the work she had been doing.

I was very fortunate in the chef under whom I worked, and it was only because I valued the training under him that I stayed as long as I did in that household. After I left the house he allowed me to go and watch him work whenever I liked, and was extremely patient about answering questions, and very generous in his attitude. He quite realized the general feeling of contempt for manual workers, and I think was somewhat astonished to find anyone with an admiration for his work; he would not on any account have his children trained to be cooks.

IV

The most pleasant opening for anyone who likes to cook is to be found with employers who are willing to give definite hours, and sometimes these can be found through the advertisement columns of leading newspapers. I know of only one instance where definite hours were given to resident workers. The demand for them is very unpopular among employers. Their introduction presupposes a real organizing ability and a willingness to experiment. Most of the employers who have given definite hours have considered the arrangement a success on the whole, and are unwilling to revert to the usual indefinite system, which cannot fail to keep out of household employment the more intelligent type of woman and drive into it the very type whose shortcomings the housekeeper is the first to bewail.

The commercial side of the question is a very complicated one. If the employee is to 'live out,' she must have higher wages to support herself. I think that it simplifies matters sometimes if she has her food as part of her wages, for as a rule it does not cost the em-

ployer the amount that it would cost the employee to buy and prepare, or to buy ready prepared.

This is a difference that has to be allowed for and adjusted according to individual preferences, but if the employer is anxious for a new type of worker, new conditions must be offered, and they must be worth while financially.

'She ain't generous, and she don't know; I don't think we shall ever make anything of her,' was the criticism I once heard of an unpopular employer. And even though generous employers do exist, it is doubtful if there are any who can be said to 'know' even as satisfactorily as the average business woman with a position of responsibility over other women. The housekeeper has rarely had the same type of experience as her servant; she has not gone into another woman's house as a paid employee, and would probably be insulted at the very idea. Even the most amiable are apt to confuse the expressions 'shelter' and 'home.' Those who have ideals about service leave the word servility out of their vocabulary, but expect it in their daily lives.

Housework is too often, for the servant, a perpetual readjustment to moods, unpunctual habits, and untidy ways of living on the part of the employer.

'They are the livers; we are the existence!' was the slogan of an Irish cook I once knew — literally saintlike in the way she bore with a kind-hearted but preposterously difficult employer who left all orders until the last minute, and changed them frequently after they were given, and yet was proud of her housekeeping.

It has been said that 'reforms begin at the top, revolutions at the bottom';

strikes might be the swiftest cure for the unsatisfactory conditions of the household worker, as they have been the mitigation of some of the ills of other occupations of the manual laborer. If, however, the reform could come from the top in this particular instance, it would be a greater sign than has yet been given of woman's capacity to deal with matters of public import.

Indeed, in writing on 'The New Generation of Women' (*Current History*, August 1923), Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman makes a woman's attitude toward such affairs the touchstone of her mentality.

'It may fairly be said,' she writes, 'that so far the woman's mind does not manifest in the same degree the qualities of individual initiative and of creative power that we are accustomed to consider peculiar to the man's. That some instances do exist, however, shows that it is not a sex-distinction. *Perhaps another century or so must pass, with great development in the belated household trades*, and an ennobling specialization in child culture, before it can be authoritatively stated that there is any essential difference in mental qualities: whether, in short, there is sex-distinction in the brain.'

If the feminist agitations have been part of an evolution, and not a mere by-product of the times, the administration of those concerns which are naturally a woman's will predominate in her public life. This will not happen so long as the 'belated household trades' are so beyond the social pale as to be fit only for some far-away and unreal servant-class and out of the question as a means of employment for women of intelligence and training.

THE MYSTERY AND POWER OF LIGHT

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

ALONG in the early seventies of the last century there was a boy who herded oxen through the long summer nights on the plains of Serbia, and all unconsciously he put himself through as severe an intelligence test as we can well imagine. Having the gift of vision, he looked at the stars, and he saw something. Bearing in his mind the ringing poetry about the firmament, which his mother repeated from the Psalms of David, — the Psalms of Saint David I believe they say in the Eastern Rite, — his proper and wholesome youthful curiosity was aroused, and he asked himself the question, What is Light? He then set himself the most far-reaching problem in physical science, one that still remains unsolved; and to this day he and many others who live in enlightenment are diligent in the great quest. Incidentally he has given us such discoveries as long-distance telephony, important features in radio-transmission, and other inventions, besides a life of inspired teaching. I refer to Professor Michael Pupin, now of Columbia University.

That is the way of Nature. She is not at all interested in us, but she is amazingly rich and lavish in her gifts. Whoever is able to keep his precious endowment of curiosity, — which most of us lose at school or in college, or allow through weakness of will to become strangled by the stupidities of our daily toil, — who has a mathematical sense of proportion, and enjoys diligence in research, is almost certain of a reward.

He is sure to find something worth while in response to his inquiries of Nature, even though the most cherished goal remains hidden from him.

I

Light, as Sir Evelyn de la Rue has said, is our nearest visible approach to infinity. Its velocity is the greatest known. It dashes through space at the rate of over 186,000 miles a second, and it seems to be 'beyond numbers,' for it remains constant from an approaching or a retreating body. That is, if we add to it, it does not increase, and if we subtract from it, it does not grow less. Does not this partake of the nature of infinity? We shall soon reach another instance in which arithmetic at first glance seems to be wrong, but not in so confusing or bewildering a measure as this curiosity in regard to the velocity of light.

Experiments in physical science point to the conclusion that all matter, whether in the heavens above, the earth beneath, the waters under the earth, or anywhere else — in the substance of all the stars and planets and moons and satellites and meteorites throughout the universe, is composed of positive and negative charges of electricity — and of nothing else. The ninety-two chemical elements, of which we know all but four, differ from each other only in the number and arrangement of the positive and negative charges in their atoms or smallest particles.

Toward the end of the last century it was found that every atom of hydrogen gives up on electrolysis a single negative charge of electricity; one single negative charge and no more; we call it an electron, or the unit of electricity. Electric currents consist in a drive or push of electrons. When this negative charge or electron is given up, the hydrogen atom becomes a hydrogen ion; and the hydrogen ion is a single positive charge of electricity, which is also called a proton. The atom of hydrogen is the lightest and smallest of all the atoms, and consists of one positive and one negative charge of electricity and nothing else.

If we arrange all the elements in a row according to the comparative weights of the atoms, beginning with hydrogen — which is the lightest of all — as No. 1, setting down helium, which is next in order of comparative weight, as 2, and so on, with lithium 3, beryllium 4, boron 5, carbon 6, nitrogen 7, oxygen 8, and right on substantially as the atomic weights increase, until we come to uranium, which is the heaviest of all and therefore 92, we have them numbered from 1 to 92, and these numbers we call the atomic numbers of the elements.

Shortly before the Great War it was discovered by a student at Cambridge University that the atomic number tells us how many free protons or positive charges there are at the centre of the atom, and also the number of electrons that surround it. Every atom is neutral: that is, it has the same number of positive as it has negative charges; the same number each of protons and electrons.

This discovery demonstrates, for instance, that the atom of nitrogen — which is No. 7, as we have just observed — has seven free protons or positive charges concentrated in the nucleus, and seven electrons whirling

about it. Carbon has six of each, oxygen eight, and so on.

The name of the gifted young discoverer was Mosely. He was killed at Gallipoli. His loss is, for science, one of the tragedies of the war.

II

There being 92 different elements, there are 92 different varieties of atoms, and much attention has been paid of late to their respective structures. The more generally accepted theory is that they resemble very minute solar systems, in which the electrons follow their orbits as planets revolve around the sun. These systems become exceedingly complex as the higher numbers are reached, much as a solar system with ninety-two planets would be very complex.

Atoms are small, remarkably small. If on a winter's day at sea level we were to change all the atoms in a cubic foot of air, in which the atoms are bound mostly in pairs and bobbing about free, like so many balloons — if we were to change every atom into a grain of fine sand that would pass through a sieve of 100 mesh to the square inch, how much sand should we have? We should have enough and to spare to fill a trench three feet deep and a mile wide from New York to San Francisco. Four fifths of these atoms in the air are nitrogen, element No. 7. Hydrogen atoms are much smaller. And of course there are atoms which are much larger, although the volume of an atom does not necessarily increase with its mass.

The mass or weight of the atom is due principally to the proton, the electron being only $1/1850$ of the positive charge, whereas the volume of the electron is much larger.

Another point to bear in mind is that even this almost infinitely minute mass

of the electron, this $1/1850$ part of the lightest atom there is, is due principally to its velocity in circling about the proton.

A commonplace — but fortunately not an everyday — example may add emphasis to this observation. I have the misfortune to weigh about 225 pounds. If I were to stand on a high table and to step from it to your shoulders and balance myself as you walked about, you would be carrying a mass of 225 pounds.

But suppose I were to ascend to the roof of a six-story house and were to jump down, landing on your shoulders as you stood on the ground. Then the impact would be much more, and this distressing jolt of my mass on your suffering shoulders would be due in part to the velocity of my fall. But this is misleading, because at such a velocity I should still retain a mass of 225 pounds; whereas, if I were to fall upon you at infinite velocity, we should enter into a new system of weights and measures, and we may at least be certain that neither of us would be in a condition to discuss the matter. Perhaps we had better drop the subject now.

We do not know of such a thing as an electron at rest. If such a condition exists, has the electron any substance — as we understand substance? Is an electron a whirl of energy and nothing more? I do not know.

Excepting hydrogen, the atoms of all the elements have, in addition to free protons in the nucleus of each and free electrons whirling about it, hydrogen and helium atoms packed in the nucleus, packed in very tight and staying there. But this does not alter the fact that all atoms of all elements are composed of positive and negative charges of electricity and nothing else, for that is the substance of the atoms of hydrogen and helium, as well as of the others.

III

Let us consider these electrons in the atoms as revolving about, each one in its orbit and at great velocity. True, the orbits are small, but the velocities are such that it takes fifteen figures to record the number of revolutions per second. Fifteen figures is at least 100 trillions, and it takes about 3,000,000 years to tick off 100 trillion seconds.

We cannot always see, to believe.

The electrons on the outside of atoms are, like all inanimate nature, constantly striving, as it were, to reach what is called maximum entropy, or run-down-ness; to arrive at the most permanent available condition which requires the least energy to maintain it; to find, so to speak, the easiest available job. Thus water tends to run down hill; metals tend to combine with oxygen or sulphur and to reach the more permanent form of ores. And if an electron on the outside of an atom is brought into contact with another atom in which there is an easier orbit available, an orbit in which less energy is required to maintain the electron in its giddy whirl, it will jump from the one to the other, from the higher to the lower, from the harder to the easier.

These jumps of electrons from one atom or group of atoms to another constitute the whole of all the chemical phenomena found in Nature. They do not always jump from the higher to the lower. We can sometimes force them from lower to higher if we supply the energy, as we often do, in the form of heat. Sometimes we inject a little energy to start the reaction from higher to lower, and then the process goes on of itself, as when we light a fire on the hearth. There are certain set ways of electrons in the presence of positive charges, as, for instance, their tendency

to form pairs or groups of eight — octets — so that the wanderings of electrons become a study of great complexity. But that need not worry us here. Suffice it to say that whenever we see any change going on in the nature of a substance, any chemical change, it is due entirely to a shifting-about among the outside electrons of the atoms which compose it.

The presence of currents of electricity indicates a swarm or drive of free electrons, and since all electrons are alike in force, it stands to reason that atoms give them up and take on others; that there is a great deal of this changing of electrons going on all the time; and that every electron is, so to speak, trying to find the easiest available job within reach — the orbit that requires the least measure of energy to maintain it. When, then, an electron jumps within an atom from one orbit to another, from one that requires more energy to one that requires less, the difference in energy required to maintain it in its first orbit over that required to maintain it in its second, is given off. Now this difference is always the same. It is called a quantum of energy, and it is the basis of the Quantum Theory. The quantum of energy is also proposed as the unit of light. Light is a manifestation of energy, and — evidently — of electrical energy.

IV

Some time back we referred to a second apparent irregularity of arithmetic which we were to meet. It takes the substance of 16 hydrogen atoms to make one of oxygen: 8 free protons in the nucleus, and 8 electrons in the space outside, and there are either 8 more hydrogen atoms or 2 helium atoms packed into the nucleus. It requires the substance of 4 hydrogen atoms to make one atom of helium: 2

free protons in the nucleus, 2 electrons outside, and 2 more hydrogen atoms in the packing. Now the weights of these atoms are comparative, oxygen being 16, helium 4, but hydrogen, instead of being 1, is 1.008. Why, then, is the mass of the helium atom, which is 4 times 1.008, not 4.032? Why is not oxygen 16.128? But they are not. Helium is 4 and oxygen is 16. Is arithmetic wrong? No; it appears that when hydrogen is consolidated into helium the fractional mass — the eight one-thousandths of each hydrogen atom — is transformed from matter into energy! We are no longer definite and cocksure as we used to be, about the distinction between matter and energy. When we thought atoms were solid granules we had everything down pat, and could be very much more glib about it. We had a working hypothesis which was the result of observation, and we mistook it for a fact.

Einstein has opened this great gate for our study and consideration: energy and matter are interchangeable. And these changes from one to the other are constantly taking place. Matter is a manifestation of energy.

Spectroscopic analysis shows us all the elements contained in the sun, and we know that it contains vast quantities of hydrogen and helium. If, then, one tenth of the hydrogen which we know to be contained in the sun were resolved into helium, this fractional mass, the eight one-thousandths of the hydrogen atoms, would, by such a transformation, yield solar energy to last for a thousand million years! Please consider the significance of this: the sun no more a ball of fire as we know fire, but rather a vast synthesis of matter: creation going on to-day even as it was going on when this earth was hurled forth as a gigantic clod into space.

And let us carry this farther: in the

earth and in planets and moons and meteorites are the heavy radioactive elements, too complex to be permanent, and giving off constantly out of their atoms — what? They give off alpha and beta and gamma ‘rays’ the while they degenerate into lighter elements, as radium, thorium, and uranium degenerate into lead. Now alpha rays are protons in pairs: the nuclei of helium atoms. Beta rays are electrons. And gamma rays are of the nature of X-rays, only much shorter than those ordinarily produced, and these partake of the nature of light. In other words, as these heavy elements degenerate to those which are lighter, from uranium back in the scale toward hydrogen, they give off into space positive and negative charges of electricity, while the energy required to maintain the protons in the nuclei and the electrons in their orbits is set free as gamma rays, which are of the nature of light.

Thus we have what seems to be an endless cycle of creation and disintegration of matter. The protons and electrons shot forth by radioactivity are too light to be held by gravity — and so from every planet and moon throughout the universe they fly away and away — whither? After æons of time to organize themselves again to hydrogen atoms and so on, from hydrogen to helium, and then to lithium and beryllium and carbon and nitrogen and oxygen, down the list of elements to make a new sun? Or to feed an old one? Who knows?

V

We cannot tell yet what light is, but it is evident that it partakes of the nature of electrical energy. Sir Isaac Newton proposed that light was due to the drive of infinitely minute particles through space, and he called those particles corpuscles. Then followed the wave theory, which has led the fashion

for many years. We can measure the length of the impulses of light, or the waves, as we like to call them. And since we like to call them waves we naturally ask the question, Waves of what? We can’t have waves of nothing. So we postulate the ether of space, which must be infinitely elastic and have other properties equally remarkable.

To be the medium in which waves are propelled at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, the ether of space must be dense, very dense. It has been calculated that it must be 800 times as dense as lead. Then when we sit opposite one another at table and engage in discourse we are surrounded by something 800 times as heavy as lead. We, the table, everything we regard as matter, must consist principally of holes in the ether. Of course it is n’t impossible, but it is disturbing. And it is the best we can do if we insist on light as waves.

We need the ether of space as a working hypothesis, and at times we don’t know what to do without it; but it always is, in a way, puzzling. Sir Oliver Lodge declares this ether to be the abode of departed spirits. But if spirits can do all the things that are attributed to them, one wonders why they need the ether. Perhaps we need it more than they do.

We have spoken of the disposition of all things inanimate to run down, to get into the most permanent condition possible, to get along with the least measure of energy. In life the tendency is the opposite. We pump water uphill, we separate metals from their ores, we are in constant opposition to inanimate nature. The presence of life reverses the rules. Instead of running down and giving off energy in the process, we living things must take on constantly a supply of energy from the outside. We starve to death without

fuel—that is, food. And we get substantially all our energy from the sun. Every green leaf of every tree and plant contains great numbers of cells. In every cell is a minute quantity of an enzyme or organic catalyst called chlorophyll, which is produced by the plant. Into these cells drift carbon dioxide and the vapor of water, and the rays of the sun coming through space for 90,000,000 miles strike that leaf, and there they develop the energy they carry: develop it as heat. Under heat the cell closes, the chlorophyll changes the water vapor and carbon dioxide to formaldehyde, giving some oxygen back to the air, and the formaldehyde to sugar, to starch, to gums, to lignin and cellulose, which—with a few minerals drawn from the earth—make up the tree.

When we cut a tree down and burn it in the fireplace, we use as much oxygen from the air as was given off when the wood grew, and this combines with the substances of the wood to form water vapor and carbon dioxide again—for white smoke is usually steam. And the heat which was developed from the rays of the sun when the wood grew we get back again as we warm our fingers and toes by the open fireplace—another great cycle of nature! The steer eats the grass that grew by the power of the sun, and we eat the beef, whereby we too live by the power of the sun. The same power that produces our coal raises water for the waterfall; in short, it is from the sun that we derive substantially all the energy required for life and work.

There is a record of early Persian kings who flourished before the days of the Chaldeans from whom Abraham sprang, and of these ancient wise men it is written that they said: 'We worship God and God only. We regard the sun as his symbol, because from it come both light and heat. Moreover, in it

are contained all the elements of the earth!' We children of men have been neglectful of the precious fruits of knowledge passed on to us in the course of our long, unwritten history.

VI

All the energy we get from the sun is of the nature of light. We stand, as it were, on our tiptoes, trying to peer over the outer rim of knowledge of this very thing, and seeing as yet very little. The firefly develops great luminosity but little heat, and here is another secret. As light passes undisturbed through space it leaves space dark. It develops only on contact; develops as energy, whether as light or heat or both. And of the vast measure which it develops, only a minute fraction is used to maintain life. Nature is not interested in life, and is not economical in conserving it.

Now let us be very practical and say that, since the price of gasoline has gone up, we are resolved to use the energy of the sun, which shines free for all, to propel our motor cars. We can do it, provided the prohibition enforcement officer does not forbid us. We plant corn, cultivate it intensively, harvest it, change the starch to sugar by means of a diastase, and then ferment it into beer. From the beer we distill alcohol, and we have an excellent fuel, a cleaner fuel than gasoline. We have used the light of the sun for about ninety days to grow our corn, and we have developed from each acre of our land the equivalent of about two fifths of a ton of coal. This we achieve with good weather-conditions and the best practice of husbandry.

But suppose, instead of the comfortable slow method of Nature, we were to discover more than we now know in regard to the nature of light. Suppose we learn more about the quanta of

energy, demonstrate them to be units of light, and go as far ahead as we have gone with the chemical elements. Or learn to control them and resolve them into foot-pounds, as we do with currents of electricity. Suppose someone like Sir J. J. Thomson or Einstein or Planck or our own Michelson of Chicago or Millikan of Pasadena or Wood of Baltimore — or who shall it be? — were to devise an apparatus to intercept the blast of energy we get from the sun and to transform it into the equivalent of heat or electrical currents or foot-pounds? It would make us look rather small with our little crop of corn!

The while we have been planting and hoeing and harvesting and finally getting the equivalent in alcohol of two fifths of a ton of coal to the acre, there has been delivered to that very acre of land by the sun, during the same ninety days, the equivalent of about 1500 tons of coal. By means of agriculture we have been able to use no more than $1/2000$ of the energy delivered to us. The rest, so far as our specific purpose of getting fuel for our motor cars is concerned, has been wasted.

It is not irreverent to try to beat Nature. That is our business. We should still be wild people in the woods if we did not try constantly to do this very thing. If we could get the equivalent of 1500 tons of coal from one acre

in three months, we should get four times that measure in a year, for already we have made allowance for rainy and short days. We should then have from that same acre of land the equivalent of 6000 tons of coal instead of two thirds of one. With such an invention, fifty plots of land of two square miles each would furnish all the power we need in the United States, without the need of any coal or falling water.

Now look at the picture. Our foolish and wasteful way of mining and transporting and burning coal would be a thing of the past, for, of course, we should cook and heat by electricity. There would be no more chimneys or ugly smokestacks. No soot in cities or smoke anywhere. No quarrels between nations about resources of coal and oil, which would become chemical raw materials with plenty and to spare. No more trouble about fuel for our ships. Nobody would need to be hungry or in physical want of any sort, provided always we had the understanding and the intelligence — and, above all, the character — to meet such a day of light.

Perhaps it will be better if several generations go the way of all flesh before this great discovery is made, because we are hardly worthy, in this present year of grace, to wield such power. It might spoil us. We are still little children compared with what we may become — if we try!

A PIANOFORTE RECITAL

BY FREDOON KABRAJI

A KEYBOARD.

Fact everywhere,
An atmosphere, too, of Fact.
She came.
The keyboard lay stretched supine.
The atmosphere closed upon her every movement,
Defining her sharply in the light —
Just those forms, just that life, just that warmth,
Color, glow, flesh — precise, mathematical.
The atmosphere etched her arms,
Bare, perfect, live;
Arms lax, drooping by her sides,
Poise erect,
She sat, still, by the keyboard.
The audience sat up.
Fact spoke clearly
Of mahogany, gilded walls, upholstery,
Dress suits, satin, lace, silk,
Backs of heads, bare shoulders, and stiff collars.
The keyboard lay stretched,
Supine, black, white — ivory.

II

Suddenly,
Like a branch of the willow
Lifted on a breath of the wind,
Stooping low, low, down to the stream,
Her arms lifted in air,
Gently to bend, bend down to the keyboard:
And the keyboard woke
And ran music
Like the stream!

A PIANOFORTE RECITAL

Like a flower
 That bends upon her stalk,
 She bent her head
 Lower, nearer, nearer,
 Breathed, and spoke
 To her white prancing palfreys —
 Her fingers — galloping the ivory surf,
 And the notes rushed and leaped,
 Danced and whirled and scurried
 Like nymphs to the water's edge:
 Ran before her chasing fingers
 Down the scale,
 Up the scale,
 Round the gilded walls,
 Up the straight backs of men,
 Up the stiff backs of women and chairs,
 Ruffling the dignity of Fact!
 Down the veins of rheumatic old gentlemen,
 Down the capillaries of old Lumbago,
 Up and down, laughing and trilling,
 And skipping and screaming and
 Thundering!
 Ruffling all the dignity of Fact,
 Unfurling worlds within worlds of Truth!

III

She ceased.
 The atmosphere was filled
 With the flying débris of Fact,
 And the sprites of Truth
 Still danced and made merry.

 The Audience sat up
 And clapped, sat up and clapped —
 Clapped the elves away!
 Truth gathered up her faëry worlds
 And fled,
 The dignity of Fact was restored.

THE FOG

BY ARTHUR MASON

I

'KEEP the foghorn going, and your eyes open,' said the master of the Racing Wave.

'Aye, aye, sir,' answered the mate, and he passed the word forward to the crew.

A heavy voice roared back in a jagged tone: 'What's yer eyes fer? Cain't ye see out of them?'

The mate looked in the direction of the voice, from underneath thick eyebrows whose hairs drizzled fog-beads to the deck. He could just see the huge outlines of Keelhaul Harry, trouble-maker and forecastle bully, as he stood by the starboard fore-rigging, his arms folded, and his chin resting on his chest.

'Looking for trouble, are you?' muttered the mate through his teeth. 'Always the same.' And a ridge of muscle simmered along his jaws as he walked aft to where the captain stood searching a gap in the sea-fog wall.

On the forecastle head a sailor cranked a Norwegian foghorn. A long blast belched out of it. Sails slapped against the masts; the barque rolled unhindered, with scarcely any steerage-way.

'Never seed it like this afore,' mumbled the foghorn sailor.

He blew another long blast, then cocked his ear to listen. Glassy bulbs, like fish-eyes, hung on the rigging as the fog swept in on the Racing Wave, filling her with misty, smothering cargo.

In the forecastle the nut-oil lamp looked squeezed by its crowding, colored halo. The watch below were

restless; the bunks squeaked when they turned their bodies over; and when, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the ship's bell rang eight times, the men rose noiselessly, like wraiths, to take their places on deck for the two hours of the dog watch.

Keelhaul Harry went below for his two hours with the relieved watch.

'It's going to be a helluva night,' said the foghorn sailor, hanging up his coat.

'Whadya know about it?' interrupted Harry, as he turned up the nut-oil lamp in the obvious hope that the increased heat of it would drive the fog out of the forecastle.

'I know enough about it,' replied the sailor angrily. 'It ain't your kind that can tell me anything about lee shores or fogbanks. Jest because you're a bully, that ain't meaning that ya know much. I ain't afeard of you. Ya have everybody under your thumb on the ship. That ain't meanin' ya got me —'

His voice trailed off into silence, the current of his words dried by the concentrated heat of Keelhaul Harry's gaze, as it looked out from the ring around the light. Set in a frown, it was, of concentric angry wrinkles; framed in lank and black hair whose straight lines jailed the eyes that sought vision from within. Eyes of the dog who has been always kicked, they were: not originally unkind, but angrified — knowing what to expect.

The whole man was uncanny as he stood there, tall and broad, his outlines

seeming to flow into the mirrored mist: a creature of great strength, evidently, grown aware and self-possessed through the experience of self-defense, and become dreaded among his shipmates through the reflex power of his resentment.

He walked over to the bench by his bunk, took off his shoes, and pulled off his sweater with hands so coarse that the flimsy fabric seemed to shrink from the touch of them.

The foghorn wailed another blast at the behest of another human lever, and an unconscious silence filled the fore-castle. With the common instinct for danger, shared by those whose life depends on ocean moods, they listened as if with one ear, to satisfy themselves that no sound came from that sightless world outside.

Then, silently, they resumed their domestic duties. A bearded sailor went on nailing a heel on a blucher boot; another, with a wooden mallet, pounded hardtack in a canvas sack, preparing a cracker-hash treat. Keelhaul Harry rolled into his bunk and gave his usual watch-below order:—

‘Keep quiet, you fellows, while a man gets his rest.’

They looked at each other and puffed at their pipes with fiery eyes, but no one was so brave as openly to defy him. He spread the blanket over himself with his feet, and all hammering stopped.

But they dared to look at his six feet of stretched-out length, and to whisper about the bad man, and how life was not what it had been for decent sailors before he came aboard the *Racing Wave* at Panama.

II

On the after part of the ship the captain and the mate were in consultation, and both wore worried looks. Night-

seeds were sowing in on the fog, which seemed to be painlessly smothering the universe with its layered motility, faintly hissing as it enveloped spars and rigging in succeeding arabesques of mist. There was not enough air stirring to steady the barque; as she rolled, the sails snapped like whips, and rain, like fine sand, fell out of them and wet the decks.

The Captain spoke nervously to the mate: ‘Mr. Turner, clew up and make fast the royals, haul down the staysails and flying jib — snug her down for the night. If we have to wear or tack to get out of the way of a ship, we’ll be better off without quoits. Call all hands, and do it quickly.’

‘Aye, aye, sir,’ and the mate walked off the poop and forward to the fore-castle.

‘All hands on deck and shorten sail!’ he shouted.

The watch below pulled on their coats obediently, growling a bit, for it was near the hour for their supper. All but Keelhaul Harry, who merely pulled the blanket over his head, as token that he was not going to be disturbed in his watch below.

‘Roll out, roll out!’ again shouted the mate.

When they came up on deck he missed Harry.

‘Where is that big brute?’ he asked.

‘In his bunk’ — they all seemed to answer at once.

The mate ran into the fore-castle.

‘Get out of there — do you hear me?’

Harry looked at him over the bent corner of the blanket.

‘You get out of here,’ he snarled, ‘and get out quick. It ain’t blowin’ and you don’t need all hands to take in the royals.’

The mate ground his teeth and walked out. He was afraid of Harry — afraid to prod him to anger. ‘I’ll turn him over to the old man,’ he thought, as he walked aft.

'Harry refuses to turn to,' was all he said to the captain.

The captain scratched his iron-gray hair, walked to the compass, listened to the squeaking halyards and clew-line blocks. He pulled off his long oil-skin coat, and threw it angrily on to the wheelbox.

'Keep a sharp lookout for her,' he told the man at the wheel.

'Aye, aye, sir.'

The captain walked off the poop. The foghorn blew its sea-cloud call, the crew, some aloft and some busy on deck, talked loudly in sailor talk. Staysails and royal halyards sprang from their coils like live snakes, squeaking as they ran through the blocks. In the confusion of men and mist the Captain passed forward into the fore-castle unnoticed.

He pulled the blanket from Harry's face, swore at him, and struck him on the jaw.

'Get out of there, you lazy cur!' His voice trembled with emotion.

Harry rolled out of his bunk with the clumsiness and swiftness of a dislodged boulder. His wide and long stockinged feet clamped the fore-castle floor; the upper half of him swayed for position. Bending forward with outstretched arms, he grabbed the master of the Racing Wave and gathered him in like a harrow. He raised him to arm's length and pitched him to the floor like a thudding piece of pig iron. Then, tightening the belt around his dungarees, he gave an indifferent glance at the insensible man huddled at his feet, took a long draught of the thick, wet air, and still in stocking-feet, without coat or hat, walked out on to the deck — conqueror.

III

The foghorn on the fore-castle head tingled his set muscles; he looked up, and could barely see the outlines of the

sailor there. The wind from the lee of the slapping foresail gripped his long hair and sent it against his face like fine whips. Unheeding, he walked aft. As he reached the foremast, there came suddenly from the port quarter of the ship the short belch of a steamer's whistle. He stopped, and grabbed the rail, his nostrils wide and snorting. Somewhere farther aft the mate's voice rang out: —

'Hard down your helm, jib sheet, weather main-braces. Lively, men, lively!'

Too late — the stem of a steamer, like a black sword with the power of the ocean behind it, struck the Racing Wave. The noise of riving timbers was clean and clear like the heavy slap from a sharp broadaxe, and from the stricken ship a thousand voices seemed to set up a wail.

'The boats, the boats! She's sinking!' came the added human cry.

The Racing Wave listed over to windward, rammed forward of the mizzen chain-plates. The steamer had a mouthful of the barque's ribs in her prow.

The mizzen topmast fell on to the poop and part of it across the wheel-box; the helmsman sank and lay still.

Those of the crew who were aloft, making fast the fore and main royals, swooped down the backstays like black vultures. The foghorn sailor jumped off the fore-castle head and ran aft, screaming. The signal bell on the steamer's bridge rang in violent jerks its command to the engine room: —

'Full speed astern.'

She made a rasping, nervous noise as she backed out from the hole she had dug in the barque's quarter.

The mate's shriek fell like hammer blows: 'Stand by us! Stand by us!'

'Aye, aye,' came an answering roar, and the steamer, like an apparition,

disappeared into the blend of the night, leaving in its place the river-sound of gurgling waters as they rushed into the hole in the barque.

Still Keelhaul Harry gripped the rail, his nostrils wide, his mouth puckered as if in sorrow, his eyes seeming to swing in his head like anchor lights bafted by land winds.

He inhaled and exhaled the thick air in rough gulps, like the hunted deer that strikes an open place in the timber, and pauses there, visible to its pursuers, before it again plunges into shelter. He heard the call to man the boats of the sinking ship; men like bats flitted past him; tackles squeaked; voices of men, unrecognizable from one another, burst out into profanity or calling on the saints for aid, came to him, while the crew labored frantically to get the boats away.

The mates, unable to maintain discipline, cried that every man must look out for himself, and the absence of the captain passed unnoticed. The fog grew even thicker, and it was the time of year when night pulled down its curtain with a jerk.

Suddenly tense muscles relaxed in Keelhaul Harry's arms, and action seemed to flow through them in smooth ripples. Fiercely he tossed the hair back from his eyes, as with a steel-spring bound he leaped for the starboard side of the ship, knocking men like gnats to the right and left in his irresistible rush for safety in the boat.

Down the boat-falls he slid, and took place in the stern, his bulk seeming to outcrowd the shoving fog. The banging of boats against the ship's side changed from the lighter noise of emptiness to the dangerous bump of overladen craft, striking new terror into the men. As they got out their oars and rowed away, their breathing struck the moist air in deeper gusts of steam.

IV

There are occasions when the speed of a comet seems slow to time; and again, in the dreary dregs of life, the pulleys seem scarcely to turn. To the captain of the sinking barque it seemed but a moment since he had entered the forecandle, yet the time that bridges life and death had passed over him.

As he rolled over on the forecandle floor, the haze outside seemed to have seeped into his mind. Then came a clear thought — Keelhaul Harry.

'He'll suffer for this!' he swore.

He tried to get up on to his feet, but the left hip and shoulder refused to obey his thought.

'Hi, out there!' he shouted, 'Some of you come here!'

Not even an echo reached him. He wondered desperately what had happened, and listened. He heard the waves slap sluggishly against the bows, the way they do when a ship rides at anchor.

'She's caught aback,' he thought.

The odor of the forecandle lamp and the musty smell that oozed out of the sailors' bunks made him expand his lungs for all the pure air he could get to breathe.

'Hello, out there!' he called again. 'Won't some of you come here? I'm hurt, I tell you.'

There was no answer.

'God!' he moaned, 'Is she deserted?'

He realized that the foghorn was not blowing, and his eyes grew wild. He felt an uncanny feeling creeping over him. The roll of the barque was labored; she vibrated to make an even keel.

'She's sinking!' His voice filled the forecandle.

Like a crippled lizard, he crawled on his belly out on to the deck. He must do something. He thought he heard the waves wash over the after deck.

'The foghorn, the foghorn!' raced through his mind.

Worm-like, he pulled himself up to the forecastle head. Faintly he turned the crank. The foghorn let out a soft sound. The captain rested.

V

Keelhaul Harry stood in the stern of his boat, commanding, by the might of his instinct for self-preservation, the ten men who formed its crew.

'Row, damn yous, row!' he shouted, with the full strength of lungs that seemed to expand out of his open blue shirt, making his hairy breast with its diamond fog-pendants protrude like some Visigoth's breastplate.

For all his uncivilized energy, for all his selfish strength, it seemed that he was more nearly attuned to the infinite than any other in that boat, for to him alone came the faint sound of a foghorn, borne direct to his straining ears as through a tube in the besetting fog.

'Did yous hear that?' he asked them. 'Stop your oars.'

'Hear what?' they asked. 'We did n't hear nothin'.'

As the squeak, squeak, of the oars recommenced, the hunted look left Harry's face, giving way to more human lines of anxiety. For another; and for himself, — in the superstition of ignorance, — lest he ignore the call that was meant just for him.

His brain raveled like the end of an unwhipped rope, and words came out of his loose lips that formed his resolution: 'The captain,' he whispered, 'not dead. How can I get him off?'

He looked at the oarsmen, and he knew that he could never induce them to row back. Then his invincible stubbornness dominated him and bent his strength to cunning.

'They shall go back — they shall!' he muttered. 'And him there on the

foc's'le floor, and God A'mighty knows what a-callin' me with the foghorn.

'They shall go back!'

The oars told their heavy strain. The blades dripped water, and splashed on the waves. Like a thief, he pushed the tiller hard to port.

'Pull, men, pull!' he cried, his voice sounding strange in its anxiety, even in that lair of fog and night.

'Where are you going?' the men asked, as they felt the boat turn around.

'Pull, pull!' he roared; and they pulled, till the sound of slapping sails reached their ears, and they lay down on their oars.

'You are crazy, Harry, you are crazy! Why, man, you are running into the Racing Wave! Here — give one of us that tiller.'

Keelhaul Harry yanked the tiller out of the rudderhead, and swung it high.

'Pull!' And this time his voice was low, and clear, and dangerous, 'The first man who refuses is going where there won't be no waves get him no more. The captain's on that ship, and I'm goin' to get 'im, if she leaves me the time to get there. Yous is goin' to get me there, and wait for me there! Row, now, row!' and he towered over them like some huge monster from the deep. 'Row, or I'll pull out the boat plug and sink yez where ye ride!'

He reached to where the plug held fast in the bottom of the boat — and so they rowed him back into the danger from the suction of a sinking ship, back into the path of the awaiting steamer, back; and by comet-time the time they had been away was nothing at all, and by pulley-time, to the listening ears of the wounded captain it was a century, for the hull of the Racing Wave was nearly submerged, and only now when she bobbed to breathe did the golden letters of her name identify her with other floating things.

'Way enough on your oars,' came

the command from Harry, as the boat glided up to the bow of the ship. He caught the martingale guy, and swung himself up to the forecastle head. Then turning to the boat's crew, he spoke: —

'Lay away from danger. If she goes down, don't risk your lives.'

'We'll wait, Harry,' they shouted back, with the rugged loyalty that is inborn in the worst of us for those who are brave.

Keelhaul Harry found the captain alongside the foghorn, and gently, with tears running from his eyes, gathered him up in his big arms.

'I just had to come,' he said, "'cause I — I —'

'That's all right,' said the captain; 'it might have been worse.'

As the bows of the *Racing Wave* started to go up for her last plunge, the boat took them in, and pulled away.

Harry placed his hands around his mouth: 'Ship ahoy!' he called. 'Ship aho-o-y!'

Away on the starboard bow came the fog-call of a steamer's whistle, and in that coop-caved ocean not even a gull could see the expression of joy on Keelhaul Harry's face.

A BOY'S IDEAS ON RELIGION

[The writer, a boy of seventeen, is a pupil in a well-known secondary school.—THE EDITOR]

CLOSE and constant relationship with other boys, who like myself are preparing for college in a famous boarding-school, has suggested to me the possibility of presenting through the *Atlantic* to a wide circle of intelligent, and I trust sympathetic, people a boy's ideas on religion. I am convinced of the need among older people for a better understanding of the boy's viewpoint on this vital subject, and to present as best I can our side of the matter is the purpose of this article. Personally, religion means no more to me than it does to thousands of boys just like me. My parents are devoted to my welfare, and I have been given every advantage for mental and spiritual growth. I was sent to Sunday School when I was smaller, and I go to church now. I have absolutely no intention of studying theology, or of ever regarding religion otherwise than from the lay-

man's point of view. In other words, I believe my opinions to be as far as possible unbiased, and my ideas representative of a large group of boys. Otherwise I should not attempt to discuss the matter.

Most boys hate to show their feelings on religion. It embarrasses them to talk about it. They will discourse on football, or politics, or camping, but if the conversation is turned to religion they retire within themselves, fortified by an adamant barrier of reserve. Why is this? Perhaps because they are afraid of being laughed at, or because they don't want to be thought prudish. At any rate, religion among boys is rarely, if ever, discussed, except by small groups of exceptionally deep-thinking fellows or between very intimate friends.

Now the unjust conclusion drawn — perhaps naturally — by many older

people is that the boy, because he never says anything about religion, never thinks of it: that he utterly ignores it except when he has to go to church, and that he has no personal feelings on the subject.

Here is the secret. Deep within himself a boy may have a strong and fine religious sense. He may be just as truly religious in his own way as the minister is in his, but he shrinks from the thought of exposing it. His religion is his, and his alone. He is unwilling to share or display it, but he treasures it nevertheless. He merely lacks the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace. To a boy, all religious manifestation 'goes against the grain.' The minister in clerical clothes could not sound the depths of a boy's religion as well as a minister in flannel shirt and overalls. A boy dislikes all the visible trappings of faith. Again, why? I can answer only that it is part of a boy's nature, which no one can explain — a temporary feeling perhaps, but very intense.

According to our present social system it is the proper thing to go to church. Accordingly, we boys in school, who are being taught by our elders to do the proper thing, are made to go to church. Some of us do this reluctantly. Now I shall not be so unreasonably radical as to condemn compulsory church- or chapel-attendance for boys of my age. I should merely like to point out, if possible, some of the reasons why we don't altogether enjoy it. Being no longer of Sunday School age, we cease to be thrilled by the story of David and Goliath. We are no longer interested in Joseph and his brethren. We wish Moses had stayed in the bulrushes. Neither have we bridged the gap between childhood and maturity sufficiently to enjoy the serene faith of older people. We are in a state of religious adolescence.

Boys of my age are extremely critical. For us the dignity of a church service may be entirely lost through the unfortunate mannerisms of a minister or of someone in the choir who is singing amusingly. I know from my own experience how the boys in our church time the minister's prayers with great accuracy, their chief interest being in whether or not he will break his previous record of endurance. They know exactly what is coming. The Lord is thanked weekly for the beauty of the morning, the singing birds, the sunshine on the hilltops, and so forth. One Sunday the minister began his usual 'thank you' category, this time specializing in plants, the swelling buds and so on. He ended by asking God's blessing on 'every blooming thing,' and naturally the boys, in spite of agonized efforts at self-control, exploded.

I once asked a fellow if he said any prayers at night. He told me that since he had stopped saying 'Now I lay me,' he had substituted no other prayer, realizing that God in his goodness knew better than he did what was best for him, and would provide. Another boy of sixteen once told me his own daily prayer, which I know came from his heart. It was: 'O God, help me to be this day in every way a man; to govern my thoughts and actions according to the highest standards of unselfish manhood; to do nothing of which I should be ashamed to have those dear to me know; and to ever keep before my eyes the goal of a life of service, and of fitness to serve.' Surely this is more to a boy's taste than that which few boys desire, 'to live a godly, righteous, and sober life.' Still another boy, condensing his prayer in favorable contrast to the long-winded minister, told me these few words, his daily message to his Creator: 'Dear God from whom all blessings flow, I trust in Thee; thy power I know.' That is faith.

It is hard for a boy to realize that he can get as much good from going to church as he can from taking a walk or ride in the hills, or some place where he can be alone and think things out for himself. Church is called 'the Lord's house,' but He did n't build any churches. He did make the hills and valleys, however, and it seems to the boy that in loving Nature he can come closer to his God. He realizes, however, that if he had never gone to church he would n't know enough about God to think that he could get closer to Him by taking a walk in the country, rather than by sitting in the family pew.

A boy does n't always believe all he hears in church, but Nature's interpretation of God is never disturbing to him. I once asked a fellow what he thought about going to church. After a second he said, 'I suppose it is a good thing.' 'But,' I said, 'do you believe everything you hear there?' 'No,' said he, 'I try to remember only what seems good to me, and let the rest go.' Of course if that boy had never gone to church he would n't be able to discriminate for himself between 'what seems good' and 'the rest.'

In spite of their critical attitude toward comparatively unimportant things, boys on the whole are more tolerant in a religious way than the majority of their elders. They may belong to distinct denominations, but they do not condemn another fellow who belongs to a different sect, or feel in the least that they stand a better chance in the next world than he does. A boy is not devoted to the particular division of the Church to which he and his parents may belong. To him the important thing is his own private relations with God, which take place within himself. Consequently he considers the various explicit forms of belief, the dogma and the ritual in the usage of which denominations vary,

of little importance in comparison with the personal religion which he has formed for himself, and to which he clings. The boy regards another fellow who belongs to a different denomination in much the same way that he might think of him if he went to another school or college. He has different cheers, a different atmosphere, and slightly different teaching, but he is there for the same purpose, so what he calls himself is of small matter.

After all, what is the greatest thing we boys can hope to achieve in this life? It is to live so that at the end of our lives we may confidently say that we have 'fought a good fight,' and that the world was in some way, no matter how small, improved by our having lived in it. Pudd'nhead Wilson said 'It is a noble thing to do right.' If we can do right, — not always, for that is too much to expect, — but if we can always try to do right, we shall have no pangs of regret when the time comes for us to sum up our lives, and see what we have done, and what we have left undone. At present we boys are being taught so that we may live rightly when we become men, and it is because religion helps us to do what is right that we are given religious instruction.

If, then, we seem to our elders to be lacking in appreciation of the value of religion, I would respectfully beg them to realize what I have tried to explain: that a boy's real religion is deeply personal, and that he does n't like to show it. I believe that I am speaking for a large group of boys of boarding-school age when I say that at heart we mean to do what is right. We may put buttons in the collection-plate, or occasionally take the name of the Lord in vain. But at heart we have our finer feelings, our personal religions; and when the time comes for us to bear the torch, we shall not fail.

THE PREACHER'S HANDICAP

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

On a recent Sunday I found myself in a city where I learned, from the announcements in the papers, that the pulpit of one of the local churches was to be occupied by a preacher whom I had long wished to hear. I availed myself of my opportunity and at eleven o'clock punctually I was in my seat. The service began with a prelude on the organ. This was followed by a hymn, the recital of the Apostles' Creed, a prayer, an anthem, the responsive reading of a Psalm, the offertory (during which there was a violin and organ duet, consisting of the barcarolle from that well-known masterpiece of sacred music, the 'Tales of Hoffmann') the presentation of the offering while the congregation joined in the doxology, a second hymn, and a second anthem. Thus, although there was no lesson, the programme included ten items in all before the preacher gave out his text. By that time it lacked only five minutes of twelve. It was not until I had waited for nearly an hour that I was able to fulfill the desire that had drawn me to the building.

Now, if it had been a lecturer instead of a preacher, he would have begun to address his audience either immediately it assembled or after only a few minutes occupied by a chairman's introduction. There is no preliminary period of involuntary detention if we go to hear a musician or to see the performance of a play. If we take up a magazine and the contribution that attracts us happens, let us say, to be sixth in order in the table of contents, we are not compelled

to work our way through the five preceding articles, stories, poems, or what not, before we are permitted to read it. If we visit an art gallery in order to examine a picture whose catalogue number is 146, there is no necessity for us to scrutinize numbers 1 to 145 before we may approach it. It is the preacher, and the preacher alone, against whose contact with the people whom he hopes to influence there is erected any sort of barricade.

In fact, the only way in which we can get a sermon 'neat' is by reading it, in the event of the preacher's being able to persuade some publisher to issue it in printed form. And everybody knows that this is not by any means the same thing. When reproduced in cold type, any variety of oratory, sacred or secular, forfeits much of its effectiveness. We lose the caressing or stimulating tones of the voice, the play of the facial expression, the appeal of the gestures, in short, the magnetism of the personality of the speaker. The late Dr. J. H. Jowett used to emphasize the importance of what he called 'the wooing note' in preaching, and his own pulpit utterances admirably illustrated what he meant when he gave his ministerial brethren this counsel. But in his published sermons this 'wooing note' largely failed to exercise its charm. In one of his obituary notices it was truly said that 'the style of Jowett was a living thing, and could not be transferred to print without losing its thrill and power.' When a preacher publishes, he ceases to be a preacher and becomes an

author. Thereby he submits himself to quite different canons of criticism from those which apply to the spoken word, and he has to employ a medium other than that by which he can best express himself.

What is the reason for the practice of debarring us from listening to a preacher unless we first take part in — or, at any rate, are present at — a series of preliminary exercises? Custom and tradition — nothing else. The only imaginable excuse that can be advanced for it is the theory that the whole service is essentially of one piece, and that you cannot divide it into: (1) worship and (2) sermon without ruining each section of it. It seems to be taken for granted that the two parts are so closely allied in the very nature of things that neither of them will retain any vitality if they are separated. The worship, it is held, is necessary in order to create a proper 'atmosphere' for the preacher, and the sermon is equally required to bring the worship to a climax.

This theory, I maintain, is entirely mistaken. The facts are against it. Nowadays, what precedes the sermon is seldom, in any real sense, a preparation for it. It fails to produce in the members of the congregation the mood which best fits them to derive the maximum benefit from the preacher's discourse. In the days when the typical worship consisted mainly of fervent prayers and hearty congregational singing, and when the typical sermon was an emotional appeal, it may have been otherwise. The whole service was then more homogeneous. But a change has passed over each part of it. In most American non-Episcopal churches, at any rate, the first part now approximates a concert. As a musical entertainment it may reach a high standard of excellence and may be quite enjoyable, but as a spiritual tonic it is naught. The element of display is much too

prominent for that. The attitude of mind that it engenders is inevitably that in which we listen to a performance. Even where there has been no departure from the ideals of worship, the character of the preaching that modern congregations expect makes the transition from the first part of the service to the sermon an abrupt one. The present-day sermon that is worth anything demands mental activity on the part of the hearers as well as the preacher. There must be mental activity, of course, in any true worship also, but not of such a critical type. In worship there is no call for the exercise of the judicial faculty — for the balancing of arguments pro and con, for the weighing of evidence, for the decision whether or not what the preacher is advancing is based on sound reasons. Once upon a time the occupant of the pulpit spoke with unquestioned authority. He was laying down the law — the Divine law — and it would have been presumptuous, almost irreverent, not to accept his dicta. But in these days he no longer speaks *ex cathedra*. We conceive ourselves to have not only the right but the duty to bring the sermon to the same intellectual tests as we apply to the speech of a lawyer pleading a case in court or to the appeal of a politician addressing an election meeting.

I believe, indeed, that, if we are candid with ourselves, we shall recognize that our personal responsiveness to the different types of spiritual stimuli supplied by the two sections of a complete service is by no means constant and uniform. Sometimes we are conscious of a need that is best met by the provision the Church makes for us in its accustomed ritual and by the opportunities it gives us for devotional meditation not as isolated units but as members of a congregation. When that is our dominant mood, it is often with

a sense of disturbance, not to say irritation, that we switch away our attention to the hearing of a discourse, which, in any case, breaks in upon our train of ideas and may happen to deal with a topic entirely irrelevant to the thoughts that have just been occupying our minds. So far from intensifying the impressions already made by the worship, the sermon may actually dissipate them.

At other times, we feel that our participation in united worship would be little more than perfunctory, and that our religious appetite at the moment craves especially such sustenance as it would derive from some message from the pulpit. But the meal that is offered us when when we go to church is always a table d'hôte, and a table d'hôte in which we are expected to partake of every dish on the menu.

We must not forget, too, the difficulty that arises from divergences of creed and ritual. An orthodox church-member, let us say, would like to hear Doctor Crothers or some other distinguished Unitarian preach on some topic that involves no questions of controversial theology. But this opportunity is denied him unless he is willing to be present at a service where some of the prayers and hymns — not so much by what they say as by what they omit to say — are likely to be so discordant with his own most cherished beliefs that he feels himself to be not a fellow worshipper but an unsympathetic outsider. The same unwelcome experience, of course, is likely to befall a Unitarian who visits an orthodox church. The sense of difference does not obtrude itself so forcibly when an Episcopalian attends a non-Episcopal church, or a Methodist or Baptist is present at an Episcopal service; but in either case the unfamiliar ritual may cause at least a feeling of strangeness, or even annoyance, which has to be set over against

any benefit derived later from the sermon and which is certainly anything but a happy prelude to it. The visitor is not 'at home' in this kind of worship, and the sense of being a sort of alien or intruder disturbs his peace of mind. It is not agreeable to realize that one is present as a spectator only, on an occasion when one's neighbors are expressing their deepest and most earnest religious aspirations.

Obviously this difficulty hampers even more seriously the attempt of a Roman Catholic to listen to a Protestant preacher or a Protestant to a Roman Catholic. I have known instances in which the freedom exercised by individual ministers in matters of ritual has caused divergences even within a single denomination. One of the leading preachers in London today is a Congregationalist of quite unusual type, who has incorporated in the worship of his church many ceremonies that have hitherto been considered distinctively Roman, and whose sermons boldly challenge conventional opinion on the relation of Christianity to the existing social order. It is commonly said that one half of his congregation endures the sermon for the sake of the service, and that the other half endures the service for the sake of the sermon. This is, of course, an exaggeration, for many of his hearers are equally appreciative of both; but there may be an element of truth even in an epigram, and it is easily credible that every ritualist is not necessarily a socialist, nor every socialist a ritualist.

While I am writing this article, the daily paper brings me an illustration of my point that a single service, by uniting the worship and the sermon, may sometimes involve the linking together of two elements, one of which attracts while the other repels. Dr. Henry van Dyke is reported to have given up his pew at the First Presbyterian Church

of Princeton because he can no longer put up with the 'bitter schismatic and unscriptural preaching' of the stated supply, which, in his judgment, is 'a dismal bilious travesty of the Gospel.' There is not the slightest hint that Doctor van Dyke is dissatisfied with anything at the First Church except the preaching. But he objects to that so strongly that, having to take both parts of the service or neither, he decides to stay away.

It will thus be seen that the existing practice handicaps the preacher in many ways and subjects him to disabilities from which other public speakers are exempt. In the first place, he is never allowed to address an audience that brings to him the mental freshness and alertness which he deserves to find in his hearers. Some of them are irritated by the preliminary series of exercises; more are wearied or bored by it. All of them, especially when it is protracted to the length of an hour, have suffered a certain diminution in their power of concentrating attention upon what the preacher has to say. If they came to the sermon direct from the street, they would be able to listen to it more intently and with less wandering of thought. The situation thus tempts the preacher to attempt a more sensational style than is wholesome. The congregation has to be aroused from listlessness. Its flagging attention has to be whipped up. A premium is accordingly set upon a type of preaching that is *outré* either in ideas or in expression, and that assimilates the exponent of spiritual truths to the journalist who makes readers sit up and take notice by means of a scare head. There must be 'pep' in the sermon, or it will fall flat.

Then there is imposed upon the preacher himself an unnecessary strain which makes against his efficiency in the pulpit. He has come to the church

with a message to deliver — a message which has presumably been prepared at great pains and which he is anxious to deliver in such a way that it will make both an immediate and a permanent impression. The more completely it dominates his whole mind at the moment, the more likely it is to achieve the desired result. But when he reaches the pulpit the way is blocked by the interposition of this worship programme, in the conduct of which he may, or may not, himself be required to take the leading part. In the former instance there is a diversion of attention and thought, which inevitably takes away something from the physical, mental, and spiritual energy that he is able to give to the delivery of his discourse. In the latter, his attitude is that of more or less impatient waiting, in circumstances that naturally produce considerable nervous irritation. (Actually the best immediate preparation for preaching would be an opportunity for private, rather than public, devotion. The ideal arrangement would be one which allowed the preacher to seclude himself — for the period preceding the sermon — in an adjoining room, from which he would be summoned into the pulpit at the last possible moment.) In either case, when the time comes to give out his text, the preacher, like the congregation, has begun to be tired. He has already sacrificed something of his vitality. He has lost, in considerable measure, whatever freshness of spirit he brought to the beginning of the service. In such conditions it is unreasonable to expect him to be at his best.

The time limit imposed on the sermon when it is made only one item in a long programme is a further handicap to the preacher's efficiency. If he is dealing with a big subject, he has no chance of planning out his discourse on an adequate scale. One of the most

frequent complaints made of contemporary preaching is that it is not sufficiently educational. It gives a congregation no systematic instruction on the most important questions to which the mind of man can apply itself. There is no real exposition either of the individual books of the Bible or of the main doctrines of theology, and no sufficient discussion of the great problems of ethics. In the realm of religion people are left to pick up a suggestion here and an item of information there. But what else is possible when a sermon is nothing more than a twenty-minute or, at most, a thirty-minute addendum to a service that has already consumed nearly an hour? Accordingly, the restriction of time compels a preacher to avoid altogether those topics that it is not worth while to touch unless one can handle them in a manner suitable to their importance. It is absurd to say that congregations would not listen to discourses of an hour in length. The demand for short sermons is a reaction from long ones that come at the end of a diet of worship in accordance with the existing custom. When hearers complain that they are bored by a sermon that lasts as much as thirty minutes, one is reminded of those victims of indigestion who attribute their malaise to the final dish on the menu when the cause of the trouble is really that the meal as a whole was much too heavy.

The preacher is handicapped further by the narrowing of his opportunities of influence consequent upon the absence of persons to whom the preliminary service is a barrier. His message can reach no one who is not willing to work his way to it through a programme of introductory exercises with which he may happen to be unsympathetic. Some unconventional people, it is true, cut the knot by arriving late, but no solution of the problem can be considered satisfactory that involves encour-

aging the American's besetting sin of unpunctuality. He misses the chance of addressing those potential hearers who would occupy the pews in front of him if it were permissible for them to come for the sermon and the sermon alone.

In thus pleading for the isolation of the sermon, let me not be misunderstood as in any way disparaging public worship. Far be it from me to cast any slight whatever upon the cultivation and expression of the devotional life by meetings for praise and prayer. Such services would, indeed, acquire a new dignity by being relieved from the risk of being regarded as mere preliminaries to the sermon. There would be no danger of treating worship as a subordinate thing when men and women were invited to assemble for that purpose and that purpose only. As the sermon would gain by the separation, so would the rest of the service. There would be possibilities of developing it which are out of the question when a place has to be found in the time-table for the subsequent delivery of a discourse. The worship-service, like the sermon, would become all the stronger by being compelled to justify its independent and separate existence.

What, I shall be asked, are the practical proposals to which my argument leads? I have no cut-and-dried scheme to offer in substitution for the normal practice. In case, however, that any minister who accepts my contentions as sound is disposed to try an experiment in this direction, I would suggest that the usual morning service be formally divided into two parts, so as to enable anyone to choose between them, while not imposing a double journey upon those who wish to attend both. The announcement might run something like this: 'Divine worship from 11 to 11.50. Sermon at 12.' During the ten-minute interval, persons who did not

intend to stay for the sermon could leave the building, while those to whom the sermon was the attraction were finding seats. Again there might be in the afternoon a service for worship only, and in the evening the delivery of a sermon, with no preface except an invocation. Or, of course, there might be a sermon in the afternoon and a worship-service in the evening.

Although what I suggest would introduce a new system into the general order of the churches, it would not really be so much of an innovation as might be supposed. I suspect that, if the matter were thoroughly searched into from apostolic times downward, the convention of tying worship and sermon together would be found to be a comparatively modern practice. And at any rate it is possible to quote occasional precedents of quite recent date for their separation. It is no new thing, for instance, for people to meet together for praise and prayer without an address, though this plan is more frequently adopted on weekdays than on Sundays. Precedents may be quoted, too, for a sermon that does not follow a considerable period spent in worship. The University sermon preached every Sunday in term-time, at St. Mary's, Oxford, is preceded only by a hymn and a 'bidding prayer.' The time-table of the Thursday morning services, held for so many years by Dr. Joseph Parker at the City Temple, London, was so arranged that he would usually be giving out his text not later than ten minutes after the hour of assembling. And certainly neither at St. Mary's nor at the City Temple does actual experience lend any countenance to the belief that, where there is a man worth hearing in the pulpit, people will be deterred from attending through the knowledge that there is to be nothing but a sermon for them.

When there is a man worth hearing in the pulpit — I have mentioned that as a condition. The reform I propose would in itself contribute largely toward making the fulfillment of this condition less infrequent. It would tend to weed out the incompetent, who are at present tolerated in the pulpit because the benefit derived from the service preceding is considered sufficient compensation for the tedium of listening to their sermons. It might lead to a more specialized and therefore more efficient ministerial system, wherein men — and women — endowed with a gift for preaching would be encouraged to develop their powers, while those whose qualifications were of a different order would give themselves to those administrative duties which most 'born preachers' have always regarded as a burden.

It is usual, I believe, for the members of a legal firm to divide their tasks, the partner who is most successful in impressing judges and juries being set apart for pleading in the courts, while his colleagues concentrate their attention upon the work of the office. Is there any good reason why the Christian Church should not similarly turn to the most profitable account the diversities of talent and equipment that are to be found among those who have responded to an inward call to spend their lives in its service? The activities of the Apostolic Church were much less varied and complicated than those of the Church of to-day, yet even then it was recognized that function should depend upon aptitude. 'He gave some,' wrote Saint Paul to the Ephesians, 'to be apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ.'

THE EXTRANEOUS ADVENTURES OF A WHALER

BY CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES

I

A LITTLE before noon one February day in 1869, the New Bedford whaling barque *Gazelle*, Captain David R. Gifford, sighted a boat on the open sea off the headlands that mark the end of *Geographe Bay*. This was not, however, the surprise to her captain that one might suppose it would be: indeed, when the *Gazelle* had run down to the boat in answer to signals, he called one of the three men in her by name and took him aboard his ship for the journey to America — a runaway convict from the English penal colony near by.

The convict was a young man named John Boyle O'Reilly. Three years before, while serving in the 10th Hussars, then stationed in Dublin, he had joined the Fenian Brotherhood and had participated in plotting against the British Government.

Together with intellectual gifts and a vigorous constitution, young O'Reilly had inherited the quality of patriotism, and all his early environment had nourished its growth. His maternal grandfather had distinguished himself in the Irish Rebellion of 1798 and, later, in the French Legion — a family tradition of love of country which was daily augmented by Irish music and poetry. Thus it was that he passed from boyhood into youth; quiet, studious and affectionate, he dreamed always the Irish dream of setting Ireland free. As he grew up he saw his country oppressed politically and de-

populated by famine and by the emigration of those who could only have starved at home; small wonder, then, that at eighteen he enlisted in the army for the very purpose of recruiting among its ranks more members to the Fenian Brotherhood. In his own words: 'They said, "Come on, boys, it is for Ireland" — and we came.' By the time set for the Rebellion, fifteen hundred British soldiers were enlisted as revolutionists.

But the plot was discovered and, on the charge of 'having, at Dublin, in January, 1866, come to the knowledge of an intended mutiny in Her Majesty's Forces in Ireland, and not giving information of said mutiny to his commanding officer,' O'Reilly and several other conspirators were arrested, court-martialed and sentenced to death. This sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and, after a series of prisons under whose horrors two of the Fenians died, the little group remaining were sentenced to penal servitude in Australia and were carried thither in the prison ship *Hougoumont*.

There, in the penal colony at Fremantle, they were set to work making a road through the almost impenetrable bush. O'Reilly was a quiet and law-abiding prisoner and in the course of his first year there he even earned by good behavior a certain degree of liberty. But existence in the colony was nevertheless intolerable and he determined to escape into the bush

— a wild scheme, for a runaway was almost sure to be recaptured, and if he did by the grace of God evade the trained native trackers, he faced death from thirst and starvation. A prisoner at Fremantle dwelt, with singular literalness, between the Devil and the deep sea.

One day in the late fall, he confided his plan to Father McCabe, the one priest in all that hundred-mile parish of convicts and ticket-of-leave men.

‘It is an excellent way to commit suicide,’ the father replied. ‘Don’t think of that again. Let me think out a plan for you.’

For months O’Reilly waited and at last in despair he determined to try his own efforts; then in December a man named Macguire appeared at work near the colony, with a secret message from Father McCabe. In February the whalers used to touch at Bunbury and the good priest had arranged with Captain Archilaus Baker of the barque Vigilant of New Bedford to take O’Reilly on board, provided O’Reilly would get himself outside the three-mile limit.

It was nearly two months before O’Reilly saw or heard from Macguire again, but early in February he appeared and details of the plan were agreed upon. On the appointed night O’Reilly walked down the road and into the woods — there were few locks or guards at the penal colony for there was thought to be no possibility of escape; besides which, O’Reilly had, as we have said, more freedom than most of the prisoners. He had got himself a pair of freeman’s shoes, the better to baffle identification of his tracks, and in them he set forth. Almost immediately he realized that he was being followed. But the man behind him was himself an ex-prisoner, now a mahogany-sawyer, and when he knew what O’Reilly was doing he wished him

good luck and promised to put the authorities on a false scent. On went O’Reilly and at the appointed place he hid in the woods beside the road until he heard whistled the opening strains of ‘St. Patrick’s Day,’ the signal agreed upon with Macguire. Another man was with Macguire, both on horseback, and with a horse for O’Reilly; together the three rode for hours through the night till they reached the shore, put to sea in a rowboat, and, after a detour that took the boat nearly out of sight of land, reached, in the afternoon, the headland where they were to watch for the Vigilant.

They saw the whalers standing out to sea, and pulled out to meet them. In their haste to escape they had forgotten both food and water and they suffered greatly in consequence. But they pulled strongly and in all possible haste to overhaul the Vigilant and, when they had come near enough, made frantic signals for help. For a time she seemed to be bearing down toward them, but as a matter of fact she had not sighted them; she tacked, before their unbelieving eyes, stood out to sea again, and soon left them far behind.

The other two took O’Reilly ashore and, hiding him in a remote little valley, left him until they could arrange a new plan for his flight. Search revealed no water he dared drink and at last he caught and killed an opossum and ate some of the meat.

The next day, so bitter his impatience, he rowed to sea alone in the merest shell of a rowboat, and sighted the Vigilant; but again, although he got near enough to hear the voices on deck, he failed to catch the lookout’s attention, and only by rowing all night did he succeed in regaining the shore.

During the three days and nights that followed, O’Reilly slept almost continuously. Before they went back

to Father McCabe, Macguire and his companion had arranged to get food and water to him; now they returned and next morning the three once more rowed out to sea. Captain David R. Gifford of the *Gazelle* had agreed with Father McCabe to pick up O'Reilly, and had accepted ten pounds to bind the bargain.

The rowboat soon sighted the whalers (the *Clarice*, also of New Bedford, was gamming with the *Gazelle*) and was shortly afterward sighted by them, and by the end of the morning O'Reilly was aboard the *Gazelle* and bound for America.

II

Now O'Reilly's escape in a New Bedford whaler made no great stir in the world, but it suggested a later project on a scale so large that it commanded attention on both sides of the Atlantic. When those young Fenians were sent to Australia, one of them, named Wilson—who had defiantly pleaded guilty to treason—appealed for help to John Devoy, an ardent Irish patriot who had fled to America. The possibility of royal pardon kept hope alive among the prisoners for several years, O'Reilly's escape giving it added strength; but in 1870, when a general pardon was granted to all political convicts in Australia, those were excepted who had been in the army at the time of their offense. When the Queen assumed the title of Empress of India, an appeal was made for the pardon of these remaining Fenians, but it was rejected. Then Wilson wrote again to John Devoy. But it was five years before any definite plan took shape.

At last in pursuance of this plan Devoy came to New Bedford in February, 1875, to find a whaling vessel and a whaling captain. Henry C. Hathaway, third mate of the *Gazelle* when

she rescued O'Reilly, had become a captain in the New Bedford police department, and to Hathaway O'Reilly sent Devoy, and he, in turn, took Devoy to John T. Richardson, the whaling agent.

Now there was in New Bedford at the time one Captain George S. Anthony, who had recently married Richardson's daughter and retired from the sea after a relatively brief but successful career as master. Captain Anthony was growing impatient of his job at the Morse Twist Drill works, and Jonathan Bourne, for whom he had sailed ten years in one vessel, had persisted in offering him a ship.

Meeting his father-in-law one day, Captain Anthony said, 'I'm tired of this. Go down and see Mr. Bourne and ask him if he will let me have a ship.'

'Wait a few days; I have something better for you,' Richardson replied.

The next evening, in Richardson's store at 18 South Water Street, with the lights out, a little group of men—Devoy and other members of the *Clan-na-Gael*—told Anthony the story of the Fenian convicts and proposed that he sail from New Bedford, ostensibly on a whaling voyage, meet the convicts off the Australian coast, on a day to be appointed, take them on board, and sail for home. He met the committee for the second time, twenty-four hours later, and promised to go.

Acting as agents for the committee of the *Clan-na-Gael*—which names did not appear in the affair—Richardson and Anthony bought the barque *Catalpa* on March 13, 1875 for \$5500. She was a whaler that had been sold into the merchant service, and they were obliged to make extensive alterations and repairs, of which one was remarkable: the carpenter removed from under the foot of the mainmast the riding keelson, which had rotted, and so skillfully replaced it with a new piece, that

from the beginning of the voyage to the end the rigging did not settle.

To represent the committee, one man, Dennis Duggan, shipped as carpenter and sailed in the Catalpa. For his first officer, the captain chose Samuel P. Smith, a capable whaler from Martha's Vineyard, in whom he had great confidence; but besides Captain Anthony, Duggan was the only man on board who knew the purpose of the voyage when, on April 29, 1875, the Catalpa put to sea.

With orders to cruise some six months in the Atlantic, then, shipping home from Fayal any oil that he might take, to sail for Bunbury, West Australia, where he was to arrive in the spring of 1876 and wait for the Australian agent of the committee to communicate with him, Captain Anthony left his baby and his bride of a year on the exact anniversary of his wedding.

III

There has been, probably, no other whaling voyage like that of the Catalpa in '75. Whaleships have sailed from New Bedford, ostensibly for the whaling grounds, on voyages that have had no concern with whaling; but Captain Anthony, who carried in his head an international conspiracy, cruised in good faith for whales and took eight before he touched at Teneriffe for fresh water. His troubles, though, had been various: in fitting a key to his chronometer he had so changed the rate that his observations, taken when he was several days at sea, showed the Catalpa to be in the interior of the State of New York, and a second chronometer, which he brought from Captain Crapo of the barque Osprey, proved also to be unreliable; Captain Anthony himself, going ashore at Flores with a boatload of fresh fish, was arrested for smuggling; at Fayal he dis-

charged three sick sailors, and nearly all the others deserted; and before leaving Teneriffe, whence he was to sail on the long voyage round Good Hope to Australia, he was obliged to tell his first officer the true purpose for which the owners had sent the Catalpa to sea.

Calling the mate into the cabin, when they were a few days out from Fayal, he said, 'Mr. Smith, you shipped to go whaling. I want to say to you now, before we get to Teneriffe, that the Catalpa has done about all the whaling she will do this fall. We're bound to the west coast of Australia to try and liberate six Fenian prisoners who are serving a life sentence in Great Britain's penal colony. This ship was bought for that purpose and fitted for that purpose, and you have been utterly deceived in the object of this voyage. You have a right to be indignant and leave the vessel at Teneriffe. You will have the opportunity when we arrive there, and if you go, I can't blame you.

'But this ship is going to Australia, if I live, and I hope you will stay by me and go with me. God knows I need you, and I give you my word I will stand by you as never one man stood by another, if you will say you will remain in the ship and assist me in carrying out the plans.'

After asking a few questions and sitting for a few moments in silence, Mr. Smith replied, 'Captain Anthony, I'll stick by you in this ship if she goes to Hell and burns off her jib boom.'

Sailing from Teneriffe on November 25, the Catalpa took three small whales on December 19, crossed the Equator on December 25, spoke the barque Platina, Captain Walter Howland, of New Bedford, about the middle of February, and on February 26 spoke the English barque Ocean Beauty, from Liverpool bound for New Zealand.

It was an amusing coincidence that the master of the Ocean Beauty had

been captain of the *Hougoumont* in 1868 when she took to Australia the very men the *Catalpa* was to rescue; and in reply to Captain Anthony's questions about the coast, the unwitting Englishman gave him the very chart by which he had sailed the prison ship.

At ten o'clock, March 28, 1876, the *Catalpa* anchored in Bunbury harbor, at the head of Geographe Bay, and the next morning Captain Anthony received the following telegram:—

TO CAPTAIN ANTHONY, —

Have you any news from New Bedford? When can you come to Fremantle?

J. COLLINS.

He replied, —

No news from New Bedford. Shall not come to Fremantle.

G. S. ANTHONY.

J. Collins, whose real name was John J. Breslin, was the agent of the *Clanna-Gael*, as Captain Anthony had suspected. Breslin was a man of keen ability, striking appearance, grace of manner, and great personal charm. Having long before proved his capacity for such daring adventure, he was made the head of all land operations in this projected rescue. He sailed from San Francisco in September 1875 for Australia; associated with him was Captain Thomas Desmond, and in Australia they were to meet one John King. These three were the active agents of the escape by land, Breslin being in charge. Arrived at Fremantle, Breslin separated from Desmond and assumed with his new name the character of a man of wealth, in search of investments. He was soon established in the pleasantest of social relations with the Governor, and meanwhile he made the acquaintance of an ex-prisoner through whom he was able to notify Wilson (whose appeal to John Devoy had originated the whole plan of rescue) how matters were going

forward. Two other Irish revolutionary agents volunteered their services and agreed to cut the telegraph wires after the escape.

IV

It was Breslin's plan that with a whale boat Captain Anthony meet the escaping prisoners at Rockingham, some twenty miles south of Fremantle, on a day to be appointed, and take them out to the *Catalpa*, which should lie far enough off the coast to attract no attention. Captain Anthony went to Fremantle and Rockingham to see how the land lay, and, having arranged with Breslin a code for communicating by telegraph, returned to Bunbury.

After a series of accidents, which nearly wrecked the plot, Captain Anthony sailed on Saturday, April 15. On Sunday afternoon, in a boat manned with a picked crew, and with a supply of food and water, he left the *Catalpa*, and shortly after dark he landed on the beach at the appointed place. He did not know until daylight next morning that, by the scantiest possible margin, he had escaped wrecking his boat on an outlying reef.

At approximately eight o'clock in the morning, Breslin with two traps, each with a team, was waiting a little less than a mile from the prison, when the convicts to be rescued came in two groups of three down the Rockingham Road. By good conduct the six had earned the rank of 'constable,' which permitted them to communicate with one another, and they were working outside the prison walls. There was a seventh Fenian prisoner at Fremantle who had offered, on being sentenced for treason, to betray others of his fellows: him they intentionally left behind. The fugitives leaped into the wagons, covered the prison uniforms with big coats that Breslin had provided, and drove

like the devil down the long road to Rockingham.

On Rockingham beach one Thomas Brennan drove up to Anthony with his horse at a dead run. With singular perversity Brennan, himself a member of the Clan-na-Gael in America, had insisted on joining the Catalpa, against the orders of the others, who desired to take no chance of arousing suspicions by the presence of several Irishmen on board the whaler. At New Bedford Brennan had planned to stow away, but had arrived too late. He had followed the Catalpa to Fayal, but Anthony had hastily left, to escape him. He had sailed from Fayal to England and from England to Australia, where he made himself known to Breslin and insisted on having a hand in the escape; and at last, like the bad penny of the proverb, he turned up on the beach, to make one more passenger for an overloaded boat.

Finding Captain Anthony in conversation with a stranger, this wild Brennan demanded to know who he was, and would have shot him, had not the captain intervened.

From the trap that he drove, Brennan began throwing valises and bags. The mail steamer Georgette was in the offing, and haste was urgent. At this juncture King rode up on horseback and, comprehending the peril in which the approaching steamer placed them all, dashed off to urge the others to greater speed.

Soon after, the fugitives drove up in breathless haste, with pistols showing under their long coats, whereupon the boat's crew leaped at the notion that Captain Anthony had been smuggling, and in their eagerness to defend their skipper from arrest, nearly wrecked the whole plan by attacking them.

In wild confusion they loaded their belongings into the boat and scrambled in, the prisoners stowed on the bottom,

Breslin, King, and Desmond in the stern, and Captain Anthony at the steering oar. As Anthony roared at them in good whaling language, the men at the oars grew steadier and settled into the long pull.

When they were half a mile from shore, a detachment of mounted police and native trackers appeared on the beach. At five o'clock in the afternoon the boat passed the outer reef. A storm blew up, washed their provisions overboard, and carried away the mast. They rigged an oar for a jury-mast, lowered the centreboard, and held aft the sheet of their makeshift sail. All that night, nearly swamped, they bailed for their lives, and once more fortune saved them, for the gale subsided. At sunrise they saw the Catalpa, and made for her under oars and sail.

But an hour after sunrise they saw the Georgette steaming out of Fremantle.

Down came the sail. They dared not even row, but shipped their oars and lay flat on the bottom of the boat, which, being so heavily laden, was low in the water and rolled like a log. Thus it came about that the Georgette, though she twice passed the whaleboat on her way to and from the Catalpa, did not sight her either time.

When the Georgette was a safe distance away, bound for Fremantle, the crew of the whaleboat once more pulled toward the Catalpa, which had not yet sighted them. Alongside her was a craft which they thought was a fishing vessel, until Desmond cried out:—

'My God! There's the guard-boat, filled with police. Pass out those rifles.'

They loaded rifles and revolvers with fresh cartridges, and fighting off their exhaustion, rowed as if the Devil were behind them. Then the lookout at the masthead of the Catalpa sighted them, and the barque swept down on them with all sail set.

At that the police made sail and set men at the sweeps. But with the fugitives lying flat on the bottom and the crew straining at the oars, the whale-boat shot alongside the Catalpa, and the mate ordered all sails thrown hard aback. The men seized the swinging tackles, and passed them to the second mate and to Captain Anthony, who themselves secured them. The prisoners scrambled up the side. With the captain still aboard her, the whaleboat swung to the davits.

And then the guard-boat crossed the bow of the Catalpa.

The whaler sailed slowly on but, soon after, the wind failed completely and she lay becalmed until daybreak next morning, when the *Georgette*, with a detachment of soldiers on board, came out to her. Once a British gunner sent a shot across her bows, and Captain Anthony, fearing lest the British colonel send a boat to board the Catalpa, armed his men. But neither the mail-steamer nor the guard-boat had authority to board an American vessel in defiance of the captain's refusal to admit them; so, although there was a mighty exchange of verbal shot and shell, the engagement never progressed beyond a war of words.

'May I come aboard your ship?'

'Not by a d——d sight.'

'You've six British prisoners aboard.'

'You're mistaken; they're all free men.' And so on.

V

On August 19, 1876, when the Catalpa landed her passengers at New York, Richardson, agent for the vessel, telegraphed Captain Anthony to leave the vessel in New York and come home. He reached New Bedford on a Sunday morning, and thousands of people met him. His hair, which had been black when he sailed, was gray; he

had lost thirty-seven pounds in weight.

The committee that had sent out the vessel settled with the crew according to an average of the oil taken by other vessels that had sailed the same season; and to Captain Anthony, Mr. Richardson, and Captain Hathaway, they gave the Catalpa herself. The expedition cost besides the money raised to give the escaped convicts a start in their new land, approximately \$30,000.

The affair made a great to-do in its day. The Catalpa had been decidedly the aggressor in her brush with England, and the Fenian convicts were indeed lucky to get out of their scrape so well. Angry leading articles in British journals did them no harm, and even from the point of view of many Englishmen, who believed that the government should in any case have pardoned the six Irishmen, the outcome was not, perhaps, wholly unsatisfactory.

Probably to Irish and to Irish sympathizers everywhere Breslin's farewell was in every sense the last word in the affair:—

ROCKINGHAM, *April 17, 1876*

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE BRITISH GOVERNOR OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA;—

This is to certify that I have this day released from the clemency of Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, etc., etc., six Irishmen, condemned to imprisonment for life by the enlightened and magnanimous government of Great Britain for having been guilty of the atrocious and unpardonable crimes known to the enlightened portion of mankind as 'love of country' and 'hatred of tyranny'; for this act of 'Irish assurance,' my birth and blood being my full and sufficient warrant. Allow me to add that,—

In taking my leave now, I've only to say
A few cells I've emptied (a sell in its way);
I've the honor and pleasure to bid you good-day.
From all future acquaintance, excuse me, I pray.

In the service of my country,

JOHN J. BRESLIN.

THE BRIDE OF A GOD

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

TWO HUNDRED years ago in India, many happy people dwelt in the little town of Krishnapur — happy because their belief was fixed and immutable and it brought them gladness; for in all innocence and devotion they worshiped Krishna the Beloved, the Herdsman of Brindaban, Lord of Love, whose name their little town carried like a jewel of price.

And certainly the God had gifted it with beauty. The terraced houses climbed the ways of a hill deeply wooded with tamarind and pippala trees, and down a deep ravine ran the little Bhadra River, falling from great heights to feed the blue lake below. The place lay in the sunshine, clear and bright as a painting on crystal brought by the Chinese merchants, and by the favor of the God a delicate coolness spread upward from the lake among the clustered houses. In its midst was a very small island, with a little temple lifting its shining gilded roof and spires among the palms. In this he was worshiped as the Flute-Player, an image of black basalt, very beautiful — a youth with the Flute forever at his lips; and there were devout men and women who declared that, in the midnight silence, sounds of music comparable only to the music of Indra's heaven had been heard among the palm trees and mingled with the eternal song of the river. This report and the beauty and quiet of the fair little town brought a few pilgrims to bathe in the lake, crowding the

broad low ghauts that led down to its pure waters with their flower-hued garments and the strong chanting of their prayers.

Many legends haunted the town of Krishnapur.

Now the Pandit Anand Das was a man learned in the Vedas and all the sacred books, and his heart glowed with a great devotion. Since his son, who should have inherited his learning, was dead, and it could not flow in that beloved channel, he resolved that, slight and frail as a woman's intellect must needs be, he would instruct his daughter Radha in the mysteries of the Holy Ones, as far as possible. He had named her Radha from his devotion to Sri Krishna; for Radha is the heart's love of the God, and in bestowing this name he had made offering and prayed that he might live to see her as beautiful, as true in devotion as the Crowned Lady. The prayer was answered.

Beautiful indeed was Radha, an image of golden ivory, with lips like a pomegranate bud before its sweetness is tasted, and great eyes dark as the midnight and lit by her stars. Beautiful the soft moulding of her rounded chin, and the shaping of the flower-face poised on its stem like a champak blossom that all the bees of love must seek, and the silk-soft brows and the heavy sweep of shadowy lashes. Flawless from head to rosy heel as the work of a mighty craftsman who wills not that

his name shall perish, so was Radha; and when the people saw her as she passed along the little street, they gave thanks to the Beautiful for her beauty. Fairer than fair, wiser than wise in all the matters of the Gods, she lived her quiet days among the palms and temples, and each day laid its gift at her feet.

Now the Brahman, her father, having, as it were, devoted her to the God, rejoiced to see that in her, *bhakti* — which is faith, love, and worship in a perfect unity — was a steadfast flame in her heart; nor was there any word to utter her burning devotion. As a child she would leave all play to sit before his feet and hear as he read of the divine Krishna, —

The story of the Lord of All
Beginneth with a Pastoral, —

and her child's heart lived among the meadows of Brindaban with the marvelous Child whose very name is 'He who draws or attracts.'

And thus her learned father taught her.

'This Krishna is the true incarnation of the Preserver who upholds the universe. "For in him," says the Mahabharata Santeparva, "the worlds flutter like birds in water"; and of him did not Maheshwara the Destroyer say: "The divine and radiant Krishna must be beheld by him who desires to behold Me." Thus in Sri Krishna is all Deity sheathed in flesh, that the soul of man may dimly apprehend his glory. A Child — yet thus in the Holy Song does the Prince Arjun cry to him: —

"God, in thy body I see all the Gods,
And all the varied hosts of living things,
The undivided Thou, the highest point
Of human thought."

'Can such a Being be approached by mere humanity? No, he is too far away — the ear of man may not hear,

and the eye of man may not see. How if he were born among us, if we might touch his feet, and show him in simple human ways our devotion? How if he would turn the common earth to beauty by breathing the air we breathe?

'And because it is so desired, it is done, and Krishna is born, the Herdsman of Brindaban, the Beloved of India.'

So reading day by day, he instructed her in the lovely story of the Childhood, and, with the ancient Pastoral, took her to the forests and rich cattle pastures where Jumna River flows wide and still to the sea. The people are kind and simple, the sacred cows are driven out at dawn to feed, and brought back in the brief glow of evening by the fair women who tend the gentle beasts; and this is Brindaban, the home on earth of the Lord of All, the utterly Adored.

So much a child! But when floods of rain threatened to sweep away the herds and their keepers, he raised the hill Govardhan on the palm of his small soft hand, and sheltered them from the torrents and the fighting winds. And, as she sat at his feet, the Pandit showed his child Radha pictures of that other Child, darkly beautiful, who could poise the world on his shoulder.

II

As she grew older, the story widened and deepened with her years. But as she came to girlhood, her anxious mother, Sita Bai, ventured with trembling to doubt if it were well to draw her heart yet closer to the radiant manhood of the young God; for now the story is to be mystically interpreted and read by the light of the wisdom of the old and learned.

'Was there not Mira Bai, who went mad for the love of him and could not leave his image or his temple, and dreamed of his sweetness night and day

until she wasted to a shadow and died? And, my lord, is not his great temple as Jagannath, Lord of the World, but ten miles from us at the great town of Chaki; and is it not filled with bands of *devadasis* — the dancing girls? Would you have your daughter as one of them — sacred but — vile?’

She caught the word back on her lips and looked about her in terror. Then added passionately: —

‘O my lord, is it well to kindle such a passion in her heart, and she little more than a child?’

‘Better be possessed by that love than by the follies and wickednesses that haunt the hearts of women to their ruin and ours. Woman, I know what I do. Be silent!’ was all his answer.

So she was silent, and daily the story went onward and filled the soul of the girl. For now, as Krishna grew to manhood, beauty came upon him, irresistible, heart-compelling, the world’s Desire, and on the banks of Jumna was sung the Song of Songs — the Lover, dark and glorious, to whom the souls of all the women of Brindaban, whether wife or maid, cling passionately, forgetful of self and of all but him. And the deepest symbol of the adoration of Krishna is the passion of man for woman and woman for man.

‘Walk warily here, my child, if you would understand,’ said the Pandit; ‘for we move among pitfalls made by the mind of man fettered to his senses — the mind of man, that coin bearing the double superscription of spirit and flesh. Yet the story is plain for him who has ears to hear!’

And Radha, speechless, with dark eyes filled with adoring love, listened — listened, with no heart for aught else.

‘Tell me more, more!’ she said.

And he, seeing the divine Passion, the trembling of her lips, the fluttering of her heart, told on, imparting the desire of the God.

And when, as at this time, a marriage was spoken of for her with the son of the rich Brahman Narayan, she shrank from it with such shuddering horror that for very pity her father put it by for a while. But her mother watched in great fear.

And every evening, when the light was calm and golden and her father laid his books aside, she would sit before him, putting all else aside that she might drink in the sweet nectar of his words.

And now he told of the Herd-maidens bathing in the clear ripple of the river where the trees hang in green shadow over the deep pools.

Their garments lie on the bank, forgotten in the joy of youth and life, as they sing the praises of the Beloved, until at length one remembers and looks, and lo! some thief has stolen the vesture, and they stand ashamed in the crystal lymph, their long locks gathered about them.

Who has so bereft them? For no man or woman should bathe uncovered; and they have sinned — they know it!

And then a voice calls from the world of leaves above their heads, and there sits the Desired, shining like a star caught in the topmost boughs, and before him are rolled the stolen garments, and when, all shamefaced, they entreat for their restoration, the Voice exhorts them: —

‘And if it is for My sake you have bathed and purified yourselves, then come forth fearless, and receive your vesture from my hands.’

And he laid in her hand the picture of the Gopis fearing and adoring as they leave the lustral water, some shrinking in humility, to receive their vesture from the Beautiful, who sits smiling far above them.

‘And this, my daughter, is a very great mystery!’ he said gravely. ‘And its meaning is this: “Thy *Thou* is still

with thee; if thou wilt attain unto me, quit thyself, and come.”’

And she said, —

‘Father, surely the Self is withered into nothing when this dear worthy One calls. What were life, death — anything in the Three Worlds, compared with beholding his blissful countenance?’

And he replied, —

‘Even so it is’; and laid aside his book and fell into a deep musing on the Perfections of the Lord; and Radha sat beside him.

So that night her mother said timidly, —

‘Lord of my life, the girl is possessed by the God. I fear for her life. In her sleep she speaks aloud of him and stretches empty arms to the air, moaning. The color fades in her lips, her eyes are fixed on dreams. She has no peace. Should we not seek an earthly lover for her own, that she may forget this Divine that is all the world’s?’

And he replied sternly, —

‘Woman, lift up a grateful heart to the God that this girl is not as the rest, but consumed by the love of the Highest. I have a thought unknown to you. All will be better than well.’

And she desisted in great fear and obedience; but the very next evening the story told of Radha — heart of the God’s heart, the Beautiful whose name she herself bore! And she listened in an ecstasy.

It was a very still evening, the stars shining large and near the earth, the moon a mere crescent, such as when Maheshwara wears it in his hair and dreams on the mountain-peaks of Himalaya. They sat in the wide verandah, supported on wooden pillars bowered in the blossoms of the purple bougain-villæa and the white and scented constellations of jasmine. The wide transparent blinds of split cane were raised to admit the faintly perfumed breath of the garden; and by the Pandit’s el-

bow, as he sat on his raised seat, burned a little oil lamp, that he might read the sacred pages.

Radha sat on her low cushion beside him, the *sari* of Dakka muslin threaded with gold fallen back from her head as she looked up.

“‘In the passion of their worship, the women of Brindaban are drawn out into the forest, each grieving if he do but turn his calm immortal eyes upon any other than herself. Therefore, only in the secret places of the forest is there now any joy. It has left the little houses and gone out to dwell by the river. They must follow, for they bear the world’s wound in their heart, and he is its Balm.

“‘For a time his eyes rest on Radha the Beautiful, and she, transported with the pride of love, entreats that he will carry her in his arms. He stretches them to her with his mystic smile, and even as they touch her, he vanishes, and she is alone in a great darkness.”

‘Here again, my daughter, is the parable clear,’ the Pandit interrupted the reading to say. ‘Here is no room for spiritual pride and exclusive desire. Learn your place, proud soul! It is at his feet until he, unasked, shall raise you to the level of his heart.

“‘So at the last she falters and falls, stunned with grief, the herdmaids weeping beside her, and — Suddenly the Light shines. He has returned. He speaks: —

“‘“Now I have tried you. You have remembered and thought upon me.

“‘“You have increased your affection like beggars made newly rich.

“‘“You have chosen my service, abandoning the world and the Scriptures.

“‘“How can I do you honor? I cannot reward you enough.

“‘“Though I should live for a hundred of Brahma’s years, yet I could not be free of my debt.”’”

III

She sat in silence; and breaking upon it, they heard the soft tread of a man stop by their gate, and voices, and the servant who guarded the gate came in haste.

'Great Sir, here is the holy Brahman who is chief at the altar of great Jagannath in Chaki, and he would speak with you.'

'Bring him instantly hither. Stay! I go myself!' cried the Pandit, rising. He had forgotten his daughter.

'Father, have I your leave to go?' She drew the sari about her face.

'Daughter, no. This is a wise man and great. Be reverent and humble, and stay.'

She stood, trembling with fear to see one so holy. Surely it was a portent that the servant of the God should come on their reading. Yet she quieted her heart, and when her father, attending the great guest, placed him on his own seat, with the image of the wise Elephant-Headed One wreathing his trunk behind him, she bowed before him and touched his feet, for to her he was as Brahman and priest, an earthly God.

He was a man in middle life, tall and dignified in spite of a corpulence which gained upon him, and his features clear-cut in the proud lines that denoted his unstained ancestry. He knew himself the superior of kings. He would have spurned with his foot a jewel touched by the Moghul Emperor of India. Yet more. Had the Rajput Rana, a king of his own faith, sun-descended, royal, cast his shadow on his food in passing, he had cast it, polluted, away. So great is the pride of the Brahmins.

'Namaskar, Maharaj! What is your honored pleasure?' asked the Pandit.

'I am on my way to Dilapur on the divine business,' he answered, with a

voice like the lowest throbbing notes of the bronze temple gong. 'But I would have a word with you, Brother, as I go.'

'Has my daughter your leave to depart, Maharaj?'

'Certainly, friend, though it is of her I come to speak. May I behold the face of the maiden? A Brahmani has no need to veil it. They are not secluded like the Toorki women.'

'Unveil before the Presence, my daughter Radha.'

The guest started at the name so familiar to him in his devotions.

'It is singular, in view of my errand, that you should have given her this holy name, Pandit-ji.'

'She deserves it for the devoted love that she bears to Sri Krishna,' returned her father. 'Of her face I say nothing, but her heart is flawless.'

'It is well!' said the priest, Nilkant Rai, and turned gravely to Radha.

Many were the *devidasis*, the nautch girls of the God, in the Temple of Jagannath. His eyes, deep and glowing, were no strangers to beauty, for the fairest were gathered like flowers to adorn the altars of the God, to dance and sing before his divine dreams, in all things to abide his will.

Six thousand priests serve Sri Krishna as Jagannath, Lord of the Universe, at Chaki, for great is his splendor. The Raja of Dulai, royal though he be, is the sweeper of his house. More than twenty thousand men and women do his pleasure, and of the glories of his temple who can speak?

But never had Nilkant Rai beheld such beauty as trembled before him then — darkly lovely, whitely fair, the very arrows of desire shooting from the bow of her sweet lips, half-child, half-woman, wholly desirable.

His eyes roved from the wonder of her face to the delicate rounding of her young breasts and the limbs exquisitely expressed, yet hidden, by the sari.

He looked in silence, then turned to the Pandit.

'Surely she is an incarnation of Radha in face as in name. Brother, she has my leave to go.'

Yet, when she had fled like a shadow, Nilkant Rai did not hasten. The other waited respectfully. *Pañ* — the betel for chewing — was offered in a silver casket. A garland of flowers perfumed with attar of roses was placed about the guest's neck. Refreshments were served and refused.

At length he spoke, looking on the ground.

'Brother, it is known to you that the God makes choice when he will of a bride, favored above all earthly women. Beautiful must she be, pure as a dew-drop to reflect his glory and return it in broken radiance, young, devout — Surely, even in this land of devotion, it is not easy to find such a one!'

'It is not easy, holy one!' returned the Pandit, trembling as he foreknew the end.

The other continued calmly.

'Now it so chanced that the priest Balaram passed lately through this town, and going by the tank to the temple, he beheld your daughter, and returning, he came to me and said: "The God has shown the way. I have seen the Desire of his eyes."'

'Great is the unlooked-for honor,' said the Pandit, trembling violently; 'so great that her father and mother bend and break beneath it. But consider, Holy One — she is an only child. Have pity and spare us! The desolate house — the empty days!' His voice trailed broken into silence.

'If this hides reluctance!' Nilkant Rai began sternly. 'If you have given a foul belief to any tale of the Temple—'

'I, holy Sir! I have heard nothing. What should I hear?' The old man's voice was feeble with fear. 'Do I disparage the honor? Sri Krishna forbid!

No, it is but the dread of losing her — the empty, empty house!'

'And is she not at the age when marriage becomes a duty, and would she not leave you then? Unreasonable old man!'

'Holy Sir — Maharaj, I tremble before the honor. But if the girl married, she would bring her babe and make her boast and gladden our hearts. But thus she is lost to us. Have pity! There are other Brahmans rich in daughters. Take not the one from my poverty.'

Nilkant Rai rose to his feet with majesty.

'I go. Never shall the God be rejected and ask twice. But when your daughter, old and haggard, looks up at you, answer that it was her unworthy father who kept her as a drudge on earth, when he might have raised her to a throne in heaven.'

As the old man stood with clasped hands, Radha broke from the shadows and threw herself before him.

'My father, would you hold me back? What joy, what glory in all the world can befall your child like this? The bride of the God! O Father!'

The tears were running down her face like rain. They glittered in the lamp-light. He could not meet her eyes. Nilkant Rai stood by, silent.

'She is beautiful as a nymph of Indra's heaven!' he thought. 'Not Urvasi and Menaka, the temptresses of sages, were more lovely!'

'The maiden is right. She is worthy of the God's embrace. Is there more to say?'

'Maharaj, I worship you!' said the old man submissively (and still he had not looked at his child). 'It is well. What orders?'

'Let her be perfumed and anointed daily. Let her food and drink be purer than the pure. Let her worship daily at the temple of Sri Krishna. The bridal shall be held in a month from this, that

time being auspicious. The Car of her Lord shall come for her as the Queen she is, and all envy the Chosen.'

He turned to Radha, still at her father's feet.

'Farewell, happiest Lady. Joys earthly and celestial await you. Rest in the knowledge of the favor of Sri Krishna. Hear of him, dream of him, until the glad truth slays all dream.'

He moved slowly toward the steps. Her father pursued him.

'Maharaj. Forgive, forgive! I neglect my manners. Thanks a thousand-fold for the honor you have condescended to bring us this happy day. Your commands are ever before me.'

The words poured forth. He could not say enough.

'It is well, Pandit-ji. It is well. Say no more!' said the great guest, striding onward to the gate where two other Brahmans and his *palki* awaited him.

She stood in the shadows as the Pandit returned.

'Father, beloved, did I do wrong? Have you not taught me all my life that there is none like him — none?'

'My pearl, what is done is done. He cannot be resisted. It is well your heart goes with your feet. Now sleep.'

She passed in silently, and sat by the small cotton mattress laid on the floor all night. How could she sleep?

Nor was there sleep for the Pandit. Sita Bai needed little telling, for she had listened behind the curtains; and now, with a livid pallor upon her, she confronted him.

'Lord of my life, what is there to say? You know — you know!'

'I know,' he answered heavily.

Sita Bai was too dutiful a wife to reproach her husband with anything done; but his own thoughts returned to the long evenings spent in contemplating the Perfections of the God. He replied to his own thought.

'Yet had she never heard his name,

it had been the same. Nothing could have saved her from the temple of Jagannath.'

'Saved.' He caught the word back from his own lips in deadly fear, and added in haste: 'Whom the God honors cannot set his Grace aside, and there is none who would. None in heaven or earth.'

'None,' echoed the woman faintly. Then, in a whisper scarcely to be heard, 'Whom Nilkant Rai chooses' — and steadily averted her eyes.

They dared say no more of this even in whispers to each other; for if this were reported, grief, ruin, death were the sure end.

One word more did Anand Pandit breathe: —

'She must keep her joy. It is the God's. If he love her, he yet may save her. Let no word be said.'

She touched his feet in token of submission. All night they sat in a bitter silence.

IV

Next day, all through the little holy town, bathing in its glad sunshine beneath the swaying palms, had run the news of this honor. Sita Bai, with a mask of gladness fixed on her face, visited the wife of the goldsmith, and begged her sympathy with the divine event. The gold bangles rang as she joined her hands; for she had come clad in splendor, and her sari was of purple silk of Paitan woven with strands of gold.

When Radha went with her mother to the temple, crowds of the simple people had gathered by the lake beneath the neems and tamarinds to behold the beauty beloved of the God. True, they had seen it before, but to-day it was strange and new. Her throat rose like the stem of the lotus above the snowy folds of her sari, and like the purity of the lotus was her face with its

downward eyes hidden in heavy lashes. She moved already like a bride, a little apart from her mother, to whom she had clung hitherto.

A voice shouted, 'Jai Krishna!' (Victory to Krishna), and many voices took up the cry. A woman, quivering with eagerness, flung a garland of wet mari-golds about her neck. Flowers were strewn before her happy feet. Never before had a Bride been chosen from Krishnapur. It might well seem the benediction of the God.

A beautiful woman, in a sari of jade green and silver, pressed up close to her and whispered, —

'Pray for me, O Beautiful, when you lie in the arms of the God, for me Ramu, wife of Narayan the Sahoukhar, that I may bear a son. Surely he will grant it for a wedding gift!' She stooped to the feet of Radha to worship her.

'I will pray,' the bride answered, pacing gently onward.

Petitions poured in upon her as she moved through the dappled light and shadow of the trees, beside the melted jewels of the lake. A great gladness possessed her. It was as if the air up-bore her light feet; and the people followed in crowding joy until she made the *ashtanga* — the great prostration before the Flute-Player, the Alone, the Beautiful, who moves through the world scattering joy and love with the far music of his Flute — He to whom all and none may draw near.

When the people were gone and the sun had set, and quiet breathed from the gray garments of evening, she entreated her father to read to her from the Song of Songs, written by the sweet-voiced singer Jayadeva, who has sounded all the secrets of love.

At first he hesitated, then with a strange look upward, he read.

"This is the story of the anguish of Radha.

"For Radha, jasmin-bosomed, beau-

tiful, waited in vain for her immortal Lover, by the banks of Jumna. This is the Dark Night of the Soul, for the face of the Beloved is averted in eclipse. In her sight, joyous and joy-giving, he lingers on the banks of Jumna with the happy herd-maids, while the *koels* flute their soft *koo-hoo-oo* in the deep green shade. And the poet makes the invocation: —

"“Krishna, Lord of Love, stoop from thy throne to aid us. Deign to lift up our hearts for the sake of this song that is the cry of all who shed the tears of desertion as Radha shed them.’

"And Radha cries aloud in her despair: —

““Wind of the Indian stream,
A little, O a little, breathe once more
The fragrance of his mouth. Blow from
thy store
One last word, as he fades into a dream.’

"But he, far away in his Heaven, is lost in the Infinite Bliss; while she, deceived, beholds him playing by the river. Yet, because the soul, fevered with illusion, cannot soar to him, he forsakes his throne, sending his messenger before him, thus to plead with her: —

““The lesson that thy faithful love has taught
him
He has heard.
The wind of spring, obeying thee has brought
him
At thy word.
What joy in all the Three Worlds was so
precious
To thy mind?
*Ma kuru manini manamayè,*¹
O be kind!’

"He pleads, as it were, for forgiveness, the Divine reasoning with the soul and justifying his ways. And all is well, and joy leaps over the horizon like the sun that drives the dark with arrows of victory. For he comes.

"So then, Jayadeva writes of the

¹My proud one, do not indulge in scorn.

high close, the mystic nuptials of the soul and her Bridegroom.”

The old Pandit paused, his voice trembling, with the dark eyes of his Radha fixed upon him. Then read on:—

“Enter the House of Love, O Loveliest!
Enter the marriage bower, most Beautiful,
And take and give the joy that Krishna
grants.”

Again he paused, the words choking in his throat, and she laid a soft hand on his.

“Then she, no more delaying, entered straight;
Shame, which had lingered in her downcast
eyes,
Departed shamed. And like the mighty deep
Which sees the moon and rises, all his life
Uprose to drink her beams.”

He laid the book aside and extinguished the little lamp, so that only the moonlight was about them.

After a while, he said,—

‘My daughter, the God leads you in strange ways. Yet, whatever the hearts of men, he is true. Offer him your heart in all purity, and in the end it shall be well with you. We will speak of this no more.’

‘But, Father beloved, do you not share my joy?’ she said tremulously. He was silent.

V

The days went by very swiftly to the time of the divine marriage. Messengers came and went between the mighty temple of Jagannath and little Krishnapur, bearing gifts and jewels. Casting half-contemptuous glances, they passed by the little shrine where the Bride worshiped daily; but all contempt died when they were admitted to see her face.

‘The God has chosen well!’ they said, and looked at one another with meaning.

So the great day dawned in a passion of sunlight, and with flutes and drums and shouting the great Car of Jagannath

waited for the Bride; and as she came forth, the pomegranate-blossom flush of joy rising in her golden cheek, her parents bowed before her and touched her feet in worship—no longer their daughter, but a goddess.

Ankleted and zoned with gold, clothed in woven gold so supple that it yielded to every breath, the sun-rays dazzled back from her upon the adoring crowd until they put up their hands to veil the splendor. And so she sat, a Radiance, for all the world to see, high on the Car wreathed and hung with flowers, the image of the Bridegroom beside her.

Oh, wonderful, terrible greatness for a woman! And so, with songs and triumph they bore her to her bridal.

Mighty is the Temple of Jagannath, where by the eternal sea the people crowd all day to worship the Lord of the Universe. In little Krishnapur, he is the Beloved, the Herdsman, the Beautiful. Here, he is far removed—too great for love or fear. Human thought quails before his Vastness.

The temple is in itself a city, and no feet but those of worshipers may pass even the strong outward walls. Very glorious are the carvings that adorn it. Terrible figures of Gods, many-headed, many-armed, bending giant bows, trampling giant enemies, brandishing awful weapons, dandling on their knees great Goddesses with slender loins and full breasts that overweight their swaying grace. Very awful are these figures, with clustering hair and crowns above their long eyes, and suns and moons rising and setting on their brows, and the symbols of their might scattered about them.

But it was night, and it was among the wildly tossing lights that the Bride approached the home of her Lord; and the temple was dreadful, for it was dark and all the intricate ways lit with

flickering points of light like the eyes of beasts; and, lost among strangers, her heart turned to water; for it resembled a great cave of blackness, and she could see but the naked bodies of worshipers and giant images of the holy Gods hovering through thick air laden with incense fumes and burning *ghi* and the dung of the sacred animals and the pungent smell of rotting marigolds. And there were cauldrons with flames fed by wild worshipers from the hills, and these crowded about the *palki* wherein they brought her through the temple, and touched it with hands that made her tremble, imploring her prayers as she lay in the breast of the God. Bats hung from the roof or swooped in the gloom. Their sourness tainted the air, and men, dim as ghosts, slunk about the fearful ways.

Thus dwell the Gods.

And suddenly terror submerged her like an ocean wave, and she sank back and the world left her.

When sense and memory returned, she lay in her *palki* in the great Hall of Dancing — a mighty hall supported on many pillars; and around her stood in motionless bands the *devidasis*, the dancers of the God, chosen to delight his senses for their grace and beauty.

And, seeing her stretch her hands for help, the wild and flying dance began. They lifted her from the *palki* and she stood among them, shimmering in gold, and about her they wheeled, advancing and retiring, linking and unlinking like dancers in a dream. And they sang the marriage song she had heard in the quiet of her home; but now it was terrible as it burst from hundreds of throats, gonged and cymbaled, with clashing and a thunder-beat of drums.

'Enter, thrice-Happy, enter, thrice-Desired,
And let the gates of Hari shut thee in.
Tremble not. Lay thy lovely shame aside
And love him with the love that knows not fear.
Give him the drink of amrit from thy lips.'

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D

She stood like one clinging to a surf-beaten rock as they tossed about her with wild hands and eyes, the whole world mad with noise and dance and color; then, dropping on her knees, she covered her eyes in terror.

And thus the servants of the God welcomed her to his arms.

VI

Night, and a great quiet. A chamber of gold set with jewels glittering in the moonlight that came down some secret way, borne on a cool breath from the sea.

She lay alone in the golden place, and the jewels watched her like eyes. Was it terror, was it love that possessed her? A thousand images blurred her closed eyes — He, the Beautiful, with peacock crown, with eyes that draw the soul, with lips of indescribable sweetness. It could not be that she should lie close to the heart of the God. How dare flesh and blood aspire to that mystic marriage? Must they not perish in the awful contact? And, if it could be, how return to earth after that ecstasy?

'May I know and die!' she prayed. 'Oh, let me not pass unknowing! Let me know and die!'

And as the minutes dropped by, this prayer was all her thought, and it possessed her being.

Then, dividing the darkness, she heard the voice of a Flute very far off. Like a silver mist, it spread vaporous, a small fine music, but growing, drawing nearer, and, as it strengthened, clear drops of music fell through this mist like honey from the black bees' comb. It crept about her brain and steeped her eyes as if in poppy juice, so sweet, so gliding, most infinitely wooing as it grew and filled the air with peace.

And in this high marvel was a blissful safety beyond all words, more sweet

and delectable than any man may tell. The grace of his Childhood, of the dearworthy passage of his blessed Feet among men, returned to her with a joy that melted her heart with love. And so she rose and stood upon her feet, as one called, trembling with blissful longing.

Far down the long ways, passing through pools of moonlight and dark, came One whom the music followed. His face could not at first be seen; about him was a leopard skin. Naked but for this, beautiful and slender, his silent feet moved onward. Like one utterly alone in a great forest, he came, — slowly, — lost in some unutterable thought, made audible in sweet sound.

The Bride, the Lover, and between them, the music and the moonlight only. She would have knelt, but her feet were fixed; and he drew near with unseeing eyes — O Beautiful, O wholly desirable, to draw the hearts of men! And still the face divine was hidden.

But as he drew near and would have passed, she cried aloud with a passionate glad cry, 'My Lord indeed!' rejoicing suddenly.

And he turned and looked upon his Bride with heavens in his eyes. And as she saw what no words can utter, she fell upon his feet and lay, slain sweetly with a bliss more keen than any pain.

But the Brahman, Nilkant Rai, waiting behind the pillar to seize his

prey, had heard, had seen nothing of the Glory.

As she fell, he sprang like a tiger on a fawn, and lifted the fair dead body, and stumbled in the trailing hair, and knew his vileness conquered. And in that moment the Eye of Destruction opened upon him the beam that withers worlds and hurls them like shriveled leaves into the Abyss.

And he dropped her and stumbled screaming into the dark, a leper white as snow.

But when they came in the dawn to implore the will of the God from the happy lips that his had blessed, the Bride lay at rest on the dim straight golden bed, and between her breasts was a Flute set with strange jewels that no man could name. Nor shall they ever; for when they laid her body on the pyre they left this Flute in her bosom.

And when Anand Das heard what had befallen, he said this:—

'When did the Herdsman sleep on his guard or the Beloved fail the heart that loved Him? It is well, and better than well.'

And he who tells this story ends it thus:—

"Meditates the Herdsman ever,
Seated by the sacred river,
The mystic stream that o'er His feet
Glides slow with murmurs low and sweet," —

'and breast to breast with God, the soul that adores Him.'

SILENCE

BY MARIE BLAKE

SHE whom I seek?

One lovelier than beauty,
Rarer than rapture, muted as a sigh,
Timid as spray that flees from falling water,
Hushed as the moon that dreams along the sky.
She can be startled by a tired petal
Drifting in perfume to its lovely sleep,
She will draw back if snowflakes clash in falling,
Or stately tides turn, chanting, to the deep.
All quiet things find sanctuary with her:
Night, and the clouds, the cedars' ancient hush,
Lost lakes that sleep forgotten in the moonlight,
Hilltops that hoard the sunset's fading flush.
Silence her name is, and the limpid cadence
Echoes the chiming music of her eyes,
Silence, whose touch is comforting as shadow,
Silence, whose look is starry as the skies.
When she is near, rapt memories come floating
Like silver moths across a summer dusk,
While down the wind there stirs a far-off fragrance
Of mignonette and rosemary and musk.
Only with her will you hear long-stilled voices,
Tender with love and crowning with sweet praise,
Or catch the rolling drums that beat to duty
Through anguished nights, or dull but dauntless days.
Only with her there moves that sister shadow,
Friendly yet strange, familiar yet unknown,
Whose eyes you seek in troubled contemplation,
Till, faltering, you know them for your own!

So keep I watch for her, my best companion,
Where, on the roads of time, she wanders by:
Timid as spray that flees from falling water,
Hushed as the moon that dreams along the sky.

TAD LINCOLN'S FATHER

BY JULIA TAFT BAYNE

I

ONE bright windy day in March 1861, my two brothers and I were sent to play with the Lincoln boys. At my mother's first meeting with Mrs. Lincoln it came out that my two brothers were about the ages of Willie and Tad Lincoln. 'Send them around to-morrow, please, Mrs. Taft,' said Mrs. Lincoln; 'Willie and Tad are so lonely, and everything is so strange.' But instead of going to the front door and asking for Mrs. Lincoln, as our mother had directed, we went in by the little gate near the Treasury. Assuring ourselves that things were outwardly unchanged under the new administration, we entered the office of Mr. Watt the head gardener, our good friend, who called up the stairs: 'Here, Willie, Tad — is somebody to play with you.' No answer; but we went up into the conservatory and there stood the boys by the water-lily tank, watching the goldfish. Such nice quiet shy boys, I thought. In five minutes the four boys had disappeared and I saw them no more. My brothers came home at dark looking, as our yellow girl Larney said, 'like dey done bin huntin' coons in de bresh,' but they had 'had the best time; been all over the White House; Mrs. Lincoln said we must come every day and bring Julia; and Mr. Lincoln, I mean the President, — she called him Mr. Lincoln, anyway, — jounced us on his lap and told us stories.'

Early next morning Willie and Tad appeared, guided by one of the gar-

deners, and spent the day exploring our house and premises and the neighbors' — including the back alley where the servants lived. Thus began an intimacy which continued until Willie's death. My brother Horatio Nelson Taft, Jr. — never called anything but 'Bud' — was twelve, a year older than Willie Lincoln. Both were light-haired, pleasant, rather quiet boys. Thomas Lincoln — 'Tad' — and my brother Halsey Cook Taft — 'Hally' — were dark-eyed, lively, mischievous lads of eight. The resemblance of the two pairs of boys was often remarked. Willie Lincoln was the most lovable boy I ever knew, bright, sensible, sweet-tempered and gentle-mannered. Tad had a quick fiery temper, very affectionate when he chose but implacable in his dislikes. A slight impediment in his speech made it difficult for strangers to understand him. They were two healthy rollicking western boys, never accustomed to any restraint, and the notice which their father's exalted station brought upon them was very distasteful. Willie would complain: 'I wish they would n't stare at us so. Was n't there ever a president who had children?'

A few days after this first visit I went with my brothers to the White House and was kindly received by Mrs. Lincoln, who placed me by her on the sofa, and I was showing her my new hat when the President came in.

'Well, who's this, Mary?' he said.

'This is Julia Taft, Bud's sister,' Mrs. Lincoln answered.

'So this is Bud's sister.' He came up and put his hands under my elbows and lifted me toward him, and I was so afraid he was going to kiss me! He looked so big and dark and different from the men I was accustomed to see. He perceived I was a bit frightened, and put me back by Mrs. Lincoln with a few friendly pats.

After we were better acquainted I was not afraid of his kisses. He always called me 'July' — not the French 'Julie,' but 'Jeu-ly.' He named me a 'flibbertigibbet.' I have never been clear in my mind as to what kind of creature this was, but I fancy it resembled a girl very small and slight for her age, with long curls, a ruffled white frock, and blue sash, who flew from one place to another instead of walking.

One day the President came in the sitting-room with a handful of photographs — 'cartes de visite' they called them then. He held them above my head, saying, 'Do you want my picture, July?'

'Oh yes, sir, please,' I said, dancing on my tiptoes.

'Give me a kiss and you can have it.'

I was shy about kissing anybody, but I reached up and he leaned over and I gave him a peck on the cheek, when he swept me to him, saying, 'Now we will pick out a good one,' which we did, rejecting several.

As a regiment with a band was passing the White House, we all climbed on to the window seats and leaned over to see. The President saw us and pulled us in — his two sons and my two brothers with little ceremony; but he lifted me down and said, 'Do you want to break your neck, honey?'

Sometimes when he met me he would put his hand on top of my head and rotate it rapidly, causing my curls to stand out in all directions. This seemed

to please him better than it did me. Several times he stepped over me as I sat on the family staircase reading, dropped a kiss on my head, and told me to go to the sitting-room to read. I was not allowed to read, and if Tad saw me he would tell my mother: 'July was reading nobbils books at our house.'

On one occasion we were in the attic and Tad demanded his doll, Jack, which was sent to him from the Sanitary Commission Fair in New York. I volunteered to find the doll. I went downstairs and, opening a door, before me was the President lying stretched out in a large chair, his head laid back, but with such an utterly weary sad look — his eyes were closed — that I softly shut the door, and went up and told Tad: 'Your father's just going to sleep and he is dreadfully tired and Jack is under his chair.'

'Huh!' said Tad. 'Come on, Hally — we'll go down just as still, and give our Indian war-whoop; that'll wake him up!' They went down stairs as still as a load of bricks, and we heard their wild whoops below.

Every little while this doll, Jack, was solemnly court-martialed by the boys, found guilty of 'sleeping on post' or 'desertion,' and sentenced to be shot. The firing squad was Tad and his cannon. Then they had a grand military funeral, quite ignoring the fact that condemned soldiers are not accorded military honors. The grave was dug among the choice roses on the south side of the house.

Mrs. Lincoln one day said, 'Why are the boys making that dreadful noise, Julia?' I replied, 'That is the Dead March; they're burying Jack.' 'Oh yes,' she said; 'and Mr. Watt says they dug holes among the new roses. Go and tell them they must not, Julia.' I went, though I knew they had been told several times before. Mr. Watt was there

scolding and showed me several places where Jack had been buried and later disinterred.

'Look here, Tad,' said the head gardener, 'why don't you have Jack pardoned?' The suggestion was enough; the four boys clattered up the stairs to the President's private office and demanded a pardon for Jack. Mr. Lincoln heard them gravely, took a sheet of his official note-paper and wrote:—

The doll Jack is pardoned.

By order of the President

A. LINCOLN

Tad brought this to me, saying in his peculiar speech, 'Here July, you keep this; no more buryin's in de groun.' But not more than a week passed before poor Jack in his handsome Zouave uniform was hanging by the neck from a bush in our garden. Tad said, 'Jack was a traitor and a spy.'

II

I think it was in May, 1861, that Mrs. Lincoln went to New York to select some carpets and curtains for the White House. She wrote a note to my mother, asking that Bud and Hally might live at the White House the week she was to be gone. My mother consented, with some misgivings, and Willie and Tad arrived on the heels of the messenger in a pouring rain, under a large dilapidated umbrella, which Tad said they had borrowed from the cook. The four boys departed joyfully, Tad calling over his shoulder, 'You bet we're going to have a good time!'

A relative was brought from camp sick, and my mother was busy with him. After a few days she wished to send some fresh blouses to the boys, so I went, with Larney carrying the parcel. As we approached the White House I was conscious of a smile on

the faces of sentries, messengers, orderlies, and doorkeeper. I followed that smile to the attic, where Tad rushed at me with a bottle that looked like shoe-blackening in his hand, calling excitedly: 'July, come quick! We're having a circus and I have got to be blacked up and Bud's bonnet's stuck and Willie can't get his dress on.' Willie was struggling with the train and flounces of a lilac silk of Mrs. Lincoln's, while Bud had a ruffled white negligee pinned round him in billowy folds and a hat of Mrs. Lincoln's stuck firmly sidewise on his head. I said, 'Does the President know about this?'

'Yep,' said Tad, 'Pa knows and he don't care neither; he's coming up when those generals go 'way.'

They had two sheets pinned together for a curtain, beyond which was a motley assemblage—soldiers, sailors, orderlies, negroes, everyone who had five cents might go up the back stairs and see the show.

I took the bottle of blacking away from Tad and made him up with some burnt cork,—to the detriment of my white dress,—then I pinned Willie into the lilac silk. Mrs. Lincoln wore the Victorian décolleté: she had a beautiful neck and shoulders. Willie handed me a bottle of 'Bloom of Youth,' saying 'Put some of this on Bud and me.' I swabbed them both with the beautifier. Tad was singing at the top of his voice:—

Old Abe Lincoln

Came out of the wilderness.

I had had quite enough and made my escape. In the lower hall I met the President, who took my hand and said, 'Here is July come to the circus; having a great time up there!'

'Yes, sir,' I said: 'they are making a dreadful noise, and they have Mrs. Lincoln's things on, and they look horrid.'

He threw back his head and laughed heartily, 'Come, July, we will go up

and see them.' But I said, 'Oh, please — I don't want to,' and eluding his hand, I ran down, while he continued on his way to the attic, still laughing.

The boys formed a military company called 'Mrs. Lincoln's Zouaves.' She gave them a flag and they were reviewed by the President. The Secretary of War promised to furnish light — condemned — rifles, but I do not remember whether it was ever armed or not, for the company dwindled until it was like Artemus Ward's — 'all officers.' Willie was colonel, Bud major, and Hally captain, while Tad refused every rank but drum major. The officers had old-fashioned swords, given them, I think, by General McClellan.

Mrs. Lincoln was always kind, anxious to 'let the children have a good time.' She was especially good to me. She would ask me to play my 'pieces' to her and stand by to the last note. I never practised if I could help it, but she offered me a beautiful copy of Colonel Ellsworth's Funeral March, — which the elder Sousa dedicated to her, — if I would learn it, and with the aid of my music-teacher, my mother, and Mrs. Lincoln I did learn it to the last *dum, dum, dum*. She said once, 'I wish I had a little girl like you.' She told me about the boy they lost, between Robert and Willie. She almost always told me to go down to the conservatory and tell the bouquet-man to make me a nice bouquet for my mother when I went home.

My brother Bud adored Lincoln and was always happy to serve him. He often carried messages between Mrs. Lincoln and the President. One day Lincoln said, 'Bud, go out and get me a pair of rubbers.'

'Yes, sir,' said Bud, 'what size?'

Mr. Lincoln looked down at his feet with a doubtful smile. 'Never mind the size, Bud; just get me the biggest pair you can find.'

Bud looked around the stores for some time before he found a pair of suitable dimensions, not mentioning the fact that they were for the President. When he paid for them, the man said: 'Your father must have the biggest pair of feet in Washington, son.'

Once Willie asked Bud, 'Why do you call pa "Mr. President"? You don't call ma "Mrs. President."'

'Oh,' said Bud, 'it is n't proper to call presidents by their names. Your mama is just Mrs. Lincoln, only the servants call her "the Madam."'

Once Willie asked my mother, 'Mrs. Taft, ought Tad to sing that song?' Tad was caroling a campaign song about

Old Abe Lincoln, a rail-splitter was he,
And that's the way he'll split the Confederacy.

'I don't care,' said Tad. 'Everybody in the world knows pa used to split rails.'

'But is n't that song disrespectful to pa?' persisted Willie.

Mama explained why it was in bad taste, and Tad, who was kicking the chair, as he did when reproved, said, 'Well, I s'pose I can sing John Brown's Body, can't I?'

Early in the spring, when for some days and nights Washington lay undefended, with rails torn up and wires down, the provost guard brought six loaded muskets to our house, 448 L Street, and stacked them in the bathroom. There was fear of a mob or a raid by the Baltimore 'Plug-uglies.' My father, Judge H. N. Taft, was Chief Examiner of the Steam Department of the U. S. Patent Office. A New Yorker, a Democrat, appointed by Buchanan, he was from the first a strong Union man. My father's life was several times threatened, hence — I suppose — the muskets, which remained in our bathroom till early fall, when Tad and Hally succeeded in firing

one out of the window. It chipped a piece off the corner of the house — next door — of our neighbor, Mr. Bartle, of the State Department. His old black mammy looked up and said, "Pears like dese yere boys 'll kill somebody's nigga yit."

The President and Mrs. Lincoln attended the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, and we went to the Fourth Presbyterian — Doctor J. C. Smith's.

The boys usually went with us.

One day the President asked me, "Why do our boys like to go to your church, July?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lincoln, "They won't go to Doctor Gurley's at all unless Bud and Hally go too."

"Why," I said, "I reckon our church is livelier."

"Do you think it is livelier, Willie?" asked Mrs. Lincoln.

"Oh, yes," answered Willie. "A lot of those folks are secesh, and when Doctor Smith prays for the President of the United States they get up and go out and bang the pew doors and slam the church door after them."

"Yes," said Bud, "but last Sunday the provost guard came, and the Lieutenant said that anyone disturbing the service, or leaving before the service was ended, would be put in the guard-house, so maybe they wont do it any more."

"Yes, pa," said Tad, "and July said, "See the Lieutenant, how still he sits"; and I said, "I bet he would n't sit so still if a bee stung him"; and she said, "Yes, he would." Do you think he would sit so still, pa, if a bee was stinging him?"

"Yes," said the President, "I think he would, Tad." But he did not laugh with the rest of us, and he went off gravely to his office.

On one occasion, when the flags were all out for a victory, a scandalized

neighbor came in to ask if we knew that a 'rebel flag' was hanging on our piazza. It was the flag that Colonel Ellsworth was pulling down when he was shot, in Alexandria: it was stained with his blood. It had been sent to Mrs. Lincoln, who put it in a bureau drawer upstairs; but Tad delighted to display it. Mother had already sent him home with it twice. Some time later he sneaked up behind his father while the President was reviewing some troops from the White House portico, and to the horror of some of the spectators and amusement of others, waved it, till his father pinioned both his naughty son and the rebel flag together in his strong arm.

One afternoon I was curled up in a window of the family sitting-room, looking at a large book, when the President came in. I jumped to my feet — we were strictly enjoined to rise when the President came in. He said, "How is July to-day? Sit down, child." I was glad to do so, for the book I was clasping to me was heavy. He took it from me, turned over the leaves, then gave it back, saying, "Such a big book for little July." Resting one hand on my shoulder, he placed the other on the window above my head, and looked long and earnestly over the Long Bridge into Virginia, and sighed heavily. Then he walked up and down, up and down the room, his head bent and his hands behind him, sighing now and again. He seemed so sad and lonely I wanted to cry, and I slipped out and left him in the darkening twilight, and ran home, telling my father that the President was worrying about the War.

In the fall of 1861 Mrs. Lincoln had a schoolroom fixed up in the White House, and my brothers studied with Willie and Tad under a tutor, my father insisting on paying half the salary. The boys were doing well — though the younger pair were a little unruly —

when my father suddenly lost his office. It was found that some of his original backers were in the Confederacy. I think my father had not considered this contingency, he was so busy looking after the soldiers. All his time out of office-hours he spent in the hospitals or in carrying baskets of apples or onions to the camps. My parents kept open house for soldiers. We had two convalescents with us at this time. My father had an offer from New York for a higher salary, but the President and Mrs. Lincoln did not wish the family to leave Washington. Mrs. Lincoln told my mother, 'You must not go. We can't let you go.' The President wrote a strong letter asking for the reinstatement of Judge Taft as a personal favor, and Mrs. Lincoln wrote several, which she sent with large bouquets. They tried in vain for some time; but at last my father received another office and we remained. It might have been at this time that Lincoln said he 'had very little influence with this Administration.'

III

In February 1862 came the dreadful blow of Willie Lincoln's death. He called for Bud and he was with him most of the time. The President would come in and stand awhile at the bedside, then turn and go out without speaking. Once he laid his arm across Bud's shoulder, and leaning over, stroked Willie's hair. It was late and he said, 'Better go to bed, Bud.' Bud said, 'If I go he will call for me.' One of the servants afterward told my mother that the President, coming in later, picked up Bud who had fallen

asleep and carried him tenderly to bed. About noon of the twentieth of February my mother brought word from the White House that Willie had held Bud's hand and seemed better. He died at five o'clock. Mrs. Lincoln wrote my mother, 'Please keep the boys home the day of the funeral; it makes me feel worse to see them.' The President, however, sent for Bud to see Willie before he was put in the casket. Bud had to be carried from the room and was ill for some days afterward.

My mother naturally waited for some word from Mrs. Lincoln before allowing the boys to go to the White House, and very soon she took us North to put us in school.

I was in Washington during the winter of 1864-5 and accompanied my sister-in-law to Mrs. Lincoln's Saturday afternoon reception. Mrs. Lincoln greeted me affectionately, but when Tad saw me he threw himself on the floor in the midst of the ladies, and screamed and kicked till he was carried out by the servants. Mrs. Lincoln said:

'You must excuse him — you know what he remembers,' but it was a most distressing scene. I was glad to get away, and I never saw Mrs. Lincoln or Tad again.

These are my girlhood memories of Lincoln. Slight and trifling they seem, but these 'little truthful stories, simply told,' may cast a ray of human softness over the sad stern face of that strong angel of the Lord who was among us unrecognized: lonely, sad, un comforted, save as seeing Him who is invisible.

MARRIAGE

BY NATHALIE SEDGWICK COLBY

'I PROMISE to love, honor and obey,' says the girl. 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' the man answers, substantiating her vow. It is the eternal duet of the heartstring and the pocket nerve. The biological adventure is transformed into the journey of life — this is no episodic undertaking! 'Till death us do part,' says the priest, and down the years the long road stretches, the road of consecrated integrity — into the gates of oblivion. The Bishop blesses the couple, smiles at them the subtle smile of the celibate who has seen so much life flow past his barred windows. 'You have just agreed to the most difficult contract in the world,' he says by way of parting advice.

It is a contract made in desire and ratified in self-sacrifice. She has promised to love him, whether he supports her or not, and he has sworn that he will support her, whether she loves him or not — and every day he may become less of a hero and she more of an expense! He has promised to love, too — but hunger is now his headmaster, for it can kill love, but love can only create more hunger.

If warnings could teach youth, marriage would be approached with caution, for the marriage failure is the basis for most of the modern drama, the movies, and the latest novels.

Fifty years ago the theatre took the fairy-tale perspective of marriage. 'He married Her, and they lived happily ever after' was the climax of most of the early nineteenth-century plays. The winning of a lady was so fatiguing

there was no energy left for the record of her keeping.

The younger Dumas rescued woman from the romantic subterfuge in which she had been hidden for half a century and made marriage the dramatic setting for the eternal conflict between desire and duty. His ideas passed to England, and the problem play began. It did not have Gallic candor, but the accent was shifted from mid-Victorian morality and placed on circumstance.

The new novel came across the Channel. Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope receded before the one universal and insoluble topic. No matter how brightly a book began, it ended on the minor note, which left the reader still searching for the chord.

There is little help for the individual in all this frank discussion, except the satisfaction of feeling that his case is always before the public. One lays down the modern novel with the feeling that sex has been treated too sectionally; there is a protest — an 'arrangement' even in the anarchy of modern emotion; it is the fairy-tale technique again!

Russian literature has more of a vista for the personal reader. The Russian interprets rather than creates. There is no 'pattern' in his representation. It leaves one with the feeling of the vastness of life and the futility of the human protest.

This larger view, which is a spiritual substitute for happiness, is literature's great consolation: it is the echo of the ancient cry, 'Lift me to the rock that is higher than I.'

There is no mending of shattered love, but there are many ways to avoid the shattering. Manners are perhaps the chief ingredient of married happiness, and the closer the relation, the more they are needed. They are the smiling façades behind which our changing moods can rearrange themselves. They are the technique of Christianity — the daily symbols of domestic interchange, stamped with the highest impulses of the heart. They are the high tribute to the dignity of others and the servants of the spiritual aristocrat, that enable him to sit calm and unmolested in his sanctuary.

'Honored Sir' and 'Honored Madam' may have saved many a situation from coarse violence. They were the customs of people who knew that sincerity was only sometimes a beautiful thing. Formality preserves intimacy, and independence is a bond for entwining.

The French have a saying: 'Unhappy the wife who watches the door'; unhappy the man who unlatches that door! There is nothing so exhausting as relativity. Some women spend their lives looking wistfully through the windowpanes — like Penelope. They might remember that, although Ulysses occasionally visited his home town, his prow was always pointing toward the Sirens.

The sense of always being waited for is fatal to the adventure of life. There is a wild rider to far horizons in every man. Woe to the woman who holds the bridle — she will be dragged; and if she tethers him like a ruminant, he will break the rope and not come back!

There is nothing so exhausting as the weight of a merging personality. Why should a man come for refreshment to a carbon copy of himself?

Last month a man was arrested for desertion after twelve years of faithful

married life. He said that he had been coming home as usual, that he had seen his wife and his children through the window, that he had seen them every night, and that he could n't bear it. A fine coerced him back to his setting — but he conveys a lesson: Crime is often a common impulse, magnified and sustained, and his impulse was self-preservation. He was escaping from a supplementary picture of his own conformity. He said, 'Your honor, if she'd only have hit me, I never would have left her.'

Man's peculiar menace is the menace of the good housekeeper. Law and order are good things, but they must be watched; they have a tendency to develop into machinery! A machine house moves by the fuel of many personalities, each intent on adjusting one to its perfections. Its master cannot become part of its activity except at stated moments, without upsetting its entire organization. Any temperamental dash on the part of its owner endangers its delicate adjustments. I have seen a rich man waiting for dinner in his own house, as if it were an incoming express train with a recurrent twenty-four-hour opportunity.

If he is too late, he tiptoes to the Club, for it requires too much courage to draw a piece of toast from its underground sources. A chop is not a mere chop, it blooms like an orchid above deep interlacing roots; and a cup of tea passes by a chain of ascending power to the surface presentation of a silver salver.

In this remoteness of source lies another danger. It deadens the patriarchal feeling in the family. It is hard to convert one's bread and butter into a fighting father; the road is too long!

A woman's greatest danger is marriage with an egoist — he is fatal in a home, and the credit of his rapid disappearance is due to the modern woman. He must have invented the term 'wife,'

deriving it from the verb *vibrare*, to tremble.

There was only one melody in the household of the trembling wife: the melody of the master's voice. There were no discords — but there were no harmonies; fear was the great solvent of divergence. Modern marriage has been lifted to the requirements of an art — for there must be art in polyphonic harmony, and long habits of harmony bring, through their golden intricacies, the glory of the finale.

Of course there cannot always be harmony — that would be insipid; but at least the cigarette has placed the family quarrel on an equal basis. A few years ago a man took his deadly aim during the moment of inhalation, and a woman could only stammer before his deliberate front. Now she has her moment of preparation, and the round is a fair game.

No dispute was ever settled according to logic: the solution of a difference lies far deeper than its inherent justice. It is not the unanswerable premise, but the flavor of a dinner, or the mood of an hour, that brings harmony. And harmony is better than justice, for a woman who is always right is apt to be tiresome, and it is pleasant to be able to love one's wife for her follies. The foolish wise woman is recorded in the new Irish literature, always irrational

and illogical; she is better than right — she disdains to be right, and she is never wrong!

A woman's best quality is her ability to respond to demand. She can sparkle with a thousand facets, or be flattened to the surface of a gray marble slab, according to the face that looks at her.

That is why it is so important for her to avoid an egoist, for an egoist is a smotherer.

He has the heavy hand of possession, and he is always moulding his wife to some preconceived idea. His self-consciousness about her is abnormal; he cannot bear to see so intimate a part of himself outside his own jurisdiction. 'Conformity, my dear, conformity,' he says, not knowing that all the dynamics of life lie in divergence. Who has not seen them, these pale listless women, developing not according to their innateness but for the dominant eye of the master.

The French say a woman's charm lies in her *au delà*. Let a man not domesticate his 'Princesse Lointaine.' Her feet may walk beside him, but he must not clip her wings for soaring; and he might remember that in every soul there is a volume of music, and a true leader calls forth the strains one by one, until in a full harmony they rise and fall and are gathered to his gesture.

WAR-TIME RELATIONS OF AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN

BY CHARLES SEYMOUR

I

THERE is no historian who does not appreciate the perils involved in a discussion of the history of day before yesterday. Try as we will, we cannot escape a certain uneasiness when deprived of our historical perspective, which, as E. T. Raymond points out, the unkind Philistine is apt to regard as nothing else than immunity from contradiction by some person who happened to witness the event described. 'When effective contradiction becomes by the nature of things impossible,' Mr. Raymond goes on, 'we have not necessarily attained truth, but we have achieved what is called "historical perspective."' It is because the historian wants to have all his eyewitnesses dead, we may assume, that it takes anywhere from fifty to seventy years to secure adequate historical perspective.

Not all of us will agree with this point of view, which is not without its elements of humor, but there is this to be said for a critical review of recent events: that the opportunity for contradiction is at least presented, and that the fable which men may later agree to accept as history is subject in its earlier youth to the suspicious scrutiny without which the legitimacy of its birth can be questioned. A frank surrender of the immunity offered by historical perspective will sometimes provoke such dissent as may open new sources of information likely to establish some-

thing approaching the truth before the lie can be crystallized.

So much of justification, perhaps, there is for discussion of events that fell within the administration of the President who led this nation during the fateful years of the World War, and to which our attention has again been drawn closely by his death. President Wilson's place in history will rest chiefly upon his attempt to achieve a revolution in international relations that might guarantee to the world a greater chance of tranquillity and might inaugurate an international code of morals not unlike that of the civilized individual. He was a great political prophet. But he was also a war president, and the eyes of historians will turn to his conduct of America's war effort, not merely in the organization of a war-machine in the material sense, but in the realm of diplomacy as well.

There were two salient aspects to our war-time diplomacy. It sought to secure the maximum coördination with the war efforts of our associates, so as to strengthen the military attack upon the enemy; it sought also to break down his morale in order to weaken Germany's military defense. Few, perhaps, realize the degree of coöperation established in 1917 and 1918 between the United States and the Entente Powers. Many, certainly, are confused as to the issues raised by Mr. Wilson's plan to drive a wedge between the German

Imperial Government and the German people, which admittedly played a rôle of importance in the final German collapse. The two topics should be considered in sequence; for only through the understanding with the leaders of the Entente, especially the British, was it possible to use as effective propaganda Wilson's appeals to the German people.

II

It must not be imagined that this understanding with the British resulted naturally and easily from the fact that we were facing a common danger. Even in moments of acute peril national particularism persists. The difficulties between Great Britain and France in the matter of unified command indicate the degree to which nations are slow to surrender complete power of decision in the interests of logical coördination. The two and a half years of American neutrality had been, we may now freely admit, characterized by serious differences with the British, which seemed to offer a poor basis for satisfactory coöperation after we entered the war.

Previous to 1917, as the published state papers and the letters of Mr. Page indicate, the main issue was always the use made by the British Government of a naval power that permitted an interpretation of maritime conventions and usages supposedly favorable to British war policy and trade interests, and detrimental, in many respects at least, to the interests of neutrals. Naval power, with all that followed in its train, was the only effective defensive and probably the chief offensive weapon of Great Britain against Germany. There are few who cannot understand the warmth of public sentiment and the force of official determination which existed in England for the utilization of this

weapon to its full capacity. And those Americans who in the early days of the war sympathized most definitely with the desperate efforts of the British to save themselves from defeat could appreciate and perhaps approve the irritation of John Bull's petulant shrug of the shoulders as we joggled his elbow with a note of protest, and the impatience of his 'Go away, don't bother me. I'm busy with something really important.' It is a point of view very clearly expressed in the letters of the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

But there were many others in the United States, less sympathetic and, along the northern Atlantic seaboard, not so articulate, who were none the less constant in the pressure which they brought to bear upon our Department of State for the protection of American commerce. Nor could that Department, even had it so desired, have disregarded their protests. American mails were seized, American ships held in British harbors, American trade restricted by a blacklist imposed and enforced by a foreign Government. Our Government protested, at first mildly, then with some acidity, and finally with a vehemence that was characterized by an American diplomat as approaching the verge of boorishness. With the utmost desire for friendly relations on both sides, the position taken by each seemed to indicate an *impasse*.

It is unnecessary to exaggerate the tension that resulted, but to remind ourselves of its reality we may recall that the British Ambassador in Washington, referring to a note of protest the verbiage of which was altered shortly before going upon the cable, remarked that had it not been changed the British Government would have had little choice but to break diplomatic relations. On the other hand, an

American of long diplomatic experience asserted that if Great Britain had been fighting France and not Germany, or even if the German Government had played the game decently, refraining from its attack upon the rights of humanity through the submarine campaign, it was quite within the realm of possibility that the United States might have been found in the camp opposed to the British.

From such a disaster the two nations were rescued largely through the fortunate stupidity of the Germans themselves. By their ill-advised propaganda in this country and by the inhumanity of their naval methods they effectively barred themselves from capitalizing, for their own advantage, the dispute between the British and American Governments.

The problem of preserving cordial official relations between Washington and London in the face of British trade regulations was, furthermore, rendered less difficult because of certain personal factors which proved to be of the first importance. Those in charge of foreign affairs under the Asquith Government were profoundly grateful for President Wilson's Panama tolls policy. It had convinced both Sir Edward Grey and Sir William Tyrrell that close coöperation with the United States must henceforth become the basis of British world policy. They believed that the two Governments ought to 'speak the same language,' politically as well as in other respects. This conviction was strengthened by the personality of the American Ambassador. Mr. Page had captured the affections of the British public and, by his scarcely concealed bias, after the war broke out, he had saved some shred of the British popular estimate of Americans during the period when they were supposed to be too proud to fight. As President Wilson remarked, Page out-Britished the British, and they

could not help liking it. The manner with which he presented American notes of protest may not have increased their chances of effective accomplishment, but it served to smooth troubled waters.

Of equal or greater importance, because he was known as the personal representative of President Wilson, were the visits which Colonel House made in England in 1914, 1915, and 1916. The purpose of those visits, conceived even before the World War began and never forgotten, was, as we learn from Mr. Page's letters, to arrange some compromise basis upon which Germany might consent to coöperate with the Anglo-Saxon democracies for the peace of the world. In early June, 1914, Colonel House talked over with the Kaiser the possibility of arranging a plan of naval disarmament, or, rather, immediate limitation, which might tend to slacken the tension between Great Britain and Germany. He found plain indication in Berlin that the naval and military groups were prepared to run away with the situation; but from the Kaiser himself he received encouragement to proceed to England, where his plan was heartily endorsed by Sir Edward Grey and Sir William Tyrrell. Of this fact Colonel House sent direct word to the Kaiser. But before more definite steps could be taken the latter left for his Norwegian cruise, whence he was recalled by the crisis resulting from the Austrian ultimatum, only to find that the determination of events had passed from his control.

During the autumn of 1914, Colonel House was in frequent consultation with both the German and British ambassadors in Washington, seeking, under the direction of President Wilson, to make certain that no chance of ending the war by American mediation was overlooked. Early in the following spring, and not without encouragement

from Germans as well as British, he crossed the Atlantic again. But he found the prospect of fruitful negotiations unpromising. The Germans had recovered from the despondency caused by the defeat of the Marne and were embittered by the British food-blockade; the temper of the British, on the other hand, was aroused by German submarine methods and especially by the use of poison gas. Peace was out of the circle of practical possibilities. This much, however, Colonel House was able to suggest: Germany should stop the use of poison gas and cease her submarine warfare upon merchant vessels; in return Great Britain should permit staple food products to go to neutral ports without question. Such a compromise would dispose of the most vexatious of the problems of neutral America, and it would allay somewhat the bitterness of feeling in belligerent countries. Sir Edward Grey agreed to use all his influence to arrange the compromise. But the Germans refused.

III

Once more, early in 1916, President Wilson scanned the political horizon for a possible rift in the clouds of war, and again Colonel House was sent to London and Berlin. 'Was there any point,' asks Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, 'in these terrible years at which, with greater wisdom and humanity on either side or on both, the war could have been terminated in such a way as to prepare that durable peace which all professed to have as their main object? . . . With this point historians are not likely to deal faithfully. When a war has ended with victory, history is hypnotized by the event just as contemporaries are. And it is supposed that because victory crowned the war, therefore victory was the best ending, and was worth the cost at which it was

attained. In truth, however, with regard to this war and to all wars, the most important of all questions are these: Was it necessary that the youth of the world should perish year after year? Could the result desired be attained in no other way? Did the result, when attained, justify the sacrifice?'

Such questions must be answered by the German and Entente statesmen of 1916. Perhaps, when the entire story is told the efforts of Colonel House may be shown to have come close to success. But at the critical moment a German submarine sank the *Sussex* and destroyed the chance of a peace arranged in time to save the lives of millions and preserve the world from economic disaster.

The negotiations of Colonel House were not, however, without their value. The personal contacts which he formed in England and the intimacy with which he discussed all problems of foreign policy with British statesmen had effects of tremendous significance. So long as he exchanged views orally or in frequent letters with leaders both within and outside official circles,—with such men as Grey, Tyrrell, Balfour, Cecil, Bryce, Loreburn, and Plunkett,—President Wilson was far from isolated or without wise counsel. In view of such relationships it was certain that our official dispute with Great Britain over her trade regulations, despite the exchange of acrimonious notes, would not be allowed to approach the danger point. Of still greater importance was the foundation thus laid for whole-hearted coöperation with the British when, after the failure of all efforts to end the war, we were finally compelled to enter it.

Of such coöperation there was, of course, dire need. We may remind ourselves that in 1917 France was very tired, her man-power resources seemed to be approaching the verge

of depletion, her desperate attack on the Chemin-des-Dames proved a fiasco; Russia had already collapsed as a belligerent, although the fact was not universally apparent until the close of the year; Italy was not far from Caporetto. The continental Powers of the Entente could see the end of their steel, their ships, their food, and, most sinister of all, their money. Upon Great Britain and the United States the burden of finance and supply, at least, must largely rest until the war was won. Great Britain was still hale, perhaps, but no longer hearty. American resources were no mere luxury. They were a necessity of the most vital sort, and they must be applied at once scientifically and hurriedly. How to build up a coöperative system that might meet the situation?

Existing diplomatic agencies could not, apparently, be utilized effectively. Neither the American Ambassador at St. James, nor the British Ambassador in Washington could become the centre of such a coöperative system. Mr. Page was in England, while the centre of the system must be in the United States from where, as Lord Northcliffe insisted in the summer of 1917, the war must be won. Furthermore Mr. Page, despite the great services he had performed in the cause of Anglo-American friendship, was, as his published letters indicate, continually at odds with the American Department of State and often in thorough disagreement with the President's policies. Careful study of Mr. Page's papers reveals the fact, also, that he stressed almost exclusively purely official and high Tory opinion; there is no hint in his letters that he recognized, as political factors, the existence of the *Manchester Guardian* or the Labor party. That function of an ambassador which consists in concentrating and transmitting home all currents of

opinion, was apparently one that he did not attempt.

In Washington the diplomatic situation seemed, perhaps, even more discouraging. The British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, was a cultured diplomat of long and successful experience. He was a gentleman of scholarship and charm. In times of peace unquestionably he would have become a worthy successor to Lord Bryce. But his health was shattered and his nerves were frazzled by the war. It is a fact not devoid of tragedy that, unlike Page, Spring-Rice did not live to see the final triumph of Allied arms. During the period of American neutrality he had been worried by exaggerated fears of German plots and propaganda, and he was intensely troubled by the refusal of our Government to deal more drastically with Germany in the matter of submarine outrages. His personal affiliations were largely with members of the party opposed to the Administration. Both the qualities and defects of Sir Cecil were recognized in England as they were in Washington, and it was presumably felt by his Government that except for the imperative necessity of the most cordial personal relationships, new and special arrangements would not be demanded. The necessity, however, was imperative and it was hardly to be hoped that through Spring-Rice the perfect coöperation essential to unity of war effort could be attained.

During his visit to the United States in the spring of 1917, Mr. Balfour, British Foreign Secretary, discussed with those in charge of American policy all the problems which the two Governments must face together, and with a frankness that cut through red tape and diplomatic etiquette. Could he have remained, there would have been little doubt of the immediate establishment of some working system which

might have met the main problems of finance and supply and hastened the advent of ordered American assistance. No British statesman understood the American spirit better than Mr. Balfour and for no one had President Wilson higher respect. But the Foreign Secretary could not be spared from England. How could the frank intercourse which he had inaugurated be made a regular and daily procedure?

IV

Even before Balfour's return the British Government decided to send a special war mission under the leadership of Lord Northcliffe, and the summer of 1917 was spent in the first attempts at coördination in the vital problems. In this task the Napoleon of British journalism displayed an energy and a selflessness which were later to bear rich fruit. When the history of the Northcliffe mission comes to be written, the number and the complexity of the tasks which it undertook cannot but awaken wonder. Of itself, however, it was not enough. There was needed a British official of high rank, with all the prestige of a special ambassador, and with the technical experience that Northcliffe himself lacked, sufficient to enable him to settle the financial questions that lay at the root of all problems of coöperation.

The Entente Powers were dependent upon the United States for financial assistance and the demands which they made were naturally heavy. There is every indication that our Government was prepared to respond cordially and there can be no question of the extent of the advances that it hastened to make. The demands of our associates in the war, however, were presented in uncoördinated form; there was even at times some question as to whether credits were not being used to further

national plans quite apart from immediate war necessities. Mr. McAdoo insisted that, if American aid were to be scientifically applied, there must be coördination in the presentation of European demands; he asked for what was ultimately to be developed, an Interallied board of experts able to regulate and harmonize all requisitions made upon America. He also asked for a British representative of high rank and endowed with complete authority to settle outstanding financial problems with the American Treasury. For if the Treasury were to advance the money of American taxpayers to our European associates, it must be able to offer as justification of such advances the opinion of Allied experts that they were essential to winning the war. But the British held back, during the early summer of 1917, both on the suggestion of an Interallied council to coördinate requisitions on America and that of a special British commissioner to the United States such as McAdoo and Lord Northcliffe demanded.

It had happened that toward the close of the year 1916 a young British baronet, Sir William Wiseman, who had been gassed while on active service, was sent to Washington in connection with the intelligence work of the British Embassy. Colonel House had at once come into close touch with Wiseman, and discovered in him a man who cared nothing about the difference between Democrats and Republicans, about English parties, or red tape, who, during most of his waking moments, was willing to forget whether he was himself English or American, so long as the all-important coöperation were obtained. He insisted upon nothing except the vital fact that Great Britain and America united could save the victory, and that that was the only chance. It was precisely the conviction of Colonel House himself, and to

him Sir William opened his political soul. Through him, moreover, it was possible to impress upon the British Government an understanding of the factors in America that might help or hinder American assistance.

Wiseman was on terms of intimacy with both Spring-Rice and Northcliffe. The latter once said of him, 'Wiseman is well named. He understands all the numberless delicate situations which arise here from week to week.' He was furthermore one of the few who had constant access to the ear of President Wilson through Colonel House. With Wiseman, House, and Northcliffe working together, especially after Sir William returned to England early in the summer of 1917 to present the American situation personally, the chances of developing a close understanding that might lead to real coördination were greatly enhanced.

Concrete results appeared without delay. Early in the autumn of 1917 the British Government dispatched a special mission under Lord Reading, who combined the qualifications upon which Northcliffe had insisted—financial capacity of a high degree and political prestige sufficient to satisfy the demands of the United States Treasury officials. Through Reading the more immediate financial problems were settled. Later, upon the retirement of Spring-Rice, he became Ambassador and an intimacy of personal relations with American leaders developed which proved of inestimable value.

Of greater importance yet, perhaps, was the building-up of Interallied co-operation through the American mission which was sent to England at the end of October, 1917, under the leadership of Colonel House. President Wilson had been very slow to approve American intervention in the strictly political and military councils of the Entente Allies with whom, as he al-

ways maintained, we were merely 'associated.' The insistence of Lord Reading that an American delegate should participate in the Interallied council that was to be convened in the autumn of 1917 finally led him to yield to the demands of the British and French Governments. Colonel House had been named by both as the envoy whom they regarded as most likely to succeed in working out with them a coöperative system.

V

It is difficult to overstate the importance of the Reading and House missions, particularly the latter which included American representatives of the outstanding financial and supply boards. At the Interallied conferences held in London and Paris the demands of the Entente, especially of Great Britain, were coördinated, and for the first time the Americans were able to construct a scientific programme of priorities. On the other hand, the British learned exactly what they might expect and approximately when. It was also of importance that Colonel House thus happened to be in London at the time when the Supreme War Council was proposed. Through his close contact with the British he was able to appreciate the necessity of American participation and it was apparently through his influence that President Wilson was brought to approve the Supreme War Council and to appoint an American delegate to sit upon it. It is likely that this action helped to save the life of the Council in the storm of criticism which broke out in England against it in mid-November, 1917. For this was a period when a word from Wilson had tremendous effect abroad.

Complete unity of plan was, of course, never achieved in matters of detail. The problems involved were

too vast and the organization that developed was too hurried. And yet in matters of general policy it may be said that, during the course of 1918, the American and British Governments came to act almost as a unit. Where they disagreed, they did so as two departments of the same Government might disagree; the factors of disagreement were fully and frankly discussed, and the motives which actuated each Government were explained in detail.

The situation is summarized in a dispatch sent from the United States to England by an able British correspondent: 'This country is not in formal alliance with any Power, but her relations with Britain are rapidly developing into the same close friendship on equal terms which unites the rest of the English-speaking world. The bond has no political expression, but in naval and military matters and in finance it is woven more firmly every day. Really there is little to distinguish the present and prospective coöperation with you of the United States from the splendid assistance rendered by Canada and the great dominions.'

The nerve-centre of the system, if such a name may be given to personal intercourse devoid of all formality, was apparently to be found not in London but in the United States. In New York City, on East Fifty-Third Street, in the same building, Sir William Wiseman and Colonel House — who at this time may be fairly described as President Wilson's *alter ego* in matters of foreign policy — both had apartments. Every day they spent long hours in conference. Here they were frequently joined by Lord Reading, whose habit it became to lay before them both the information and the problems of the British Embassy. From Colonel House's apartment ran a private telephone wire to Washington. A message

from the President or Mr. Lansing could be telephoned to New York and, by way of Wiseman's cable to the Foreign Office, it could be placed without delay on the desk of Sir Eric Drummond, Balfour's secretary. Conversely, news of importance might be sent as easily from Whitehall to the White House. The system made possible a continuity of intercourse and a degree of frankness between representatives of different Governments, probably unprecedented in history. It also ensured a minimum of red tape and a maximum of speed. One keen-sighted British diplomat had said in the summer of 1917 that Germany's greatest asset was the 3000 miles that separated London from Washington. By the intimacy of relations thus established, that distance was annihilated.

Certain results of this state of affairs may be noted, entirely apart from coördination in matters of finance and supply which led directly to German defeat. Close contact with the British made possible the working-out of plans for the League of Nations, during the summer of 1918, on a basis of constant interchange of views; this fact as much as anything else, perhaps, enabled the committee of the Peace Conference to draft the first Covenant in February 1919 with the rapidity achieved. It was also largely the intimacy with the British, and the clear mutual understanding of the position taken on both sides, that led Mr. Lloyd George, in the pre-armistice conversations, to withdraw his fundamental objections to a discussion of the 'freedom of the seas,' and to accept Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points with only mild reservations, as the basis of the pre-armistice convention.

Let us note also that close association between British and American leaders during the final months of the war permitted a frank interchange of

opinions upon the delicate topic of naval competition between Great Britain and the United States. From this, we may assume, resulted the British decision that they would not regard the increase of the United States navy as a danger to themselves, nor would they enter upon any race in naval armaments with the United States. Here, perhaps, was laid the firm basis upon which, later, the Washington Conference was able to build.

To Colonel House who, like Mr. Page, always insisted that the future stability of civilization depended upon the close friendship of Great Britain and the United States, these two questions — the 'freedom of the seas' and the elimination of naval competition — seemed of the first importance. It was inconceivable, he believed, that a serious quarrel between the two nations could ever arise over any other question. But in the restrictions that Great Britain claimed to impose upon neutral commerce in time of war, and in the naval rivalry that was threatened by the American programme of 1916, he saw political dynamite. Hence the insistence which House laid in the pre-armistice conversations upon the need of a general reconsideration of maritime regulations and the law of blockade, and the hope which he cherished that the British would yield something of their claims to interfere with neutral

commerce as advanced in 1915 and 1916. He pointed out constantly to Lloyd George the peril that lurked in this problem; the latter never perceived it, as had Lord Grey, although it was to be fully emphasized by such an authority as Admiral Consett.

Colonel House talked very plainly to all his English friends on this subject during the armistice negotiations, and told them that the United States would never permit any nation to interpret for them the rules under which American commerce might cross the high seas or approach neutral ports. The British took his warnings in excellent part and, although the discussions led to no final agreement, since Mr. Wilson did not raise the problem at the Peace Conference, they unquestionably prepared the way for the informal understanding upon the yet more vital matter of naval competition.

Coöperation with the British, furthermore, made possible the dissemination of Wilsonian doctrines in Germany. Under Northcliffe's direction British airplanes carried into the enemy's country millions of leaflets containing the essential parts of Wilson's speeches. Naturally the question arises, How far did this contribute to the shattering of German morale, and to what extent did Wilson incur a responsibility to the German people which was disregarded in the Treaty of Versailles?

(In a further paper Professor Seymour will discuss President Wilson's negotiations with Germany preceding the Conference.)

THE FRIGHTENED FARMER

BY BRUCE BLIVEN

I

For the past three years even the most casual reader of newspaper headlines has been aware that the farmers of the Middle West are profoundly discontented and distressed. No national question has occasioned more discussion than the state of agriculture. Nothing else except the oil scandal has been on the front page so often or so voluminously. Statesmen have risen to power, or have been hurled into outer darkness, because of what they have promised or failed to promise to do for the harassed tillers of the soil.

Yet despite all this publicity it is, I think, almost impossible to realize the seriousness of the question without visiting the regions affected. Certainly the writer found this the case when the exigencies of his profession forced him to make an extended trip through the Middle West a short time ago. Though he had followed the public discussion of the subject with some care, he found the distress, and the psychological and social conditions which have resulted from it, far more acute than he had imagined possible.

It is true that the situation in general is steadily getting better. At the peak of prosperity, the total farm income (cash) was fourteen billion dollars. When the boom broke it was cut to seven billion, and it has advanced for the present crop year to nine billion. Of this increase of two billion, perhaps five hundred million is to be credited

to the present year, three hundred and fifty million of which is for cotton. (The Department of Agriculture estimates the year's increase in total crop value as over a billion, but more than half the total production never leaves the farm. There is also reason to believe that the Department estimate is too high.)

The improvement, of course, is far from uniform; in fact, it is impossible to speak accurately of 'the condition of the farmer.' There is one such condition among the wheat raisers of the Dakotas, another in Kansas, still another in the corn and hog belt, others for livestock and cotton. Average figures taken for the whole country are therefore highly misleading. The present high price of cotton ensures substantial prosperity in the South, though the price per pound is less important to the planter than the yield per acre, and the depredations of the boll weevil are a serious matter. In the corn belt, the farmer who chose to ship last year's crop to market as corn has done fairly well, but if he elected to feed his corn to hogs he has not. The wheat farmers are still as badly off as they were in 1922. The livestock men are no longer doing business at a net loss, but they have not yet recovered from the ruinous position in which they were placed by the collapse of the market more than two years ago. An exception should be noted in the case of those who buy cattle and fatten

them for market. They have had a good year.

In generalizing on this subject it is also necessary to distinguish among farmers who own their land clear, those who hold it under mortgage, and tenants. The men who own their land have come through the crisis fairly well, tenant farmers have suffered, and the man with a mortgage has been penalized worst of all. However, if present conditions continue, the great majority of all the farmers in the country can undoubtedly continue to hold their land, and keep their families fed and clothed.

II

Wheat represents the most serious problem. The wheat acreage has been reduced about twelve per cent in the last year, but is still too high. Before the war we raised 47,000,000 acres, which in 1919 had been increased to 75,000,000. The figure has now shrunk to 58,000,000 — which, however, ought to be reduced to 50,000,000 if we are to raise only enough wheat for our own population. Many authorities believe this will be necessary, and that, barring abnormal conditions such as war, we shall never again be able to produce wheat cheaply enough for the world market.

It is the exportable surplus, the price of which is made at Liverpool, which determines the domestic price, subject (when world supply does not outrun world demand) to our domestic tariff. Unfortunately, that condition now exists. The world production of wheat is in excess, if not of the world's normal consumptive capacity, at least of its ability to buy. For 1923-24 this world production is estimated at 3,400,000,000 bushels, an increase of 300,000,000 bushels over the preceding year, and 500,000,000 bushels more than the

pre-war average. This increase more than makes good the deficiency occasioned by the loss of part of Russia's pre-war annual export of about 164,000,000 bushels, and the decrease in Indian production.

During the war the people in many countries were taught to eat less wheat, and the habit thus established continues. Mixing with substitutes is still required by law in some places. Most serious of all, the depreciation of currency in several European countries makes it impossible for their populations to buy wheat and other food products abroad, particularly in the United States, which has the most adverse exchange rate.

The catastrophic break in the price of farm products, which occurred at the beginning of 1921, was, of course, part of a world-wide movement. Farm prices, made internationally, decreased more rapidly than those of manufactured articles. The movement was accelerated because European purchasing power had almost disappeared. Quantitatively, crops were excellent, making certain that the 'exportable surplus' could not be consumed at home. In fact, our own per-capita consumption had diminished.

Not only did agricultural prices come down fastest and farthest, but they have stayed down and are still out of all proportion to the prices of other things. In January 1920, the wholesale price index of all commodities stood at 247 (1913 equals 100). By June 1921, it had fallen, for all commodities except farm products, to 154, while the price of the latter had sunk to 114. Food prices have risen substantially since then, but are still much below the general level.

What matters is not, of course, how much money the farmer receives, but its purchasing power. According to the Department of Agriculture, an average

acre of crops in 1921 had 52 per cent of the purchasing power it had in 1914. By 1922 it had risen to 67 per cent, and it is now somewhat higher though still less than 100 on nearly every item. The Department estimates that in 1922 the farmer's purchasing power, expressed in terms of axes, was 58 per cent of 1914; in barbed wire, 77 per cent; in coal, 61 per cent; in fertilizer, 91 per cent; overalls, 65 per cent.

III

A bitter controversy is now raging and will, no doubt, continue for some time, as to the part the Federal Reserve Board played in this deflation. The agricultural community, including some of the local bankers, firmly believes that the deflation was the result of a deliberate, rigidly enforced policy of the Board, which called in its loans suddenly, and to an impossibly high percentage of the total outstanding at a moment when the farmers could not, except by a miracle, meet their obligations. Those who defend the Board maintain that there is a confusion between currency deflation and credit deflation, and that practically none of the latter has taken place. The farmers' suffering, they maintain, is the result of world-wide causes with which the Federal Reserve Board had nothing to do and they point out that the slump in prices was just as bad in the Argentine Republic, Australia, and Canada as in the United States. The subject is so complex, and so much affected by hidden and variable factors that it is difficult to dogmatize about it with any certainty. It is the writer's judgment, after reading the evidence on both sides, that a serious decline in agricultural prices was inevitable, but that the action of the Federal Reserve Board in advancing the rediscount rate and contracting its loans was

certainly too sudden and too drastic, and thus served to make a bad matter decidedly worse.

The incident has left a scar which will be long in disappearing. In the Middle West I talked with men, bankers of good standing and conservative farm-owners, who firmly believed that the Government and 'Wall Street' had worked hand in glove to destroy the agricultural community. The animosity engendered thereby has had, and will have, important political results.

A serious factor in the farmer's plight, though one of which too much is frequently made, is speculation in land at high prices. The war brought the largest prices agriculture had known in two generations; and while these had to be balanced against correspondingly high costs of production, farmers were in general more prosperous than they had ever hoped to be. A great deal of land changed hands at the top of the market, much of it being bought 'on a shoestring.' When the crash came, and the loans were called, the new purchasers lost their land, and with it, in many cases, their savings of a lifetime.

In considering this situation one must remember that the price of nearly all land in the chief agricultural states west of the Mississippi is, and for many years has been, higher than is justified by its earning power. In the long run, the farmer makes his money not out of his crops but out of the increase in land value because of the influx of population. For this reason, the cash rent of farm land — based directly on its annual earning power — is absurdly low in proportion to its estimated value for sale or for mortgage purposes. In Iowa in 1920 this rental value was only 3.2 per cent of the land value, whereas in Ohio, which has passed its pioneer stage and settled down, it was 5.6 per cent.

IV

In addition to these general reasons for farmer distress, there are four specific causes for the farmer's present economic plight. First of these is high industrial wages. The agricultural districts, including, as they do, one third of the total population of the country, are heavy consumers of manufactured goods. The farmer has to pay high prices based both on high wages to industrial labor and on high freight rates in which wages paid to railroad men are a factor. I am not saying that either of these groups is overpaid; there is excellent reason to believe that they are not. The fact remains, however, that with the farmer's curtailed purchasing power he is forced to pay high prices, plus freight rates 60, 75, or 100 per cent higher than before the war. At the same time the freight rates on farm produce are increased by 45 to 75 per cent and this increase is deducted from what he receives.

Increased taxation bears heavily on the farmer. State, county, and local taxes increased between the fiscal year 1913-14 and the year 1921-22, for the whole United States, by 226 per cent. In Iowa, South Dakota, and Minnesota, three of the states hardest hit, the increase was 220, 292, and 246 per cent respectively. In Iowa, the average tax *per acre* is now \$1.49. You have only to compare this fact with the statement of the Department of Agriculture, based on reports from 5300 farms, that in 1922 the average profit was \$2.43 an acre on corn, while the loss per acre on wheat and oats was \$1.89 and \$1.65 respectively, to see what a burden taxation has become. In the whole country, in 1922, the average farm paid out in taxes \$174, not including income taxes or indirect levies. This taxation is to be compared

to a total cash income of \$1972 and a total cash expenditure of \$1257.

The tariff is another important factor in the farmer's cost of living. I realize that I tread on highly controversial ground; but I cannot in honesty fail to state that in my judgment the Fordney-McCumber tariff was a colossal swindle perpetrated against the farmer. The farm representatives in Congress were persuaded to vote for high tariffs on manufactured goods in exchange for high tariffs on farm products. But we don't import food-stuffs; we produce a surplus of them for export; and, in consequence, the tariff laid on hypothetical inbound trade has no effect on the prices the farmer gets (except as regards a small amount of high-grade hard wheat). On the other hand, the prices of many things which he buys have been increased because of the tariff, either directly through duties imposed, or indirectly because of the general upswing of all prices.

Finally, the farmer is struggling under a heavy load because his indebtedness was incurred in dollars of a certain value, and now must be discharged in dollars of far greater value — about fifty per cent greater, on the average. This means that, even if every other factor were normal, the farmer who borrowed \$10,000 in 1919 or 1920 must now pay back the equivalent of \$15,000 — plus interest. It is this fact which has brought about the demand in some parts of the Middle West for reinflation of the currency to the degree which existed when most of these loans were made. Every economist knows, of course, that the proposal is fallacious and would not bring the farmer the relief he imagines. You cannot inflate the farmer's dollar without inflating the wage-earner's dollar as well. Industrial wages would go up, prices of manufactured articles would go up,

freight rates would go up, and the farmer would soon find that his plight was as serious as before.

V

Whatever the reasons for the economic plight of the farmer, its results have been deplorable. In 1923, the Department of Agriculture found that in the leading fifteen corn and wheat states four per cent of all farmers owning their land have lost it through foreclosure or bankruptcy proceedings. Four and a half per cent more have turned over their farms to their creditors without taking the trouble to go through legal forms. An additional fifteen per cent are actually bankrupt but are continuing in possession of their property through the leniency of their creditors. This leniency is not altogether philanthropic: the lenders, many of whom are banks, have made loans on land at greatly inflated valuations; and if they were forced to reveal this fact by compelling bankruptcy of their debtors, they might themselves go under. Bankers in Minnesota and the Dakotas have, in fact, been in terror lest the farmers, in large numbers, should take advantage of the bankruptcy laws to evade their obligations. The desperate measures for emergency relief which have lately been taken by the Government through the War Finance Corporation for the support of banks in these sections are too well known to require comment.

Among tenant farmers the Department of Agriculture's figures show even more serious conditions than among owners. Seven and two-tenths per cent have been forced out by formal foreclosure or bankruptcy. Another 7.8 per cent have moved out without legal proceedings, and 21.3 per cent are being carried by their creditors although actually insolvent. These are

average figures, which of course do not represent accurately the condition in any locality. The percentage of farmers who have lost their land since 1920 varies, for example, from six in the five East North Central states to nine in the seven West North Central states and twenty in the three Mountain states.

But cold figures do not tell the human story of suffering and loss. In 1922 Secretary Wallace estimates that 1,200,000 people left the farms for good and all. Of this total number ninety-one per cent claim they were forced out by financial pressure. In the old days a farmer came to town to spend his declining years after he had acquired a competence through years of exertion; nowadays it is the young men who are leaving; and the diminution in the farm reservoir of man power is thus even larger than the figures would imply.

In the heart of Iowa's rich corn and hog belt I was told recently that 'pretty nearly everybody,' not tied to the land by ownership or other obligation, is leaving. The agricultural colleges, while the size of their classes is not greatly diminished, report an increasing percentage of graduates who are looking for salaried positions in farm bureaus, agricultural extension work, and so on, instead of going back to the farm. Of all habitable farm-houses in the United States 4.7 per cent were vacant in 1920, 5.7 per cent in 1921, and 7.3 per cent in 1922. Because of the housing shortage not all such houses are occupied by farmers, many being used by workers who commute to near-by cities. The farm occupancy decreased during the years noted from 89 to 86 per cent.

VI

While it is important to know why the farmer is in his present situation, it

is far more important to know whether he can get out, and if so, how. Turning to this aspect we find that there are nine main proposals for relief of the farmer which deserve discussion. They are: —

First: — Reduction of acreage. This is suggested particularly in the case of wheat, where, as I have indicated, the total acreage is still 25 per cent above the pre-war level, although the former export market has been largely eliminated.

Second: — Diversification of crops, so that a disastrous slump in the price of any one of them will not spell ruin. This also is proposed especially for the wheat farmer who, as a rule, raises little else.

Third: — Coöperative marketing, whereby the farmer may free himself from the grip of the middleman, holding his produce in jointly owned elevators and warehouses, and putting it on the market through the year on terms most advantageous to himself, and at prices which represent an increased proportion of what the consumer pays.

Fourth: — Arbitrary fixing by the government of *minimum* prices on leading products such as wheat.

Fifth: — Revision of the immigration law in order to encourage the entrance of agricultural laborers, both to provide more man power and to bring down agricultural wages. It is also proposed to encourage industrial immigration in the hope of reducing factory wages and the prices of manufactured products.

Sixth: — An increase in the tariff on wheat. This was secured on March 7, 1924, when President Coolidge, acting under the 'flexible' provision of the Fordney-McCumber law, increased the rate on wheat from 30 to 42 cents a bushel and on flour from 78 cents to \$1.04 a hundred pounds.

Seventh: — Purchase of the surplus

wheat crop by the Government to hold it off the market, create an artificial domestic scarcity, and thereby raise the price. One form of this proposal would have the Government buy a large part of the entire production and become the actual middleman in distributing it at home. Another plan (which has secured the support of Secretary Wallace) provides that the Government shall form an export corporation which shall finance the sale of the surplus wheat abroad, at a loss if necessary. It is believed that, were the tariff wall maintained, the domestic demand would outrun the supply and the price would go up. The loss on one year's export business would be charged back to the individual farmer against the next year's crop, each man contributing in proportion to the amount of his wheat sold. It is supposed that thereby the danger of an increase in acreage to take advantage of the Government's assistance would be avoided.

Eighth: — There is some support for the simple proposal that the Government buy the surplus wheat at a high price and sell it to the American consumer at the market rate, taking a loss and paying the deficit out of taxation.

Ninth: — There is, of course, a widespread demand from the farmer, that freight rates come down, both on the products which he ships and on those he buys, into the cost of which freight enters.

One or more of these underlying proposals is to be found at the basis of every piece of legislation introduced in Congress, and every effort to help the farmer by activity in the purely economic field. Are they practicable? Is it likely that any of them will be made effective?

Here, of course, we enter the realm of prophecy, where it may be argued that one man's guess is as good as

another's. I must, however, record my reluctant conviction that not one of these measures except reduction of acreage is likely to be put into operation in the near future in any such way as will bring the farmers relief.

Reduction of acreage and diversification are going on now, under the whip of necessity. They are, however, a slow process. Much of the wheat land, for instance, is ill-suited to other crops, and the farmer feels that in view of his investment he cannot let it lie idle. To shift from one crop to another frequently needs special machinery, the purchase of seed, and so forth, requiring expenditures which the farmer cannot undertake and for which his local banks are not in a position to provide funds. The Government has approved the creation of a \$10,000,000 corporation to make loans for this purpose. The Norbeck-Burtness bill authorizing a Government fund of \$50,000,000 for the same purpose was defeated in the Senate in March. If passed it might have brought a substantial degree of relief to the wheat growers. It could not, of course, aid the farmer who is already producing diversified crops and who in 1921 and 1922 suffered quite as seriously as the wheat farmer is suffering now. Moreover, the moment the price of wheat goes up again, the temptation to return to this high-value cash crop will be irresistible.

As for coöperative marketing, we might as well recognize plainly that the American farmer is not ready for such an enterprise on a big scale. Coöperation has succeeded in the case of special crops, usually in single localities; but such a huge problem as is involved in marketing wheat, corn, or livestock in this way can be solved only by years of patient educational work, and even then will probably need to grow from small local beginnings. In the long run

coöperative marketing is the farmer's best hope; but it will work no miracles. It cannot, for instance, solve the problem of high American costs of production as compared to these abroad.

Government price-fixing seems to the writer a fantastic proposal. The war experience showed that even when patriotic emotion is at its height, people disregard these laws in so far as they feel there is a personal advantage to them in doing so. Since consumers of foodstuffs outnumber producers two to one, no Government is likely to put through a law which to a large majority of the people would seem to legalize profiteering by a minority. The same objections lie against the proposal to bring in additional immigrants. When a surplus of agricultural products is being produced, the last thing the country needs is more farm-workers. This suggestion, and the scheme to import industrial workers and break factory wages are both politically impossible even if there were not other grave objections to them.

As for the hope which has been based on the tariff increase, the economic fallacy involved seems plain. A tariff cannot increase the price of a commodity of which we produce more than we consume, exporting the surplus which is sold on the world market at a world price. The former thirty-cent rate failed to benefit the farmers substantially. What the present increased rate will do is suggested by the fact that on the second trading day after President Coolidge ordered the change, the price of wheat *fell* two cents a bushel!

The suggestion that the Government buy the surplus, or even the whole wheat crop, is one which must be taken seriously. Economically, it is feasible if the Government has the funds. For Uncle Sam to become a middleman in the marketing of any large part of our

total agricultural production is probably too big an order; but it would be possible to buy the surplus and sell it abroad at a loss, if we wished to do so. Such action would raise the domestic price; and it would not be impracticable to charge this year's losses back to the farmers to be paid out of next year's crop. But here again the fundamental objection is political. Is Congress likely to pass a law which will raise the price of bread for two thirds of the population in order to benefit one third? I think not. If it were done, I believe the law would be repealed as soon as the people saw how it worked.

There is also the serious question of the retaliatory measures which might be taken by the European countries upon whom our surplus was dumped. Great Britain, in particular, would not be likely to stand by and with complacency watch America ruining the British market for Canadian and Australian wheat.

The demand of the farmer for lower freight rates is of course a familiar one. The reply of the railroads is that they cannot reduce freight rates while they are forced to pay present wages. Whether this is true or not, substantial relief to the farmer in this quarter is extremely unlikely. So is inflation of the currency in order to restore the 1919-20 scale of values and allow the farmer to pay off his debts with money actually worth no more than that which he borrowed.

When the Russian famine was at its height, American farm conditions were particularly bad and some relief was experienced through the purchase of a total of about \$70,000,000 in American foodstuffs by the Government and private relief organizations for the Russian people. The distress in Germany which has reached such alarming proportions is again putting a demand upon the American people

for assistance, which will have some effect on agriculture, though not of importance.

VII

The reader who has followed me thus far may well ask, If none of these remedies is to be effective, by what means shall we rescue the farmer?

In my judgment, by none. I do not believe any political panacea can help agriculture. The stock formula is that the restoration of Europe to prosperity will repair our market, since eighty per cent of all our exports are of foodstuffs, and Europe used to take eighty per cent of these. But the facts indicate that even such a restoration would be only temporary in its effects. Europe is more and more growing its own grain or depending on foreign sources where production costs are too low for the American farmer to be able successfully to compete.

This is especially true with such high land-prices as exist even to-day after the depression. In view of these prices, plus American labor costs and the standard of living of the American farmer, it is impossible, as I have said, to produce wheat in the United States for sale on the world market when that market is normal. I have already referred to the fact that the farmer in the newer states in the Middle West has been primarily a land speculator and has made his money in that capacity. To-day it seems probable that the upward movement of land values in those states has come to an end. Certainly this is true until new methods in agriculture are introduced which will increase the number of persons employed per square mile. The farmer suddenly finds himself compelled for the first time to look for his revenue solely to his crop production, and is awakening to the fact that this is impossible as long as his selling prices

are created on a world market in competition with other lands where the standard of living is far below his own.

While this is true, it is only temporarily so. The population of the United States is steadily increasing, and steadily turning more and more from agriculture to industrial activity, as is shown by the constant increase in the proportion of urban dwellers. Herbert Hoover has estimated that within ten years we shall have no more wheat for export, and shall begin to import for the needs of our own population. If the farmer can tide over his present troubles, his future is fairly certain after, at most, a few years.

Unfortunately, the wheat farmer is unable to wait. As everyone now knows, the situation of both farmers and financial institutions in the northwest is precarious. Five hundred bank failures have occurred in the past two years; many more institutions are unsound and will require support either from the Government or from the big institutions of New York and Chicago to carry them through. Over limited areas for the next year or two it may be necessary for us to reconcile ourselves to direct subsidization of a type and on a scale for which nothing in the American tradition prepares us. Such effort may properly be regarded as part of the cost of the war — quite as much so, certainly, as the million dollars a week which we are now spending on our 'emergency' fleet of vessels — most of which were built after the Armistice.

VIII

As I have already said, it is impossible to realize what the situation of the farmer means in human terms until you go out through the territory which is involved and talk to the men who are struggling to keep a roof over their

heads. The psychology in those sections which have safely weathered the storm is not noticeably different from that existing where the future is still faced with the gravest apprehension.

Throughout the Middle West the farmers have been terribly frightened. All their lives they have believed the copybook maxims to the effect that hard, intelligent work should enable every American to keep his family and himself at least beyond the fear of actual want. Since 1920, they have suddenly and catastrophically found that the copybooks are wrong. Those who have managed to save their farms, as well as the thousands who have lost them, have been the victims, not of indolence or stupidity, but of economic processes as vast and terrible as the laws of the physical universe. Add to this the fact that many of these men sincerely believe some of their suffering was deliberately engineered by Government agencies, and it is small wonder that the West is sending to Congress to-day a group of radicals who, whatever else they do or leave undone, may be relied upon to tell the nation that the farmer is in distress.

At heart, there is no more conservative individual on earth than the land-owning American of the Middle West. He is blood-brother to the man on Main Street, with all his horror of cults and isms and new-fangled notions. The farmer's radicalism is exactly the radicalism which threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor. It is an outraged sense of injustice and a burning determination to leave no stone unturned to secure what he regards as redress. When he gets what he wants, I predict that the radicalism of the farmer will disappear so quickly that overnight people will wonder how they could ever have supposed that the agricultural regions were anything else than safe and sane.

AFTER FIVE YEARS

BY H. H. POWERS

FIVE years ago began the great controversy regarding the League of Nations. Prejudiced from the outset by the personality and tactics of its chief exponent, the proposal was rejected by the American Senate and with seeming greater decisiveness by the American people.

I made my own little contribution to that decision — all the contribution of which I was capable. To-day I am reconciled to the League. I believe that my experience is that of some millions of my fellow Americans. It is this belief that prompts me to reopen for myself a 'closed issue.'

Not that I objected to coöperation in principle. I despised the argument that participation in European affairs would cost us money and get us into trouble. As well object that to rescue a drowning man you are liable to get wet. I am and always have been ready to have my country help to the limit of its capacity and at any cost to itself which would not destroy its power to help. That is what our money is for, what we are for — 'to spend and to be spent'; and if we have not learned the satisfaction of such spending, it is time we did. Throughout the period of controversy nothing tried me so much as the plaudits of those whose slogan was: 'America for itself; the Devil take the rest.' I remember with satisfaction having granted my frank permission to some of these would-be sympathizers to go to their own place. I had no words for them.

And it is not they whom I am ad-

ressing now. They have not changed their attitude; or if they have, it is for reasons which they are more competent than I to set forth. I speak for those who accepted freely the principle of international coöperation in the interest of world peace and progress, but who did not believe that the League of Nations, as then proposed, would contribute to the end sought. We had our misgivings and our definite objections.

Here again, however, there is need of a disclaimer. Not all the objections urged against the League were ours. For instance, no sincere believer in coöperation ever urged the notorious six-to-one objection. The proposal that in this congress of Babel our own race, those committed to our ideals, should have a relatively large representation, was not one to disturb any friend of coöperation. It was rather a consummation devoutly to be wished, and the marvel was that we had found a satisfactory excuse for securing it. That this representation was chiefly British rather than American was inconsequential, or, if open to objection, it was as nothing to the objection that we had a whole bevy of Caribbean satellites whose action we were in a position to influence if we chose, as Britain could never influence the action of Canada and Australia. It was clear from the first that this objection was urged by those who wished to defeat the scheme rather than to safeguard it. As such, it always seemed to me disingenuous.

But the friends of coöperation had their objections to the proposed League none the less — objections to features which they believed would destroy its efficiency and discredit the cause which they had at heart. Has the experience of the last five years justified or dispelled their fears?

In the first place, we doubted the feasibility of anything like formal and binding joint-action on the part of all the nations. They were too diverse in size, in power, in wealth, in intelligence, in diplomatic experience. The great Powers would never submit to be bound by the small Powers, nor the small by the great. It was not a question whether they ought to feel that way; they did feel that way, and we were — or tried to be — realists. And if the great and small could not trust each other, still less could the great trust the great. Expostulate all you will, there is the patent fact. The skeptic has but to recall Spa, Genoa, Cannes, Brussels, London, Paris.

The framers of the League did not reassure us at all by their devices to remove this very obvious objection. There was the famous five-to-four arrangement, which Mr. Taft assured us guaranteed in perpetuity the control of the great Powers. Five was more than four — we could all see that. But suppose one of the great Powers should refuse to play and should go and flock with the little ones. Would not five be more than four in this case as well? Then there was the requirement of unanimity in certain cases where we were especially sensitive. Surely no one could do anything to us if they had to wait for our consent. No; nor could we do anything if we had to wait for theirs. We could not all of us see safety in the prospect of universal deadlock. Taking everything as it stood, it seemed to us that an association of all the nations offered a large

opportunity for deliberation, persuasion, and influence, but very little hope of acceptable or wise control.

But our enthusiasts wanted a league 'with teeth.' Some — and among them men usually accounted sane — would go so far as to substitute for the armies and navies of the nations an international force under the control of the League. I have never been able to understand how intelligent men in this age of the world could be so unconscious of the psychological requirements of military loyalty and discipline or of the incitement to international intrigue and to individual ambition, which this proposal implies. But as the proposal never reached the point of serious consideration by the nation, it does not call for it now.

In lieu of this Prætorian Guard, the League was obliged to content itself with the vague implications of Article X and the economic boycott. We were to 'guarantee' all members of the League — ultimately, of course, all nations — against the violation of their frontiers. Just how and who and when in each case was not and could not be specified. Plainly, however, it was not to be left to our own individual national discretion, for that would have left us just where we were; and if war was not the means intended, it obviously might prove the means required. It was an opportunity for the imagination to run riot and our imaginations were not reassuring. We pictured ourselves summoned from Geneva to repel an invasion of Poland. We did not like that. Or Germany perhaps commissioned to drive Argentina out of Paraguay. We should n't like that. Or Germany authorized to drive the Reds out of Poland. For a quite different reason we should not like that. Indeed we could scarcely think of any acceptable commission under Article X.

But we were assured that this would

never be necessary. The economic boycott would settle all that. This weapon was much lauded as both easy and safe. It could be applied by Government edict in an hour. Its pressure would be tremendous and in the case of any advanced nation would be unendurable.

Let us imagine a case. Germany will most easily serve our purpose. She breaks bounds and must be coerced. The edict goes forth from Geneva that Washington must sever relations with Berlin, that our Government must have no dealings with Germany or with Germans, and that our citizens must have no dealings with Germans at home or abroad. Let us be concrete. Germany is our second largest customer for cotton. The price is thirty cents. The boycott will knock the bottom out of the cotton market in five minutes. Millions of bales bought by dealers on a market basis are dumped on the market and sold below cost. Planters and dealers are ruined and the disaster is propagated by the 'sympathy' of the market to the whole line. What will these men say about it? do about it? What did they do in 1917, when it was announced that cotton, like wheat, was to be subjected to a maximum-price limit? Through their spokesmen in Congress they angrily declared: 'What we demand of this administration is the assurance that its policy is to be *hands off cotton*.' It was hands off cotton. Easy, oh yes, and prompt; but there will be some hesitation in shooting with a gun that kicks like that when fired.

The objection to all this is not that it is illogical or even unreasonable, but that it is impossible. The sufficient reason why we should not promise all this is the certain fact that we would not keep the promise. You can't make a people fight a war without a war psychology. They will not fight unless they are mad or scared. They will not make great sacrifices unless under the

influence of great emotions. Mr. Wilson thought the mood of 1919 favorable to the launching of his scheme. It certainly was, if it was only a question of launching. The world would have launched anything, even the least seaworthy, in its mood of utter war-weariness. That was a very good reason for waiting. The appeal was like that to a young couple drawn together by a brief emotional experience: 'Better marry now. If you wait till to-morrow you may not feel like it.' Then for heaven's sake, wait till to-morrow.

This, in brief, was my objection in 1919, and under like conditions it would be my objection now. The nations of the world were utterly unprepared and are still unprepared to exercise the powers which it was proposed to confer upon them. They lack the intelligence, the cohesion, the disinterestedness to adopt the principle of majority rule and to exercise coercion under majority sanction. Qualify and disguise as we please, there can be no coercion under world mandate as yet. There may be emergency combinations of great potency and even permanent predilections toward joint action in certain connections, but for the nations as a whole, under whatever covenant or device, the possibility of joint coercion is still remote. Whether the time will ever come is an academic question.

Why, then, is the League of Nations acceptable to-day as it was not in 1919? Simply because it has shed its teeth. During the past five years the League of Nations has begun to take real form. Political institutions are not manufactured; they grow. Written constitutions and covenants are merely forecasts of the form which this growth is expected — or desired — to take. The inscrutable forces which determine growth reckon little of these paper preliminaries — so little indeed that they

seldom stop to revise them in accordance with vital achievement. The British Cabinet, the most powerful governing body in the world, does not exist in law and is mentioned in no British statute. On the other hand, in theory British laws still derive their authority from the 'royal assent.' It would be a strange observer, however, who would ignore the one or heed the other in his inventory of political Britain.

This suggests the nature of our problem. The League of Nations is no longer a theory. It is a fact. It has had a brief but momentous existence and there is no mistaking the verdict of experience to date. It is unnecessary here to repeat the familiar facts as to its organization: the big Assembly where all meet on equal terms, the Council where the chosen few exercise their more potent influence, and the Secretariat which, by its mastery of facts and its unlimited command of expert services, is the potent dispenser of destiny. It concerns us chiefly to know these in the flesh.

Opinion seems to be unanimous that the League has been fortunate in its initial personnel. The nations have sent of their best and the spirit of coöperation is pronounced. Most conspicuous of all these appointments is that of the Secretary-in-Chief, Sir Eric Drummond, to whose initiative is doubtless due the atmosphere of welcome and helpfulness which pervades the headquarters of the Secretariat at Geneva. This is apparent to the most casual observer. It is possibly due in part to this atmosphere that the representatives of the different nations seem unconsciously to think of themselves as members of one body rather than as representatives of distinct and rival nations. We may call this the League consciousness, as contrasted with the diplomatic consciousness which is the

inevitable result of working from separate national centres. There seems to be nothing of the sparring for advantage which characterizes a conference of ambassadors.

All this has been increased by the nature of the work which has been given to the League to do. The most sagacious feature of the original plan was the assignment to the League of all international activities hitherto carried on by minor commissions such as the Danube Commission, the International Postal Union, and so on. The aggregate of these activities was considerable and they were, in general, activities involving no rivalries or conflicting claims. They were things that everybody wanted done and asked only that they be done well. Other things of like sort were speedily added: the traffic in narcotic drugs, the white-slave traffic, the control of epidemics, international labor problems, and the like. The great body of delegates was divided into committees and kept busy doing things that involved no other question than that of ways and means.

The League, once recognized as an international maid-of-all-work, it is astonishing how much such work we find for it to do, work hitherto left undone and — as we are beginning to realize — neglected to our hurt. The League is a hive of industry of an indubitably useful sort. Thus employed, men get all over thinking of one another as rivals bent on overreaching and outwitting their antagonists, and become dominated by a new consciousness.

The wary nationalist will scent danger in this new temper of trust and coöperation. Can we trust men thus minded to look after national interests? He may console himself with the thought that this temper is not likely soon to become universal. Meanwhile, remembering the events of recent

years, perhaps we can afford to take the risk.

The League, once habituated to these international tasks, finds occasional opportunities for exceptional service. The outstanding example is the rehabilitation of Austria. The situation was desperate and Austria was unable to extricate herself. She was humbled and helpless, an object of pity rather than of fear. Everybody wanted the thing done, yet no individual nation could extend a helping hand without political implications of a disturbing character. With unanimity the League of Nations was invited to undertake the task. For this the League was ideally fitted. The world's ablest experts were at its disposal for the searching inquiry and formulated plan required. The plan once formulated and accepted by Austria, the country that could not have borrowed a penny before, now found her new loan oversubscribed in every monetary centre in which it was offered. Expectations have been more than realized, and a country which but a few months ago was paralyzed and bankrupt, is now busy and prosperous. The League has bestowed no charity and exercised no coercion. It has simply served as a vehicle — and an indispensable vehicle — for the helpfulness of the nations.

Similar action is contemplated for Hungary and, possibly, for others. Even Germany may come within the range of League assistance if we can get to the point where all are willing that Germany should be rehabilitated. Nothing can be done without universal consent.

A striking case of League service was the repatriation of war prisoners, of whom nearly half a million were stranded in the Russian chaos, unable to return to their homes and families. Everybody was willing to have them

return, but no nation could go after them. It was not the kind of thing that nations could do. The League performed the difficult task satisfactorily, creating appropriate instruments and machinery for the purpose. But, as before, the secret of success lay in the universal willingness to have the thing done. That has been the condition of every success thus far achieved.

Curiously enough, that condition is sometimes realized in cases of bitterest dispute. Such a case occurred at one of the conferences when the relation between England and France was one of extreme tension. The discussion ended in absolute deadlock. Neither would yield or could yield with the sentiment at home as it was. Yet to leave the question unsettled would have been almost a guaranty of rupture. It was with a sense of relief to both that they adopted the suggestion that it be referred to the League of Nations. The League began as usual by a searching expert inquiry. This took time, which in this case was of the essence of the situation. By the time the inquiry was completed the issue was somewhat forgotten and the tension relieved. The report of the experts, too, was convincing as usual and the weary diplomats on both sides were glad of a face-saving pretext to accept a hitherto impossible settlement.

Few are aware how frequent are cases of this kind in diplomatic experience. It would be a poor diplomat who did not begin by claiming rather more than he expected to get and claiming, of course, in very positive terms. If left to themselves, the negotiators try each other out and finally make the inevitable concessions. This is the reason for secret diplomacy. If the first stout asseverations are public, concession is sure to be construed as surrender or betrayal and

the negotiator is ruined. Far worse is the situation when the public itself has made the initial demands and is excited about them. Negotiators charged to represent such rival claims can make no concession, however convinced of its reasonableness, under pain of ruin for themselves and possible war for their people. In such cases the dispute has not infrequently been referred to a disinterested foreign monarch. How many Americans realize that we hold a portion of our own national domain by the award of the first German Emperor? For such purposes the League is obviously better fitted than a monarch or other referee chosen on the spur of the moment. Procedure in such cases becomes systematized and principles gradually emerge from experience. All depends, of course, upon the thoroughness and impartiality with which it performs its task, but its record in this respect is above criticism.

We have found the League thus far primarily an international administrative body, performing a large and increasing number of tasks, some permanent and others of an emergency nature. Incidentally, and to a far less extent, it serves as a tribunal for the settlement of disputes referred to it by common consent.

But it was something very different from this that we expected from the League. That it has been able to make itself useful in these ways is so much to the good, but it was not such services as these that excited our hopes or our fears five years ago. There was to be a policeman who should lay a heavy hand upon the marauder and hale him before the bar of justice. Does the League possess such powers, and if so, what has it accomplished? It will hardly be contended that there has been no occasion for their exercise.

The case most frequently cited as a

fulfillment of these hopes is that of the Åland Islands dispute. Claimed by Finland, they preferred union with Sweden. The case was complicated by the usual strategic and ethnic considerations. The tension became so great that direct agreement was impossible. Both nations, however, agreed to refer the dispute to the Ambassadors of the great Powers. They, in turn, referred it to the League, by whom it was settled in the usual thoroughgoing and admirable manner. The ability with which the League handles these matters is indisputable. The mastery of facts and the spirit of fairness which are manifest in these awards is such as to compel acceptance. Again we must recognize valuable service.

But there is still no sign of police power, no coercion of an unwilling party. The partisans of the League would fain have us believe that the League averted war. Conceivably the affair, if neglected or bungled, might have led to war, but when both nations agreed on their own initiative to refer it to arbitration, the danger of war would seem not to have been imminent. Finland protested against the reference to the League but acquiesced, and Sweden protested against the award but acquiesced. Evidently there was a will to peace all round.

What could the League do if that will to peace were lacking?

We had not long to wait for an answer. A shocking crime against Italian citizens was committed on Greek territory and probably by Greeks. The Greek Government at once expressed regret and promised fullest amends. The Italian dictator ignored the proffered satisfaction, demanded a prodigious indemnity and humiliating obeisance, and, without waiting for acceptance or refusal, seized Corfu with a seemingly unneces-

sary bombardment, all as a pledge for the fulfillment of the condition imposed. Greece appealed to the League of Nations and Italy peremptorily and absolutely refused to recognize its jurisdiction, on the ground that the League could not intervene in a case affecting the honor of the nation. Finding his position a difficult one, the dictator consented to refer the case to the Council of Ambassadors, who rendered a decision suggested by the League but one which conceded most of the dictator's demands.

It would be difficult to imagine a case more completely covering all the points of our inquiry. At the outset Mussolini had all the cards in his hand. The crime was completely established; Greek responsibility was clear and avowed; Italy was overwhelmingly superior to Greece in power and therefore above suspicion of weakness or fear; and finally, the sympathies of the entire world were on her side. We can hardly imagine a situation in which it would have been easier for a nation to submit its case to an international tribunal. Such a reference would have involved no loss of dignity or national interest and it would have ensured as favorable a judgment as it was humanly possible to grant.

But no. 'National honor' was at stake, and in such cases the competence of the tribunal was not to be recognized. When the Italian representative at Geneva was reminded of the possibility of an economic boycott, he remarked with naïve surprise: 'Why, I did n't suppose that that applied to Powers like Italy.' And in effect it did not, as the result proved. We may assume that Mussolini lost no sleep over the possibility of an economic boycott.

And so, in defense of the 'national honor,' Mussolini adopted a policy which at once alienated all sympathies and sacrificed every moral advantage

that he previously possessed. It was a case of the big bully and the small boy — and worse, for the small boy had made abject submission for a wrong for which he was but indirectly and doubtfully responsible. Under such circumstances and with the absolute certainty of justice through the new agency to which Italy stood pledged, the seizure and needless bombardment of Corfu was one of the most unmitigated outrages which modern history records. The invasion of Belgium was sweet reasonableness compared with it.

I shall of course be reminded that this was only the surface aspect of the case. The seizure of Corfu, the most splendid naval base in the central Mediterranean and the key to the Adriatic and all its hinterland, was part of a vast scheme of military and naval expansion which is dear to the heart of Mussolini and his people, and for this the Albanian murder — coming at a time when France and Britain were hopelessly at loggerheads — was a welcome pretext. The problem was therefore not nearly so simple and the reference to the League not nearly so safe for Italian aims as we have indicated. Undoubtedly. Naïve indeed must be the man who expected Mussolini to retire from Corfu as promised, unless compelled to do so. Italian ambitions are no secret, nor yet Mussolini's attitude toward them. Promises of withdrawal in such cases are discounted not only by the age-long experience of nations, but by the flagrant case of the Dodecanese, still held by Italy in the face of an identical promise. If there are still trusting souls who think the Italian withdrawal was voluntary, they have but to note the fury of the Fascist newspapers against France at the time, as having abandoned her Latin neighbor. Confronted with a naval coup to which they were equally and absolutely unreconciled, France

and Britain had pronounced the fatal veto. Italy withdrew, in accordance with her promise made expressly to save her face in this contingency, and wrathfully retaliated with the threat of an Italo-Spanish alliance. All of which means that the case was thoroughly representative, that it involved the usual passions and the traditional ambitions, and that it menaced the world with the usual dangers. It was precisely the case which the League had been created to deal with — a case with a minimum of obscurity as to fact and with world sentiment solidly behind the League in any judgment it might render. Not in a century shall we have a better test-case.

The League did not and could not bring the marauder to book. Mussolini could and did defy its authority. There were pretexts, of course — rather fortunate ones. The murdered commissioners had been appointed by the Council of Ambassadors. The Council was therefore the technically aggrieved party. Mussolini, somewhat embarrassed by his prompt ejection from Corfu, and the League, much more embarrassed by its absolute inability to assert its jurisdiction, both consented to refer the case to the Council — not, however, without a virtual surrender to Mussolini on the chief points of his ultimatum.

It was well. The withdrawal of Italy from the League and its consequent probable dissolution were averted. Mussolini got his money, — bread snatched from the mouths of half a million refugees, — but the apologies were made to the Council of Ambassadors rather than to Italy. To the man in the street this hardly impaired the victory of Mussolini. Mussolini, however, undoubtedly learned something. Italian supremacy in the Mediterranean is not to be established by a naval coup in a moment of discord.

And if the League did not teach him this lesson, it did teach him another. Perhaps the most significant thing in the whole affair was the formation overnight of a powerful bloc of the little nations, impotent individually but powerful in combination, who saw in the attack upon Greece a menace to their own safety. Had not the Assembly been prudently adjourned by pressure from above, action would undoubtedly have been taken which would have made it impossible to sidestep an issue that simply had to be sidestepped. That a man of Mussolini's known sagacity should be insensible to this new danger, is hardly thinkable. The League had disclosed a new and profoundly significant possibility of service as an organ for the focusing and expression of world opinion. I venture the opinion that its future usefulness will be very largely in this connection.

But the League did not and could not coerce. Every nation in the world was on its side, but it issued no mandate for the ejection of Italy from Corfu and called for no economic boycott. Though directly appealed to by one of the parties and straining at the leash in its eagerness to intervene, it did not summon Italy before the bar of justice, did not even take official cognizance of the case. It dared not, could not. This does not mean that it did not considerably influence the result in this case, still more, perhaps, in future cases.

The League has influence, but not authority.

The conflict between Mussolini and the League is a conflict between two fundamental attitudes toward the world order. The League conception is that the world order, as regards the nations, is static. The nations are finalities. They are to stay at home, avoid trespass, and maintain neigh-

borly relations. Disputes are to be settled by mutual concession, by arbitration, or if necessary by superstate authority.

Such is the reasoning of the theorists.

Mussolini and his like regard the world order as still dynamic. The nations are not finalities. The forces of aggression and absorption are perilously active, and the nation that assumes a passive attitude is doomed. Conditions of the great competition change, but not the competition.

Such is the instinct of the peoples.

The much decried 'national honor,' which seems to stand for anything and everything and which can be invoked in every controversy, is nothing but an honorific term for this instinct. It is the spontaneous reaction against a national menace, real or fancied — a reaction indispensable to the active rôle of nations in a dynamic world-order. Assuming that the world is still dynamic, that present national adjustments are not final, and that national self-assertion still has its place in the process, Mussolini is perfectly right in his assertion that cases involving national honor cannot be submitted to alien jurisdiction or to reasoned settlement of any kind. Instinct must have its way.

It is no part of my purpose to argue this question. It suffices to say that the conflict is there. The impulse of self-assertion holds mankind in the powerful grasp of age-long instinct, keeping that world dynamic but sorely troubled. Upon this world in flux — and pretty obviously in transition — we are asked to impose immediate status through the instrumentality of a League exercising authority and backed by force.

It cannot be done. The transition must be gradual and must be effected by the slow and vital process of growth. If Mussolini has had his lesson, the

League has had one too. The League has found an unexpectedly large field of usefulness in what we may call international administration. It is the liaison officer among the nations. It has shown its capacity in the settlement of disputes between friendly or deadlocked and despairing contestants. It has proved itself startlingly efficient in the crystallization and expression of world opinion. In all this it has proved itself immensely and incalculably worth while. But it cannot coerce.

Will it ever be able to do so? Will it every try? I do not think so; certainly not if the present sagacity of its personnel continues. If we should have another Corfu case with another Mussolini, the League would be less tempted than before to assert a challenged authority. The precedent now established will be followed and reinforced by all subsequent action. If not, then the League will court defeat and will pay for its mistake with its life.

On the other hand, I believe Mussolini would be more cautious than before in braving the League with its dread scourge of public opinion. The League would exercise more influence than before. The student of American history will recall that our Supreme Court once had its decisions flouted by the Executive. It attempted no armed enforcement, invoked no economic blockade. It could rely only upon the reasonableness and justice of its opinion. That has proved sufficient, has succeeded where all else would have failed. Who flouts its decisions now?

What can and should America do about the League as it is to-day? Three courses are open:—

1. We can enter without reservations.
 2. We can enter with reservations.
 3. We can coöperate without entering.
- In the outcome, these differ from one

another as tweedledum from tweedledee. If we enter without reservations, we shall never hear of Article X or of the economic boycott. There is about as much danger that those dead provisions will rise up and plague us as there is that the Electoral College will refuse to elect our chosen candidate president, or that the King of England will veto a bill from the Commons. Political and religious institutions, like living organisms, have atrophied organs which it is safer to tolerate than to remove. A crusade against Article X to-day is a tilt against windmills.

To join with reservations would have the advantage of verbal consistency — an advantage variously appraised. It is relevant to add that the consistency which is of moral concern and relates to the integrity of character is not verbal, and it is not so clear that it is here at stake. But as the League is still young, and as the present members are probably not irrevocably committed to the verbal covenant, perhaps the elimination of the dead clauses in the interest of apparent consistency would be worth the trouble it would cost. But as far as the actual work of the League is concerned and our part in it, the reservations would not make one hair white or black.

Coöperation without entering the League would work out much the same. If we roll up our sleeves and pitch in, they are n't going to ask us for our union card. It would not be so handsome a way of acknowledging our obligation, and it is conceivable that in some emergency it might have its disadvantages. But it is our presence rather than our technical status which is of concern. I am willing to draw cuts for the choice.

But I am not willing any longer to have our people, the richest and most powerful in the world, shirk their fair share of the world's common burden. The world is sicker than we thought; recovery is slower and more doubtful than we thought; the danger that the acute may become chronic is greater than we thought. It is all very well to say that we can do our part better independently than in coöperation; suspicion deepens that we are not doing it better, that we are not doing it at all. Certainly a vast amount of work is being done which is of concern to us and of use to all, in which we have no part and to which we make no contribution. I am a bit ashamed that we cannot send our magnificent Dawes at the call of Europe, without disclaiming national responsibility for his action. I am incensed that we refuse to enter a World Court which American genius has planned and to which we are pledged by a unanimity of political pronouncement, simply because it involves momentary coöperation with the League of Nations in the choice of its personnel. Such picayunish scruples simply bring us into derision. Sensitive indeed to political contagion must be the American nation if it is imperiled by such a contact.

We have reached the parting of the ways. We have wisely hesitated until the League proved itself a sane and practical rather than a chimerical enterprise. To remain longer aloof is neither the manly nor the prudent part. Enthusiasms have sobered, rancors have subsided, and the chief source of irritation has been removed. Earlier appraisals are obsolete. It is time for a new inventory of realities and a new programme of action.

BRITISH LABOR AND FRENCH ELECTIONS

CAN THE ENTENTE BE RESTORED?

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

PERHAPS the most important question for Europe and, indeed, for the world, is whether France and England can agree. That is what everybody is asking, and after the work of the Committees of Experts it is wondered whether the 'eternal problem' of Reparations can be solved. Certainly Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, on taking up office, immediately abandoned the system of pin-pricks that had been practised by Lord Curzon, who had shown for some months his irritation with M. Poincaré, and, instead of applying his mind to the real difficulties that existed between France and England, had indulged in the petty game of scoring points. Mr. Baldwin was a vacillating Prime Minister, and before Mr. Baldwin came Mr. Bonar Law, a sick and a dying man, of pessimistic temperament, who did not even try to prevent the French from marching into the Ruhr. As for Mr. Lloyd George, he had, to use a common phrase, shown himself to be too clever by half, and was no longer trusted on the Continent.

The frankness, the sincerity, and the obvious friendliness of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Labor Prime Minister of England, surprised the French. A new and better atmosphere was immediately created; but after the first exchange of greetings, after the protestations on both sides that there was every desire to restore the Entente Cordiale, the real problems stood up as starkly

as ever. Would France modify her attitude? Did she really mean to stay in the Ruhr? Was it her fixed intention to crush Germany finally, or did she not rather see the need of giving a new turn to her policy? Was not the Ruhr occupation shown to be as disastrous for France as for Germany, a bankrupt enterprise, tending to produce bankruptcy in all the countries concerned? The franc had fallen lower than ever, and in a panic M. Poincaré tried to push through Parliament, on the very eve of the French elections which were to be held in May, a Bill which would have the effect of increasing taxation by twenty per cent — a most unpopular measure, which perhaps was equivalent to the suicide of the *Bloc National*. The Bill was taken to be a confession that it was France who was to pay after all and not Germany as had been promised.

The position, therefore, — and it is well worth studying, — is that a Labor Government had for the first time taken office in England, while elections which would produce a swing to the Left — in the opinion of nearly all the observers — were being prepared in France.

Rarely has an election caused so much excitement as this French election. The rush of inscriptions on the electoral lists was a sufficient indication. Everything in France for a long time has been dominated by these elections, and it was felt that France could not

change her methods until a new Parliament had been returned. Now, had M. Herriot and M. Painlevé and other Radical chiefs frankly denounced the occupation of the Ruhr when it was proposed by M. Poincaré, they would have suffered some months of intense unpopularity but they would now undoubtedly be masters of the situation. France is tired of the Ruhr expedition but, unfortunately, no responsible statesman had from the beginning opposed the expedition. Not until a year had passed were there signs that the Radical Party — or to use the more comprehensive expression, the *Bloc des Gauches* — had made up its mind to separate itself from the Poincaré policy. The Radical leaders were not prepared to take risks. They temporized: they were mere opportunists. While the Ruhr operation was popular they were for the Ruhr operation; when it began to become unpopular, they very mildly and doubtfully criticized the Ruhr operation.

Even now the chief effort of the *Bloc des Gauches* is to avoid the patriotic issue. They do not wish to be manœuvred into such a position that they can be called anti-patriots. There is no chord which is so readily stirred in France as the patriotic chord. Therefore, the *Bloc des Gauches* prefers to fight the *Bloc National* on internal affairs — the financial muddle, the high cost of living, the revival of clericalism, and so forth. The most formidable factors in the election — if they have their way — will be the menace of higher taxation, the fall of the franc, and the rising cost of food. These are domestic issues in more than one sense and it is upon them that the *Bloc National* will go down in the dust, if indeed it goes down.

The question arose whether Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should come to grips with the French Government. In

France itself there were many voices which counseled delay. The leaders of the *Bloc des Gauches* pointed out to me the perilous position in which British pressure might place them. They felt that if the British Labor Government asked too much, there would be a final patriotic rally in France which would benefit the *Bloc National* and damage the *Bloc des Gauches* at the elections. They advised some marking of time: they foresaw a party in power in France, after May, not dissimilar to the party in power in England. It was then that an agreement could be reached; but if in the meantime there were acute quarrels between France and England, the parties of the Left in France would be greatly injured. The Labor Government should then proceed cautiously, wisely, and amicably.

That France will eventually change her policy, even the most ardent upholders of M. Poincaré believe to be inevitable. It is not a matter of the personality of M. Poincaré: it is the impossibility for the existing Parliament to stultify itself by any radical alteration of its attitude. Even were the *Bloc des Gauches* to fail at the polls, even though M. Poincaré remained in power, M. Poincaré and the new Parliament would be able to do after the elections what they were totally unable to do before the elections. The elections will be a renovation. M. Poincaré and the French Parliament have been the prisoners of their own propaganda. The elections will knock off the shackles.

I

Only to a small degree have the quarrels between the two Channel countries been fictitious, though they have been exaggerated by an unnecessary spirit of rivalry and by the political jealousy

that sprang up between them. In the early days of the peacemaking, Mr. Lloyd George, on his triumphal tour from casino to casino and from capital to capital in Europe, undoubtedly got the better of the French Ministers whom he met. It was his policy which was always successful. He seemed to be the arbiter of Europe. France watched this with growing dismay. She felt herself to be sinking to the position of a second-rate Power. It was her effort to throw off what she regarded as the British yoke which explains much that has happened during the past two years.

Mr. Lloyd George owed his strength to the fact that with the virtual disappearance of Mr. Wilson and M. Clemenceau he stood alone of those who had taken a conspicuous part in the war and in the Paris Peace Conference. His prestige became enormous. As the solitary remaining figure he had advantages which the newer French Ministers did not possess. He overweighed them, and with his natural nimbleness of mind he obtained his way in practically every encounter. It was not surprising that in these circumstances France called loudly for a man who was big enough to say 'No' to Mr. Lloyd George. M. Poincaré, who for seven years had been the President of the French Republic, was obviously that man, and with the coming of M. Poincaré to power France reasserted herself, and directed her policy, not only toward the recovery of her credits upon Germany but toward placing herself in the position of the predominant nation on the Continent.

Still, on the specific question of Reparations there were excellent reasons why British policy should differ from that of France. After the first distribution of German assets, England was not particularly interested in Reparations — at any rate, not so deeply in-

terested as France. It was better in some respects for England that the German debt should be wiped out; for England the essential thing was not the prolongation of the struggle to extract a little more or a little less money from Germany, but the restoration of normal conditions on the Continent, in order that bigger markets might be created for her own goods. It is a matter of life or death for England to manufacture, to transport, and to sell.

The confusion which followed the war meant the extinction of many markets. The British believed that, if only Europe would settle down, trade would become normal again. England had her problem of unemployment. The devastated regions of England, it has been well said, are her ruined industries. England has paid in doles to the unemployed, and in less direct fashion on account of unemployment, a sum which is calculated by the best authorities at no less than £400,000,000.

Few people understand what this has meant to England. France often reminds us that she has spent large sums on the repair of the North, but we are seldom reminded that England, in addition to the other burdens that she has voluntarily taken upon her shoulders for the sake of keeping her credit, — burdens which France has felt unable to shoulder, — has paid enormous amounts for the relief of unemployment since the great post-war depression began. Moreover, it will be observed that while France, in providing money for the restoration of the North, is, so to speak, sinking her capital in a great enterprise which will repay her tenfold, England has merely flung away these sums of money and has received no equivalent value in return. A certain proportion was spent in respect of works, but the far more important item in the nation's outlay on unemployment was the expenditure by the

poor-law authorities on out-relief, the cost of which falls upon the ratepayers. There was, further, the distribution of the unemployed-insurance fund, the so-called dole-fund.

It is possible to criticize the method of dealing with a tremendous problem, but the fact remains that unemployment in England came to be the question that more than any other — much more than that of Reparations — was uppermost in the British mind.

France was in a very different situation. France was persuaded that Reparations could be obtained on the largest scale, whereas England was chiefly desirous of that peace which she supposed would spell prosperity. The essential difference is, that, whereas France has financial difficulties, England has economic difficulties. France is prosperous in the economic sense as never before. Her industries are flourishing and indeed she is obliged to import foreign labor. There is no unemployment — there is instead industrial Malthusianism. In a certain sense France must now be the richest country in Europe. She is developing her colonies; she is improving her industrial equipment; and, indeed, a remarkable report which was prepared some time ago showed that the French heavy industries are now for the first time based upon the old German system, various enterprises being connected on what in the jargon of the economists are called the vertical and the horizontal lines.

One curious result of the war is that agricultural countries are being transformed into industrial countries. France remains, of course, largely agricultural but she is much more industrial than before; and, with the addition of the Lorraine iron and the agreements which the French ironmasters will sooner or later make with the German coal and iron magnates, will become in the

commercial sense by far the most formidable rival of Great Britain. But while England suffers industrially and France flourishes, England has placed herself on a sound financial basis and France has allowed her finances — owing to her disappointed expectations of Germany — to fall into the most hopeless mess.

France spent and borrowed freely during the war, and believing that Germany would pay the whole of the damages, considered it proper to institute a second budget of 'recoverable expenditure,' which was balanced only with hopes. It was a foolish policy which was bound in the long run to injure French credit. England pursued the opposite course. It may be that England went to the other extreme and tried to recover her former financial position too quickly. During the war she paid a larger proportion of her war-costs out of her revenue than any other belligerent, and she put all the so-called recoverable expenditure into the ordinary budget. For the past three years England has balanced her budget entirely out of current income without borrowing of any kind. This has been a great strain upon the British people, who pay in direct taxation — that is to say, in income tax — nearly twenty-five per cent even on the comparatively low incomes, while on the large incomes a steep supertax is imposed.

Probably no people has ever been so heavily hit by direct taxation. There is no escape. False returns are detected immediately. The machinery of collection is highly efficient; punishment for attempts at evasion are severe. It is perhaps not realized in America that most Englishmen work three months out of the twelve in order to pay the State.

There is not the smallest necessity to praise England or to blame France for the methods which were adopted. I

merely wish to make it clear that the two peoples took diverging paths in accordance with their respective mentalities, and that they were therefore bound to take up opposed attitudes on Reparations. The British were never really under any illusions about Reparations; the French were. The British never failed to be practical and to make the necessary sacrifices while awaiting the possible future payments by Germany: the French relied upon the promises of the Versailles Treaty. The British depended upon themselves; the French depended upon Germany. It would be utterly wrong to scold or criticize the French for their credulity. They had not the same sense of realities as the Anglo-Saxon peoples; they had a keener sense of ideal justice; they had a sounder logic — and there is nothing which leads individuals and peoples so far astray as sheer logic in human affairs.

It is natural that while the French were suffering under a sense of their special grievances, they should have remained in almost complete ignorance of the genuine grievances of the British people. Lately efforts have been made to impress the truth upon the French: to teach them that England, too, is in a difficult situation and has not opposed France for the sake of opposing her. Nothing is harder than for one people to understand the point of view of another people, and it came about that while the British were laboring under their self-shouldered debts and at the same time were painfully aware of the commercial chaos, they blamed France for French unreasonableness which was perpetuating the upheaval of the Continent; and the French, smarting under their disappointment, watching helplessly their currency depreciate and their budget remain unbalanced, bitterly reproached the British for deserting them in their struggle for Reparations.

II

There is no prejudice or hostility on the part of England to France and no prejudice or hostility on the part of France to England except such as has arisen out of the circumstances. The British were convinced that the cause of the trouble lay in the French demands on Germany, which prolonged the strife and misery of Europe; the French believed that if they were not paid, it was because England was egotistic and had disloyally abandoned France.

On the one hand there was a people which proudly determined to tax itself to maintain its credits without asking for outside help, and at the same time found its markets closed. On the other hand there was a people which did not adequately tax itself, because it had been taught that it would obtain compensation from another nation which was responsible for all the damage that had been done. Neither France nor England has ever really appreciated the facts about each other, and nothing is more pitiful than the recriminations which have been indulged in and the angry words that have been flung across the narrow Channel. How is it possible to give nations imaginations which will traverse their frontiers? Before France and England can truly be friends again, they must understand why one country laid stress on the necessity of making Germany pay, while the other country laid stress on the necessity of pacifying Europe.

Nothing has been so striking in England during the past year or two as the unanimity of the 'sixpenny weeklies.' The sixpenny weeklies are an institution in England. There is the *Spectator*, which is Conservative; the *Nation*, which is Liberal; the *New Statesman*, which I think may not improperly be described as Socialist, although its Socialism is of the intellectual kind. I

name these three weekly reviews, but there are others. Now all of them, without exception, — Conservative, Liberal, Socialist, — arrive at precisely the same conclusions. That has been to me the most important symptom in British public life. Never before do I remember such agreement. Indeed, I think it must now be quite understood in France that whether a Liberal, a Conservative, or a Labor Prime Minister is in power in England, — and we have seen all three within the space of eighteen months, — their thesis is, broadly speaking, the same. They have different methods of expressing themselves. One has observed that the tone of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is not the tone of Mr. Lloyd George, while the tone of Lord Curzon as Foreign Minister was wonderfully unique. It does not follow that they arrive at the same conclusions by the same route. I am, in fact, inclined to declare that their agreement is partly accidental.

It is impossible that three great parties, which start from vastly varying principles, can think fundamentally alike. Doubtless it is true, for example, that the Conservative Party is to some extent, consciously or unconsciously, animated by the tradition of preserving the balance of power in Europe. The hegemony of France, which is threatened after the hegemony of Germany, can only be displeasing to the Conservatives. They see that if France were really to obtain permanent mastery of the Ruhr, were to maintain a stranglehold on Germany, were to marry the iron ore of Lorraine with the coal and coke of Westphalia, that France would not only be in a military sense the predominant nation of Europe but would in a commercial sense be in a position to rule the roost.

I deprecate, however, any belief that these considerations have governed

British policy to the degree that is often represented. England would have welcomed, for the sake of peace and for the sake of the prosperity which — rightly or wrongly — she expects to result from peace, an understanding between France and Germany.

But, at any rate, the Labor Party is not concerned with such questions as the nice equilibrium of power in Europe. The Labor Party believes, if not in the League of Nations as at present constituted, at least in the ideal of a league of nations. It does not believe in the necessity of dividing Europe into two armed camps. That way war lies. It believes rather in aiming at a sort of United States of Europe. If in private life a *ménage à trois* is difficult, in the international domain there seems to be no reason why three countries — the three countries of Europe upon which war or peace depends, France, England, and Germany — should not live in friendship side by side.

The Labor Party deprecates any transference of hatreds. If there was in England a wave of hatred for Germany during the war, and if that wave has passed, there is no good reason why it should now break upon the shores of France. A diplomacy which is governed and inspired by enmity is foolish. There are in the present British Government men who during the war were accused of being pacifists — as though we are not all, in the true sense of the word, pacifists. Their attitude may in the circumstances have been wrong, but it would be utterly illogical for the man who during the war proclaimed his pacifism to become an open enemy of another country after the war. If his pacifism comes from a peculiar religious source, he cannot be at once friendly toward Germany and unfriendly toward France. That is a mere perversion of sentiment. The truth is that those men in the Labor Party who

were truly pacifists during the war are the men who are now, more than any other men in England, in the Conservative or the Labor Party, opposed to the unpleasant feelings which have at times manifested themselves in England against France.

Therefore France had not the smallest reason to be alarmed at the advent of a Labor Party in England. Even though the programme of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is perhaps more extreme than the programme of Lord Curzon, it was received with less animosity as it was put forward with less animosity. There will be no mischievous dialectics; there will be only honest differences of opinion, and there will be the most tactful attempt to discuss the problems which are pending between France and England in a spirit of conciliation, of give and take.

III

Perhaps it is necessary to remove the impression that there is anything revolutionary in the Labor Government. In England it has been criticized by the Liberal Party on the ground that it contains rather more Lords than does the average Conservative Government, and certainly contains more members of what might be called the ruling families in England — that is to say, the families which from generation to generation, through their aristocratic origins, have a kind of primordial claim to wield effective power.

It is not the British method to tear up the constitution but gradually to adapt the constitution to the new needs of the day. There should be no foolish attempt, whether Labor or Liberalism is in the ascendant, to force conclusions too quickly.

In British diplomatic circles it is believed that M. Poincaré in the occupation of the Ruhr intended to put pressure, not only on Germany, but on

England. I will state quite frankly that I trace some of our present troubles to the unfortunate Balfour Note, which declined to cancel Interallied debts, and to the practical outcome of that Note, which was the settlement which Mr. Baldwin effected with America. England is now obliged to pay America a sum which represents ninepence in the pound on the income of every man in England. The result is, first, that England is more or less obliged to demand payment of her debts from France, and that France in her turn is bound to demand payment from Germany. It is also obvious that America has tied her hands in giving certain terms to England. She can hardly give other terms to another of the Allies, that is to say, France. I regard this step as particularly unhappy. But I believe that in spite of it there will be a growing desire in England to arrive at a reasonable adjustment of Allied debts. Mr. MacDonald, I am convinced, will wish to treat Reparations and Allied debts together. The settlement must be a general settlement.

Let me put quite plainly what I understand to be the view of influential men in England. England does not wish to buy France out of the Ruhr. She does not mean to offer an immense sum as a bribe. She believes that the occupation of the Ruhr is illegal and her definite statement on this point is perhaps the central factor in European policy. Nevertheless, she is or will be, as I understand, prepared to remit the French debt on terms which are not unfavorable. England cannot at the same time abandon her claims against France and against Germany. But assume that Germany's total debt were fixed at 40 milliard gold marks, there is every reason to suppose that Germany could pay such a sum if she were helped. A moratorium seems to be necessary and assistance seems to be necessary.

There must be international supervision and there must be an international loan.

Out of these 40 milliards, France would receive — say, roughly, 22 milliards. England must receive somewhere about 10 milliards, which, although not sufficient to pay America, yet will furnish the relief of which England is so greatly in need. It may well be that, after a short moratorium, Germany can pay 2 milliard gold marks a year, and if England receives sufficient from this source to enable her to meet her obligations, she has not the smallest desire to press France for payment. England, in short, wants nothing except some portion of the sums she is to pay to America, and is prepared to drop her claims on France.

Surely this is a businesslike proposition, and with the guaranties of a commercial character which might be given in such a settlement, it would be unnecessary for France, in the view of the British, to hold on to the Ruhr, especially as the holding of the Ruhr may make loans impossible and will certainly reduce the capacity of Germany to pay.

It is true that we are leaving America out of account. But there is reason to believe that were such a settlement effected, America would not come in to complicate and upset the arrangements by pressing her demands.

Now, it is necessary to say that the alternative to some such arrangement — for I do not wish to pin myself to any particular figures — is that England will sooner or later ask France to begin to pay the interest on her debt to England: that, indeed, the debt shall be funded. Were such a demand made definitely, France could not refuse. Refusal in the circumstances would mean repudiation, and repudiation would mean the collapse of French credit. There would be no Reparations from Germany except such trifling

amounts as can be obtained directly from the Ruhr, and France would undoubtedly in the long run be faced with the prospect of ruin.

I am convinced that it is on such lines that France and England will eventually agree. After all, France will obtain the greater part of what she asks.

IV

But there remains the question of security. For me, there is only one way in which France can obtain security. It is not by exchanging the Allies of the war, England, America, Italy, Russia, for a number of small and in some cases inefficient States, — for which, however, I have the greatest respect, — nor is it by keeping in perpetuity an army in the Rhineland or even in the Ruhr. Sooner or later, in these conditions, Germany will recover and Germany will fight. I understand the German calculation is that when that day comes, the struggle will be confined to France and Germany. There is obviously little prospect of America coming in again, while England, if the present strained relations continue, will inevitably turn her back on the Continent. Poland, treaty or no treaty, will hardly dare to move with Russia waiting to seize her opportunity. And as for Rumania and Czechoslovakia, everybody who knows the conditions must be aware that they would be running grave risks were they to intervene.

Where, then, does security lie? It lies, first, in the commercialization of the German debt and in the restoration of tolerable relations. It lies, next, in the establishment of the League of Nations on a sounder footing, with Germany included in the comity of nations. It lies, thirdly, in the permanent disarmament of the Rhineland and in the establishment of a League of Nations police army on the Rhine, a

police army which would be small and, if you please, ineffective so far as force is concerned, but which would nevertheless carry the flags of all the nations, who would thus be directly attacked were Germany to become once more aggressive. It should be the business of France and of England and of Germany to make the League so powerful that warfare would become impossible. There should be — as my friend, M. Léon Bourgeois, one of the greatest of French statesmen, long ago demanded — an international headquarters staff whose duty it would be perpetually to study the situation and to give warning whenever any danger-spot in Europe is about to break into flames. It would then be for the whole of the nations which compose the League to come up with their fire engines and their hose-pipes and extinguish the conflagration. Surely, France and England can work together to this end!

When France and England are again friends, the greatest step forward will have been taken in the settlement of Europe. Business has been retarded by the disagreeable sentiments which developed between the two countries that must be the pillars of the Continent for many years to come. It does not much matter whether France or England is right. What does matter is that while they are pulling in opposite directions there can be no reconstruction.

It is possible — though not probable — that even before this article is published the Labor Party will have gone out of power. In that case, it will in all likelihood have been succeeded by the Liberal Party, and the Liberal Party will have profited by the better spirit that has been developed by the Labor Party. After the unwise tactics of last year, England has surely learned the lesson that the French people will not change their purpose because of threats or denunciations. Nothing, indeed,

could have supported M. Poincaré so much as the opposition of Lord Curzon. To range the whole world against France will not mend matters, because as anybody who has the slightest sense of the psychology of the French knows, they merely harden their hearts if an attempt is made to command them. France is far more responsive to cordiality than to coercion.

While the American experts with their colleagues were searching for practical solutions, and while the British Government was seeking to get on better terms with France, in France there was growing up a clearer understanding that mere constraint, especially when that constraint was applied by France alone, would not produce fruitful results. There was a trend toward the Left; and the Governments of the two countries were approaching each other and trying to find a common ground. Nevertheless, it must not be supposed that the parties of the Left are prepared to sacrifice essential French interests. They cannot permit Germany to escape any more than the parties of the Right could release their grip. They must have regard to the financial needs of France, and these financial needs are real.

But the outlook is more hopeful because the Left favors international solutions and does not believe that a nation acting alone can accomplish anything in a world in which we are all interdependent. Unless something happens to upset all these calculations, I therefore feel one may confidently predict that the advent of the Labor Party in England and the changes which must be wrought by the elections in France will bring about a completely changed situation. Before the end of this year European harmony should be restored, and Europe, realizing its solidarity, should be able to invite America to coöperate fully in the reconstruction of the world.

THE POPE AND THE CALIPH

BY N. V. TCHARYKOW

SINCE Turkey has become a republic and the Caliph has been deprived in it of all political power, the Mohammedan world, with its two hundred million believers spread all over our globe, is passing through a crisis not unlike the one which arose in Roman Catholic countries and consciences when the sovereign Pope of Rome was suddenly reduced to the status of 'the prisoner of the Vatican,' Rome having been taken and occupied by the troops of the King of Italy.

From a diplomatic and international point of view, both series of events are highly interesting and are of present importance, and as the precedent of the Pope has been recently mentioned in connection with the question of the Caliph, it may be seasonable to examine briefly in what the two cases are similar and in what they differ.

I

THE POPE AND THE ROYAL ITALIAN GOVERNMENT

As the Turkish Nationalists of to-day so did the Nationalist Italian Government of fifty years ago strive for the national unity of Italy and for her final independence of foreign supremacy and intervention. With admirable military perseverance and with extraordinary diplomatic ability, Italian revolutionaries and statesmen, led by Garibaldi and Cavour, fought and negotiated till at last Italy ceased to be a mere 'geographical expression' and became, in 1871, an ethnographically and nationally unified kingdom, with Rome for its capital.

But in Rome the royal Government had to confront a Power higher and older and mightier than even that of the united Italian nation — the power and authority of the Pope, the Supreme Pontiff of the Roman Catholic world.

The Italian Government, being itself Roman Catholic, had neither the

intention nor the wish to suppress that Power, nor to question its religious authority, and was, besides, bound to abstain from doing so in view of those other numerous and influential lands and peoples for whom the Pope remained the supreme unifying principle of their religion and arbiter of their conscience. Consequently, having extended the territorial sovereignty of Italy to all the former Pontifical 'States of the Church' and to the city of Rome, the royal Government proceeded without delay to plan a compromise, reconciling the political requirements of the Italian State with the essential needs of the Church. That difficult attempt took the form of the well-known Italian 'Law of guaranties' of 1871. This law decrees that 'the person of the Supreme Pontiff is sacred and inviolable'; it recognizes his rights and privileges as a sovereign; allots for his

maintenance and that of the cardinals and others, yearly, 3,250,000 lire; and declares that the jurisdiction of the State does not extend to the Vatican or certain other palaces and domains reserved for his use. Thus the territorial unity of the Italian Kingdom was achieved and the temporal power of the Pope taken from him except in a few restricted localities excluded from the jurisdiction of the Italian state; but at the same time the Pope was allowed to retain personally his sovereign rights and privileges, such as having an armed guard and receiving and sending diplomatic representatives. A satisfactory civil list at the expense of the Italian State was even allotted to his Court. In this way the Government, which was considered by the Church as irreligious and revolutionary, tried to put in practice its new doctrine of 'a free Church in a free State.'

If, however, the royal Government thought that the Holy See would accept at once and on principle this unilateral Act regulating the status of the Pope it was greatly mistaken. Pius IX opposed to it his categorical *non possumus*, excommunicated the King, and shut himself up in the Vatican as a prisoner, with his own sentinels stationed inside its gates and royal sentinels outside. If the Pope were to drive out of the gates, the royal sentinel would present arms to him as to a sovereign, and it is precisely to avoid these damaging honors that the Pope has as yet never left the Vatican; for by accepting them he would have recognized the legality of the royal army's presence in a city which he still considers as his own.

Pope Leo XIII, who had been nuncio in Brussels, and a very active archbishop in Perugia, suffered greatly — as I saw — from this seclusion, especially in the hot summer months, but he left the Vatican only when he was carried to his burial place.

This seclusion of the Pope in the Vatican became thus a matter of principle. And as I have personally observed, the Holy See never makes and never can make concessions in a matter of doctrine or of principle. In negotiating with the Pontifical Government, the method needed is exactly the opposite of that employed in a mathematical demonstration: in the latter you state a principle and arrive at the desired conclusion by a series of logical propositions; in a diplomatic negotiation with Rome you must treat only of the practical point in question, but never appeal to or mention a principle. In matters of expediency the Holy See is most amenable and conciliatory, but no point of principle can even be discussed. Rather than make a concession of this kind the Holy See prefers to suffer and wait, knowing that the Church can afford to be patient, being eternal — *patiens quia æterna*.

This is the psychological reason why fifty and more years have not sufficed to bring the Pope to accept the Law of Guaranties and the loss of his temporal States. The political reason is the following one, as enunciated by Leo XIII himself in a pastoral letter of 1860, before his elevation to the Pontifical throne: Temporal power is necessary to the Pope because it assures his spiritual independence and makes all the faithful of the world trust that his decisions 'proceed freely from his lips and are neither dictated by anybody's influence nor forced by anybody's violence.'

Time, practice, and the loyal statesmanship of the royal Government have done much to dispel the fears, which were theoretically well founded. All the Pontifical elections held in Rome since its occupation have been perfectly free, as have been all oral and printed utterances of the Popes, even on temporal and political questions

such as Labor, Christian Socialism, and even the Great War. Nor has any hindrance been placed on the diplomatic relations of the Holy See with all the nations of the world.

In one respect only has the Italian Government been intractable. I duly delivered to the Pope the Tsar's invitation to the First Hague Peace Conference of 1899. But when the Italian Cabinet declared that if the Pope was represented at that Conference it would refuse to take part in it, — and consequently wreck that admirable world-undertaking, — the Pope had to abstain. The same happened with the Second Hague Conference of 1907. For the Law of Guaranties remained still unaccepted by the Pope; the Emperor of Russia still addressed him

officially as *Pape souverain*, — Sovereign Pope, — and politically the Pope would have had at the Conference the same status as the King of Italy — which the latter would not admit.

Nevertheless, the Pontifical *non possumus* — we cannot — changed gradually to *non oportet*, — it is inexpedient, — and now Italian Roman Catholics are allowed by their spiritual leaders to take part in parliamentary elections, and have formed an important party in the Parliament of United Italy. If this party comes to an agreement with Signor Mussolini's Fascisti, a new era of productive legislation and economic progress may begin in Italy, thanks to the method of conciliation followed both by the Holy See and by the Royal Italian Government.

THE CALIPH AND THE TURKISH REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT

While the Italian Law of Guaranties dates from 1871, the Turkish law separating Church and State, suppressing the Sultanate and depriving the Caliph of all political powers, dates only from November 1, 1922. And the Republic was proclaimed in Turkey even a year later. Thus we are witnessing in the Mohammedan world the beginning of a crisis, the counterpart of which among Roman Catholics has already matured and seems about to reach a peaceful and satisfactory end.

The diplomatic side of both events is much the same: foreign Powers abstain from meddling with them, although in Turkey the crisis took place during the Allied occupation of Constantinople, and the Republic was proclaimed immediately after the evacuation. No one had hindered the Young Turks in 1908 from experimenting with a con-

stitutional monarchy, nor has any foreign Power objected now to Nationalist Turkey becoming a republic. Besides, no foreign Government has been appealed to by any Islamic faction; and after the last Sultan-Caliph, Mehmed VI, had fled abroad, his heir apparent, Abdul Medjid, was freely elected to the Caliphate under the new law, which he officially accepted.

The present difficulty for Turkey arises not from any foreign official opposition nor from the Caliph himself, but from Islamic opinion, which is as yet divided upon the fundamental question whether the present Caliph's deprivation of all political rights and power can be countenanced by the Mohammedan religion.

The situation is complicated by a generous admixture of habitual Turkish personal rivalries and intrigues, of old

national rivalries as between Turks and Arabs, and by the suspicion that — in the question of the Caliphate — obscure British influences are at work in connection with the attitude toward that question of various groups of the Moslems of India. There, as in Turkey, the Conservative Mohammedans disapprove of the separation of Church and State, and the Progressive groups enthusiastically welcome it, as has done lately the Indian Caliphate Committee. Others think that 'if Islam is to maintain its place in the world as a great moral force, the Caliph's position and dignity should not, in any event, be less than that of the Pontiff of the Church of Rome.'¹ And others again, also hailing from India, think that the 'Vaticanization' of the Commander of the Faithful would be repugnant to Moslem sentiment. These even suggest that Mustapha Kemal Pasha should 'assume the Caliphate as President of the Turkish Republic.'

For a non-Moslem it is not easy to account for these differences and for the insistence with which Mustapha Kemal Pasha and his adherents pursue the policy of separation. There is, however, one imperative reason for this policy, as far as I can understand after long years of diplomatic, social, and administrative acquaintance with Mohammedan life.

¹ See the letter of Aga Khan and Ameer Ali to Ismet Pasha, Prime Minister of Turkey, printed in the London *Times* December 14, 1923.

As long as Turkey remained a theocracy, the Sultan-Caliph was unable to enact or sanction any law which could be suspected of Islamic unorthodoxy. And here lies the fundamental reason for the unsuccess of the reforms introduced by several sultans in their Empire in the nineteenth century. For the Coranic law or 'Shariyyet' is a labyrinthic mediæval fabric, hardly at all adaptable to the requirements of a twentieth-century State.

But since Turkey has become a republic and the totality of the sovereign rights in it are vested in the nation and its representatives, the Turkish Grand National Assembly, this source of legislative and administrative power is freed from all those obligations which are incumbent on a Caliph. It can, consequently, leave the latter to care for all that regards religion, and occupy itself in entire liberty with the political, civil, and economic interests of the country, if necessary, following Western examples without fear, and searching only for what is the most practical and useful.

When one remembers how impossible it has been found to reform the Shariyyet, one can but rejoice at this way out of a seemingly insuperable difficulty.

This is a new departure in the inner life of Islam, and a courageous attempt to enable Islamic peoples to join in full and on equal terms in the political, civil, and economic progress of modern mankind.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A GUDE CONCEIT

THE Scotsman prays 'O Lord, gi'e us a gude conceit of oorsel's.' A prayer which, as Ian Hay points out, has been 'abundantly well answered.'

It is a conceit that is not like the conceit of the men of other nations — of the men, I say advisedly, for it does not — or does very rarely — touch the women of Scotland, perhaps because there must be someone to do the admiring. Nor yet is it the ordinary conceit of the male. It is a brightening of the eye, an erecting of the head, a puffing out of the chest, a 'Here am I, a Scotsman: scion of the oldest and gr-r-randest race on earth; of the land of swinging kilts, and skirling pipes, and frowning mountain-sides, and gray castles where the Bonnie Prrince has spent a night.' It is the conceit that comes of pride of country for its stirring deeds, its rugged honesty, its romance, — which is good, — and of pride in self as the point on which all these virtues have focused — which is less good.

Here let me hasten to say that no one admires and appreciates the excellent qualities of Scotland and the Scots more than I do, I who am half a Scot myself. I am not casting aspersions on them when I speak of this conceit of theirs. It is more than counterbalanced by their independence, their love of liberty and hatred of 'chains and slavery' that influenced Patrick Henry and James Wilson, and through them our own blow for freedom, far more than counterbalanced by their loyalty. Like Alan Breck — who was also, by the way, one of the most conceited men that ever glorified the pages of a book — they are 'no' so very bonny,' but they're 'leal

to them they lo'e.' It reminds one of their own homely, shaggy, faithful Highland terriers. And then their courage! Only before the supernatural do we find the Scot quailing. An old Book of Common Prayer contains this petition in its Litany: —

From ghoulies and ghosties,
And long-leggited beasties,
And things that go *Boomp!* in the night,
Good Lord, deliver us!

It has frequently been remarked that the Scotsman is, to use his own term, 'canny,' to use ours, 'tight.' That, however, is an attack scarcely worth consideration, and easily disposed of. For are not the people in the North of all countries accused of that very same defect? The Galician is the mock of Spain, the Lombard, of Italy, and who in America has the reputation of driving a harder bargain than the New Englander? It is a matter of relative locality.

It has been said that to find a true picture of the character of a people, you must turn to their ballads and their folklore: there you find their natural expression of themselves, produced without self-consciousness or desire for effect. And in the ballads, especially those dealing with the ever alluring theme, love, do we find the Scotsman's conceit most evident.

There is no vulgar truckling to a woman's beauty or sweetness; any Scotsman is the equal — thus far do they condescend to follow the conventions of love-making; what they really mean is the superior — of any woman.

The Laird of Cockpen, the one whose 'mind was ta'en up wi' things of the state,' and who thought that 'favor wi'

wooin' was fashous to seek,' when he went courting 'McClish's ae dochter of Claverse-ha-lea,' was absolutely amazed and dumfounded when the lady, though only 'a penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree,' proved blind to his attractions and worldly advantages, and unpromisingly — and somewhat curtly, one feels — said 'Na.'

Such a quick and unflattering decision on the part of a lady might well shake the self-confidence of the ordinary man. Not so the Laird of Cockpen.

. . . Nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare; he rade cannily;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the
glen,
'She's daft to refuse the Laird of Cockpen!'

Perhaps such self-assurance is not surprising in a laird, but it persists through all the strata of society, down to one Willie whose father was emphatically 'nae laird,' although, to be just to him, 'he keppit ay a good kail-yard and a ha' house and a pantry.'

'Will ye compare a nasty pack,' protests the upstanding son of this ménage, 'to me, your winsome Willie?'

Furthermore, this sturdy self-respect is present in an entirely unknown gentleman, without lands or position, apparently without even a kail-yard; his only attraction is that he is 'young and stout,' and that, as he himself observes, 'nane dances like me on the green.' (At least, I gather that he has no material wealth or position: none are mentioned; and my experience with Scotsmen, especially Scotsmen a-wooing, tells me that if there had been any of these things, he would certainly have spoken of them.) At all events, this unknown coolly warns his fiancée: —

And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

This readiness to substitute another lady at the slightest indication that the intended lacks the proper spirit of appreciation is frequently seen in the

Scottish lover. Even young Lochinvar, the epitome of the romantic, haughtily reminds fair Ellen's choleric parent that

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its
tide.

Moreover, he declares severely,

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by
far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochin-
var.

One wonders whether, if Ellen had heard this remark somewhat derogatory to her beauty, she would have leaped to the saddle with quite so much alacrity a few minutes later.

But of all the braw young Highlanders who ever went a-courting, decidedly the handsomest and the bonniest was the one Leezie Lindsay was lucky enough to get. He, too, had a gude conceit of himself. Without further introduction, he asks her: —

Will ye gang wi' me, Leezie Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be?

She parries his advance with considerable skill. No one could turn down 'cold' the kilted youth who stood before Leezie; on the other hand every girl is taught to be wary about a 'pick-up' — which this undoubtedly was. She resorted to familiar feminine tactics, refusing without entirely withdrawing hope.

To gang to the Hielands with you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be,
For I ken na the land that you live in,
Na ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

To which he replies with naïve astonishment: —

Oh, Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae ye dinna ken me,
For I am Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain of high degree.

At this point it is hard to defend the Scots from the charge of canniness,

when we consider with what speed, after hearing this pleasing bit of information:—

She's kilted her skirts of green satin,
She's kilted them up to the knee,
And she's off with Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain of high degree.

But, after all, Leezie was Sassenach.

I hear somebody saying, 'But these were written several years ago! How unjust to judge the modern Scot by them!' In answer to which I recall the Scotsman's prayer—I am sorry to drag in his prayers so frequently, but then it is one of his principal virtues that he is 'verra releegious'—

'O Lord, start me right, for thou knowest, Lord, thou canst not change me.'

YOU GET THE PIG

ALL of your life you've wanted a pig; and now that at last you've got a place in the country, you decide to have a pig, no matter at what cost. For in addition to the prospect of a curly-tailed pig that will fraternize with the baby, there is the more material prospect of the pig eating the garbage. And the garbage is always a difficult problem in the burying when the soil is rocky and a ledge of shale awaits the pickaxe everywhere.

All the farmers in the countryside have pigs, until you really settle down to the business of getting one. And then the pigs vanish overnight. This farmer had two, but sold them; another gave his away to a friend; and the third had none at all, and never had any. With dying hopes you visit the last prospect, who is deaf, and bellow at him as he rides unconcernedly down a large field on a tractor which snorts and rocks in its job of turning a green pasture into loamy brown. As the prospect blithely ignores your shouts, you notice in the barnyard an enormous sow, prostrate in the mud, exhausted from eating, and

with a litter of white pigs of the size of large rats. Like rats they run in and out of the barn, and like kittens they tumble over doorsills and frolic about in and out of holes around the barn. Innocence and quaintness!

Desperately you dash down the field after the deaf one, puffing and snorting as much as the tractor, stumbling over the brown clods of earth in the wake of the plough, and shriek at the farmer. Finally, when you're gasping and no longer can run, after a long canter abreast of the tractor, the farmer emits a distinguishable 'H-uuuh?' and stops the engine. In the quiet stillness of the fields you plead nobly for a pig, just *one* pig. Leathery jaws masticating tobacco alone disturb the serenity of his face; and when your argument is finished, exhausting completely your supply of air, he replies laconically, 'Too young; two more weeks'; and moves on, leaving you alone and raging, a sorry figure surrounded by derisive acres.

Verbally you wash your hands of all pigs. The baby has other things to interest him; and the garbage can be burned. But the vision of a young pig, slathering delightedly when you approach to feed him, persists. So when a friend arrives with a box two days later, contentment fills your heart. A hatchet rips the boards from the top of the box, and there stands your pig. He's *yours*; you can do with him what you will (if he lets you do it).

This particular pig is about a foot long, and has, by virtue of the country humor of our friend, a pink-paper rose tied round its neck. Through manipulation the rose rests rakishly on one pink ear. The assembled company look at the pig and murmur how clean and white and cute he looks. The pig surveys them defiantly, with a malevolent gleam in his small red eye.

'How old is she?' asks your wife.

'Two and a half weeks.'

'Is n't that a shame! So innocent, and away from its mother.'

The conversation is interrupted by the pig, who tumbles out of the box, slides through fumbling, outstretched hands, and gallops down the porch.

'Catch him!' shriek all in chorus.

The pig does not wait to be caught, but eludes his pursuers, wriggles under the rail, and drops twenty feet on some rocks. Cries from the women; curses from the men; moans of sympathy from the baby. Expecting to see a dying pig, you look over the rail; but there goes the pig loping off through the grass, and before the hunt is resumed he has disappeared in a large berry-patch. The assemblage scatters to catch the pig. Thick canes from last year bar the way with vicious thorns, you stumble over a root and land on all fours, scratched into savageness, and come face to face with the pig. His snout is bleeding, also. You gaze stupidly into his face as he squats there, and he does equally as well for you. But, being quicker-witted, he wheels about suddenly, you see the waving white tail, and then all is the darkness of the berry-patches. Before you can regain your feet there are cries of, 'I got 'im,' rebellious squeals, and the pig is returned to the box.

He must now be fed, and to feed him is a problem. The baby's bottles long since have been discarded, and the pig is too young to eat. A rubber tube is found, and your wife volunteers to feed the pig, having practised previously for a year and a half on the baby. The theory is excellent. On the principle that liquids seek their lowest level, one end of the tube is held up high, dangling from a bowl of milk, the other stuck in the pig's mouth. The pig gurgles, sucks, and laps noisily, but gets little. After most of the milk is on the floor and your wife's dress is hopelessly stained, you reluctantly come to the conclusion

that it won't work this way. The bowl is filled up again and you douse the pig's head in it; but though his ears and eyes are bathed in milk, his mouth gets none. And when the problem seems hopeless of solution, it is all ended when Master Pig licks milky fingers, grunts with satisfaction, and is put away in the box for the night.

The next morning the pig is still a novelty and, as such, accorded every attention. (The baby alone refuses to join the circle of admirers.) After matutinal inspections have been completed, it finally dawns that the pig must have a pen. Lumber carefully saved for a tool-house, chicken-wire that should be used for the garden, asbestos shingles laid by for a rainy day and leaky roofs, are dragged out from cover and the work begins. And on the slope that curves from the house to the lake, under two walnuts, — pretty things with their rough black bark and plumes of light green leaves, — the pen is constructed. Many things need paint around the house but the can of dark green paint frugally hoarded is flung with a dripping brush on the pen that hides beneath the walnut trees. And stakes soon stick their green heads around the pen for the wire and planks to be nailed on. Indeed, nothing is too much trouble to encompass the comfort of the pig, even carefully shingling a leanto at one side of the pen. Still, the pen looks tidy when finished: the gray shingles and green pen and green trough and, needless to add, a partly green pig. The trough is small and has the pig's name painted on the end in white letters; it is big enough, at that, for the pig to stand in it while eating. And on the end of the pen near the house is emblazoned in white letters:

NUTTY NELL

The adjective indicated his temperament.

Nell was secure at last. And being adaptable, where affairs gastronomic were concerned, it was but a day or so before he learned to devour coarse flour and water. And then he ate so much flour and water that he had no room for garbage.

It would not do to say that faithfulness and loyalty were among his virtues. Nell tolerated anybody who fed him. But he accepted food only on his own terms. The moment you approached with the pan of food, Nell would try to nudge it from your hand altogether; failing in that, he would stand in the trough, so that you would either have to wait until he was tired of standing there, or simply pour the food on his back. He received it usually on his back. And when he did n't get what he thought was sufficient, he would express his displeasure by grunts and squeals and by pushing the trough around the pen with his nose.

This is surprising, until it becomes noticeable how his neck has grown, and you realize that the pig is no longer a baby pig but growing up. Where formerly the boards met the grass on all sides of the pen in neat lines, now jagged holes appear, where Nell has rooted. And all the stones have been removed by him to the lake side of the pen, and there he stretches out day and night, scorning contemptuously his house with the gray shingles.

Indeed the pen is fast losing its original look. It changes with the pig. One morning you find that the post holding up the pig's house has been rooted out and the house itself has been torn down by the pig. By this time the pig has risen above his environment, changing it to suit himself, instead of changing himself to suit his surroundings. And, with a contemptuous disregard of the family, he has begun to whiff malodorously. If your wife would come out openly and say, 'I told you so,' it would

n't be so bad; but a reproachful look when the breeze blows landward from the lake says, with more emphasis than words alone could do, 'I told you the pen was too near the house.'

As summer wanes, the pig becomes more blatant and noisy, pushing the tin basin (which has superseded his trough) around his pen. Tin and rocks! What a din! *Zip, crash, bang, boom* — Nell bounces the tin pan from one rock to another, around the pen, showing how *he* feels toward everything. At night, when the flowers nod quietly in their slumber, and no noise breaks the stillness of the darkness, Nell continues his activities. Ofttimes visitors, unaccustomed to country noises, having at last accustomed themselves to the tinkle of glass in the pantry as the chipmunk tries for the butter, are startled by a loud crash from the direction of the lake. Useless to persuade them that it's only Nell being savage with the basin.

Then, too, while you like children theoretically, there is a constant juvenile flood of visitors to the pig. And just when you are trying to concentrate mentally on some difficult bit of writing, when absolute quiet seems the one thing you simply must have, Nell lets loose with a series of inharmonious snout-thumbing grunts, and there are loud howls of delight from Nell's callers. And after you have returned to earth again and are at just the right mental state to continue what you're doing, squeals and grunts fill the air in a wild cacophony and off troop the children with:

'Good-bye, pig. Nice pig.'

You wish devoutly that Nell was a nice pig.

And while the pen falls to pieces slowly, you wonder idly whether it will last till autumn, when Nell will be reduced to toothsome hams and succulent bacon. You erase one dream fulfilled from your mental calendar, and specu-

late about a goat. A goat is admirable because of his wise, cynical look, and, moreover, he has undoubtedly a sense of humor that the pig lacks. So you decide that next spring you will certainly buy a goat.

BARREL DAY

ANNUALLY, in our town, a brief notice appears in the daily prints advising the reading public that, pursuant to custom, a barrel will be placed in the vestibule of the library next Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, to receive all over-due books.

'You may bring them back,' admonishes the ad., paternally. 'Drop them into the barrel. No fines to pay. No questions asked.'

This beneficent act of mercy not only provides for the reclamation of books which have been out so long that the lessees are either ashamed or financially unable to return them, but restores these delinquents to their self-renounced library privileges. By this process they go through what might be called bibliophilistic bankruptcy, and come out clean.

By no means is this pardoning grace sought only by our weaker brethren. When the laden barrel is rolled in from the outer lobby, o' nights, during Atonement Week, it contains an abundance of ethics, aesthetics, and mathematics, but almost no erotics. Punctilious persons, disposed to pass hasty judgment upon the questionable taste and obvious moral turpitude of them who slip stealthily in to cast an armful into the absolving barrel, are hereby advised that a single day's catch includes a larger percentage of respectable literature than the average bookshop displays in the window. Indeed, the suddenly opulent, desirous of stocking their shelves with evidences of culture, — after having bought five

feet of this, three cases of that, and two cubic yards of something other, — might go farther and fare worse than to apply for the barrel.

No; the people who avail themselves of this unique charity are not a bad sort; and if a discriminating person were obliged to choose on any of these expiation days a six weeks' traveling companion, either from this shiftless company or from the first two hundred appearing at the receiving teller's window in the Gibraltar Savings Bank, he would better stay by the barrel.

All of which inclines me to believe that a scheme similar to this might well be applied to many another of life's engagements, for the benefit of their mental peace who are constitutionally tardy and forgetful, albeit lovable and sensitive.

With what eager joy would I not respond to the call of a barrel out in some dimly lit vestibule, placed there to receive the belated settlements I am ashamed to offer in broad daylight. The idea intrigues me. Long ago it was tested and found practicable. For ages it was the custom of a certain ancient nation to assemble on an appointed day and confer upon a goat the entire annual output of iniquity, after which the goat was led out into the wilderness and left to die of remorse. The Chinese are reputed to have worked somewhat on this annual-settlement idea. Notwithstanding the latest report of the American Consortium of Bankers in China does not indicate that credit in the Land of the Lotus Lily is very much better than elsewhere, it is said that the Celestials generally observe an annual debt-paying day. Perhaps this would not be practicable with us; but I should like to see a Barrel Day duly heralded by a decree from the White House, to the following effect: —

It is hereby recommended that on Friday night, the thirteenth, a barrel shall be placed on the unlighted front porch of every home in these United States, wherein friends and relatives may cast — unobserved — whatsoever they will, to the relief of their several consciences and the improvement of their relationships, one with another. Postmasters are instructed to make a night delivery of all parcels marked 'Barrel.'

I should like to slip a dozen teaspoons to the Chandlers in Seattle. They were married more than ten years ago, but probably have as much use for spoons now as they had then. We laid their wedding invitation aside and temporarily forgot it. Then a crowded schedule of business and social duties drove it into complete eclipse. We were away on an extended vacation. When, at length, somebody remembered, it was too late. We tried to think of a nice way to say we had forgotten all about it, but were not sufficiently ingenious. And Dick Chandler had sent us a cuckoo clock on the occasion of our marriage. It has n't been wound up for a decade. It got to shouting 'Piker!' — so we retired it from business; not because it was lacking in veracity, but in courtesy. Now, if there were a Barrel Day, we might even yet put ourselves right with Dick Chandler.

I want to drop a note into the Webster barrel, sincerely congratulating them upon the birth of their eight-and-a-half pound son, — who is old enough now to read it himself, — together with our best wishes for the health of both mother and babe.

One time, when I had a bad cold on my chest, the Jim Slocums sent over a little nickel-plated vaporizing stove. I do not recall that we used it, but I do recall that we forgot we had it. It must have been chucked away, accidentally, behind something else. We

found it in the attic when we moved, five years later. And that was a long time ago. Poor Jim, alas, has departed for a country where he requires no stove. (On re-reading this sentence, in the galley-proof, it does n't seem to say exactly what I had in mind; but as all alterations 'other than typographical' are charged to my account, I trust a kindly interpretation will be made. Jim was really a very fine fellow.) If I could even drop that old stove — if we still have it — into Jim Junior's barrel, it might relieve me.

The night of Barrel Day would surely be one of sleepless activity for me. Williamson's victrola records; Fred Dobson's galoshes; a dozen roses for Auntie McPherson, who was so seriously ill, last June; Dave Kendall's minnow-seine — if only I could sneak these things back to them in the dark, and run!

I too would put out a barrel. I want that Prince Albert coat back that somebody — I have forgotten who — borrowed, a year ago, to use in an amateur show. It might give the person who made off with my new set of tire-chains a chance to make his soul fit and seasoned for its passage, as it would jolly well need to be if I could clearly establish his identity.

Now that we have created so many high festivals — Mother's Day, Children's Day, Thrift Day, Be-nice-to-animals Day, Tighten-your-brakes Day, Feed-the-birds Day, Clean-up-the-back-yard Day, Plant-a-tree Day, All Fools' Day, and Dog Days — that it is likely the three hundred and sixty-five are all assigned, may we not speak for the remaining one-fourth, say, from six to twelve P.M., sometime, and call it Barrel Day?

P.s. Harvey Graham! If this goes through, and you're still alive, and have it, don't forget that fly-book of mine. Need n't bother about the reel. It always was a terrific back-lasher.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A FAMOUS Englishman, when interviewed on leaving the United States, remarked that prohibition was to be encouraged since it gave the people something to talk about. We have heard some talk on the subject, but none so entertaining, so heady, or so comprehensive as this of Cornelia, Her Husband, The Novelist and The Professor. **Stuart P. Sherman**, professor of English at the University of Illinois, will be remembered from his recent 'Conversation with Cornelia' which appeared in the January *Atlantic*. **Ramsay Traquair** it was who had such a decided way with the women last September. In this number, however, Mr. Traquair has mapped a Commonwealth that is irrespective of gender or nation. **Ann Alderton** is continuing her experiments in coöperation with housekeepers who are attempting in their households to offer employment on a fair business basis. **Ellwood Hendrick**, chemist, stockbroker, and essayist by turns, has written an illuminating paper on one of the most perceptible of miracles.

* * *

It is interesting to observe that **Fredoon Kabraji**, an East Indian who has contributed to the English reviews, commands not only the Western idiom, but the very spirit of our best contemporary verse. **Arthur Mason** is a sea captain, home after forty years of roving, who will long remember the 'feel' of a fog. 'Often acutely aware of a boy's diffidence, we deem it good fortune that brought us these candid and confidential 'Ideas on Religion.' **Herbert W. Horwill** has devoted himself to an age-old question of spiritual economics which would seem to be peculiarly pertinent in these days of criticism and controversy. **Charles Boardman Hawes**, who died last July, was best known for his stories of the sea and of Yankee ships in far waters. His last book, *The Dark Frigate*, was published in October, and at the same time an announcement was made by the Atlantic

Monthly Press of 'The Charles Boardman Hawes Prize of two thousand dollars for the best manuscript of an adventure story of the same general character and excellence as the tales contributed to American literature by the late Charles Boardman Hawes.'

* * *

An English scholar and traveler, now living in the Canadian West, **L. Adams Beck** has written several imaginative studies of China and India for the *Atlantic*. **Marie Blake**, who in this number contributes her first poem to the *Atlantic*, is the daughter of Mary Elizabeth Blake, a well-known Boston poet once friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes. **Julia Taft Bayne**, a cousin of Chief Justice Taft, has preserved some precious memories of Tad Lincoln and his father as she knew them in the first year of their administration. 'In the face of disaster in drama and fiction, marriage yet spreads her proud, full sail for fresh voyages.' **Nathalie S. Colby** in her trim paper utters some witty truths, helpful to captain and mate. **Charles Seymour**, professor of history at Yale, is curator of the University's collection of personal documents dealing with the diplomacy of the World War.

* * *

Bruce Bliven, a journalist of honorable years, has reduced to a lucid exposition the angry and involved facts of a disturbing situation. 'To the knowledge of an economist and sociologist, **H. H. Powers** adds a wide acquaintance with European affairs. He has here described the reasons for his reconciliation to the League of Nations, after five years of opposition and observation. **Sisley Huddleston**, the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, is seriously qualified to discuss the present Anglo-French relations. **N. V. Tcharykow** formerly represented his country as Minister-Resident in Rome and again, as Ambassador in Constantinople.

All letters intended for the Contributors' Column must be short. Two hundred and fifty words is a reasonable limit and briefer communications are much to be desired.

* * *

The principle behind the issue:

Kalamazoo, Michigan.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Apropos of George Madden Martin's article in the February *Atlantic*, 'Women and Public Affairs': —

One day last week I telephoned my three closest friends to come over that evening and have dinner with us. As they were arriving I was called to the telephone and heard 'drop a nickel, please,' followed by a vaguely familiar voice which identified itself as that of an old college-mate I had n't met for twenty years. Passing through Kalamazoo, she had the sudden inspiration to stop off between trains on the chance of seeing me. I delightedly ordered her a taxi, hurried on another plate, and had hardly begun explanation to my friends when the unbidden but most welcome guest arrived and we sat down to dinner.

Though I took pains to include my old friend in the conversation, the talk seemed to run elusively around her — rather, to slide off from a highly polished surface of indifference. The rest of us talked about our children (I discovered that she had n't any); about our success and non-success with radio; about the new minister; about 'The Fool,' which one or two of us had seen. One woman mentioned a story of bitter privation in a letter received from relatives in Germany. We greatly admired a string of green jade beads. I told an anecdote about our exceptionally gifted cat and introduced her forthwith to the company. During dessert we discussed coffee and some of us said we always put salt in, and why. My nearest neighbor mentioned an oil heater she had just installed in her home. At this our out-of-town guest leaned forward eagerly.

'Speaking of oil,' she said, 'what do you think of the Teapot Dome scandal?' and added, slowly wagging her head, 'At the devil's booth are all things sold.'

'Oh, that reminds me,' laughed her vis-à-vis, 'of an examination paper that Joan brought home. The children were writing that stanza of Lowell's from memory. One of her boys had it: "The Devil's boots are all thin-soled."'

(Amid the general laughter the face of my out-of-town friend settled into grim resentful lines. Not resentful on her own account, of course! But — to have the ball of edifying conversation snatched from her hands and bounced in child's play!)

'Oh hush!' laughed the lady who had introduced the oil-heater business. 'This is no laughing matter, I tell you. Besides, I've got an oil scandal of my own. The thing blew up — exploded — right in my cellar!' Then off we scudded with her into the thrilling details of that household adventure.

The valiant minority made one more effort to show us the true uses of a dinner party, which simply could n't, in her notion, be summed up in food and frivolity! Seizing the conversational reins by main force, she discoursed upon the decadence of human society, particularly the imminent peril to the race in the alarmingly large feeble-minded ingredient, including the countless morons running quite as large — and *what* to do about it! She had us fixed with a glittering eye. We were rapidly sinking into that helpless state you doubtless have experienced on similar occasions, when our most youthful guest slid into the monologue with an ingratiating, deferential voice:

'Oh I beg pardon, but I heard such an interesting definition of "moron" the other day. It is: "One who is a little more on than off!"'

With glances of gratitude and peals of laughter we hailed our deliverer while an expression of bewilderment and disgust overspread the countenance of the parlor lecturer. Repentantly, but in vain, I tried to engage her in the web spun by our gayly flying shuttle of talk about nothing in particular.

My husband, who had preserved an amused but benevolent neutrality, suggested some music.

'Oh let's have the dance programme from the Blackstone,' said the white-haired lady.

'At 8:45 Central Standard time,' solemnly announced the visiting delegate, 'Professor John Johnson at Johns Hopkins lectures on "Recent Developments in Anthropometric Tests" — I had hoped to hear that lecture.' (Was that the reason I was favored with this visit?) It was then 8:42. Secretly I twisted a bulb and we tried in vain to get Johns Hopkins. The nearest we could come was Schenectady with a Schubert trio, followed by a ponderous political speech which we remorselessly squelched, to pick up a delightful comedy from Salt Lake City.

My home-town friends departed, certainly somewhat chilled by the frosty good-byes of one who mentally classified them, I suspect, as 'moroffs.' The friend of my youth turned on me a look, whether more of sorrow or of anger I could not tell; but it certainly contained the unspoken question, 'Caroline, *how* did you get that way?' Then, glancing over my library table, she remarked with subtle inflection:

'I see you do still take the *Atlantic*.'

'Oh yes,' I replied.

'I wonder,' picking up the February number, 'if by any chance you can have read this article by George Madden Martin on "Women and Public Affairs"?'

'Oh yes.'

A pregnant pause in which I failed to add enlightenment. Then, with tightened lips and ill-repressed indignation: 'I must say, I was most forcibly reminded of that article throughout this evening.'

Her taxi was ordered, she would be leaving in a minute. I had no time to do it gracefully. I sternly ignored my merciful husband's heliographs not to do it at all. I told her that the blonde one, proprietor of the oil heater, was an active and much respected member of the Republican State Central Committee and the leading philanthropist of our town. That the dark one, of the Devil's boots, was a natural philosopher and the most internationally minded person I knew — could n't help being, with seven splendid sons scattered over the face of the earth, one of them Minister of Public Health in Australia. That the young one who contributed the interesting definition of 'moron' had lectured that day at the Rotary Club luncheon on Icelandic government and politics, having recently investigated them on the spot; and that she was late at dinner because of jury duty. And I, myself — among the many criticisms frequently and justly leveled at me, had never been one that I lacked a decent interest in public affairs!

'Then why under heaven,' exclaimed my astonished, outraged guest, 'did n't any of you show one gleam of human intelligence to-night?'

'Well,' I said, 'that depends. You see, I had asked my little friends to come over to *play* with me. Don't *you* ever play?'

'I don't fiddle while Rome's burning! Morons, let me tell you, are no joke!'

I humbly conceded the point. (It was hard to have stubbed one's conversational toe on such an inconsiderable object!) I said something about a return visit and a lecture from her on eugenics which almost put her into good humor. But I could n't refrain from letting this remark fall into the taxi beside her:

'You and G. M. M. should understand that when a group of women don't and won't discuss public affairs it may be because they are n't informed or interested, or — it *may* be for precisely the opposite reason!'

CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE.

* * *

We wonder if A. K. could have told us what was wrong with the *Atlantic's* radiators? We often questioned his confreres with profit — not always to ourselves.

Vermillion, S. D.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Every now and then you devote a bit of sprightly space to 'plumbers.' This is not conclusive evidence that you approve of plumbers, but we gather that at least you are interested in plumbing. Perhaps the *Atlantic* has pleasantly, and profitably, entertained a plumber, at some time, in his professional capacity. Plumbers and their problems are first-hand fare at our house. One lives with us. We boast of kinship.

Thermometers slipped down to thirty-two below here at Vermillion, S. D., last Sunday morning, and as our plumber, freshly bathed, shaved, brushed, and manicured sat down to his nine-o'clock grapefruit the telephone began. (A. K. — the plumber — has refused to bear a telephone ring on Sunday morning for many a year.) I went, apprehensively.

'It's the minister,' I interpreted; 'his kitchen-pipes are frozen and he wants to know what will happen if he starts his kitchen fire.'

The plumber smiled, carelessly sprinkling sugar over his grapefruit. 'Tell him to try it and see,' he advised, without looking up.

I amended the message a bit for courtesy's sake and sent it on. As I turned to my toast, the telephone rang again.

'The Blitheringtons are in trouble — broken pipe — leading.'

The plumber grinned pleasantly, buttering his second piece of toast.

'Tell 'em to pay their last winter's bill': he said it with satisfied decision.

'Impossible for him to do anything for you,' I revised, being sure they would understand.

Another ring before the receiver was up.

'Muddleston's house is flooding — basement a foot deep — quick — what shall I tell them?'

He scratched his left ear lightly, munching his toast.

'Tell 'em to turn off the water,' he offered casually.

'Turn off the water,' I yelled into the speaking tube.

'Turn it off where?' came back.

'Turn it off where?' I relayed to his breakfasting omnipotence.

'Why, where it comes in, of course.' He reached for the cream.

'Where it comes in,' I screamed at the telephone.

'Where does it come in?' — helplessly, hopelessly.

'Where does it come in, A. K? Do look as if you cared a straw.'

He actually laughed. 'Any man —' he began, then laughed again. 'The Muddleston's — let's see — theirs turns off in the northwest corner — by their cellar-stairs.' He sipped his

coffee. 'Tell 'em to turn it halfway,' he added condescendingly.

So the morning went merrily until he put on his great coat and went out into the biting cold.

MABEL K. RICHARDSON.

* * *

M. E. B.'s 'Death as a Dream Experience' continues to awaken responses from those who have dreamed likewise.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have passed through an experience which may be of interest to those of you who are still seeking a positive proof of the existence of personality after death. I am puzzled myself and do not state the following as a conclusive answer to the question.

I was obliged to undergo a minor operation, with which no complications were connected. Having successfully passed through several operations of a more serious nature, this simple one held no terrors for me. When I had become fully conscious I felt amused at what I supposed to have been an ether dream, although because of its vividness it seemed more like an actual experience. I remembered feeling a sensation of extreme and joyous lightness. It is perhaps better expressed by saying that I felt physically unhampered. I had also a distinct sensation of light, as to color.

Then all at once, as a natural course of events, my father who had been dead for fifteen years, spoke to me in his usual loving greeting. I felt overjoyed to see him, but said to him, 'I have not finished, I do not want to come yet.' To which he answered, 'You need not come now, you may wait. Perhaps it will be better so.'

I recalled no other sensations, but the memory of what I have related was more coherent and vivid than the memories of dreams usually are. Further, let me state here that nothing of this kind had occurred to me during any of the previous operations, all of which had taken place after the death of my father.

Two days after the operation the nurse astonished me by saying,

'You did not know that you nearly passed out in the operating room. In fact, to all appearances you were dead, for your heart stopped beating and they thought you were gone.'

Then it was that I wondered whether this had been a dream or an actual experience.

HELENE MARTHA BOLL.

* * *

Is it perhaps just such a feeling of awe as has made 'Listening In' so fascinating, which touched men's minds when the Atlantic Cable first joined two worlds?

The writer was famous in his day as the first American to make a great city clean.

Central Park, New York,
August 6, 1858.

MY DEAR WIFE, —

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable is laid. You know this, of course, as well as I do, but do you realize the immensity of the achievement? It is one of those quietly sublime subjects that grow with their life, and that cannot at once take their full hold on the soul.

I have stood under Niagara, I have faced a storm on the broad Atlantic where there was *nothing but darkness and waves on all sides* — what is more, I have read of heroic actions: of the self-sacrifice of men for their country; of the still harder love-sacrifice of a woman for the happiness of the man she loved, and I have trembled at the majesty of each; but this stupendous human miracle, in its quiet suggestiveness of the majesty of God's power in the creation of man, awakens feelings which I cannot describe, and which are too holy for expression by any language of this world.

To think that for ten times the distance which now separates you from me, at a depth where all is dark, and dreary, and motionless, where no living thing has ever been and seen the light again, there has been laid, by human skill, a channel through which London and New York may chat as across a table; that here sorrows from the old world may jostle joys from the new, and life, and thought, and intelligence thrill along this heartstring of the earth, unmindful of the storms which may be raging above, or of the wars and pestilence which may beset its either end: to know and to believe all this is to know and to realize that the God who sent man, naked, into the world, and endowed him with the power to annihilate time and space, gave him a living soul, which, by its work and development has attained a rank which makes its annihilation an impossibility on the part of a being capable of creating it.

What more we are to attain, especially in the world to come where our powers are quickened, and unburdened, who may tell? But who may not, from this development of human greatness, dare to hope!

Excuse my sermon, dearest, but I mean it.

As ever,

GEORGE E. WARING, JR.

* * *

Courage, Reader! Last year there were 3352 monthlies in the United States, and this year there are 3392 alternatives to the *Atlantic*. And yet, Mr. Langdon Mitchell places a very modest value upon our culture!

Tricornes still hold their popularity. The one shown is a black milan trimmed with white ribbon.

At left, chenille sports hat taffeta trimmed. At right, flower, lace and ribbon bedecked picture hat.

Spring and Summer Styles meet and Blend

THE near approach of Summer finds an alluring array of apparel awaiting fair feminine purchasers. Little radical change in style line has occurred since the first offerings of Spring were made when Winter was still very much with us. The straight silhouette holds good, and simplicity may generally be regarded as the keynote. Tailored suits have had a tremendous vogue, and their popularity continues. The more elaborate costume suit, especially that including dress and cape, promises to be an all-summer favorite. Linens and sheer cottons are as usual in the lineup of warm weather frocks, but silks take first place, and among those vigorously sponsored for Summer, the wash silks known variously as shirting silks or broadcloths give promise of an exceptional run of favor.

This Rotogravure Style Section is prepared for the Quality Group, of which this magazine is a member, by the Fashion Editors of the DRY GOODS ECONOMIST. For nearly eighty years the DRY GOODS ECONOMIST has been the leading style authority of the dry goods merchants of America and its fashion forecasts are followed weekly by more than 35,000 leading stores throughout the country.

The illustrations shown in this section represent the styles which have been endorsed by the premier designers of America and Paris and which will have the place of honor in American showrooms during the coming season. Bizarre and freak styles are not shown. American adaptations of French styles are based on samples which are imported by the DRY GOODS ECONOMIST from the great Parisian houses in advance of each season.



White flat crepe plays the major role in the fashioning of this little frock, hand painted motifs in black decorating the bodice. The skirt is overdressed with black Chantilly lace topped by a lace sash drawn through ornamental clasps. The vogue for lace is emphasized as the season advances, every type of lace from the filmiest weaves to sturdy Macrame finding a place in the scheme of things sartorial.

The strictly tailored vogue, strong as it unquestionably is, has not interfered with the more elaborate costume suit, as the new models constantly offered prove. The frock with matching cape is one of the very popular costume suits, the one pictured below combining black and white flat crepe. Embroidery in rather heroic motifs decorates the bodice. The cape has an interesting fan pleated collar.



The slim silhouette is emphasized in this coat of black crepe back satin with its accordion pleated frills and jabot, the latter faced with purple.



Voile and handkerchief linen are fabrics employed in the development of frocks of the type pictured below, with touches of hand work of one sort or another as the preferred trimming. Hand drawn work and pipings in a contrasting shade serve to embellish this simple morning frock of the "tub" variety.



Embroidered handkerchief linen and plain linen in a heavier weave in contrasting color are combined in the frock shown above. The cotton or linen tub frock is a warm weather necessity, with style simplicity the rule of good taste.



Rodier novelties are looked upon with great favor by American manufacturers of apparel for women. The frock pictured above features one of Rodier's Summer season fabrics combining Chartreuse and Rust color, the stripe being in open weave simulating hand drawn work. Note the frock is sleeveless!



New and smart is this street costume consisting of a printed crepe frock with an overdress or coat of navy blue twill. The dress in yellow and purple is piped and girdled with purple ribbon, and the coat is self-trimmed with yellow amber clasps fastening it.





Three of the season's quota of sunshades are shown on this page. At upper left is a filmy affair of chiffon, the lining in one tone, the outer part in another. At the right is a dainty silk parasol ruffled all over with inch wide lace. At lower right is one of the newest affairs designed for either sun or rain. It is rather flat as to shape, features sixteen ribs and is of a checked silk blending so many colors and color combinations that any costume may be matched. The handle is short, or "stubby," and decidedly ornamental.





A wool jersey bathing suit may be as beautiful as it is practical if proper designing and workmanship go into its fashioning. The one shown below is in a vivid red bound in white, and the voluminous cape buttons to the suit on the shoulders. There's a head dress to match.



Terry cloth, or more plainly interpreted, bath toweling, fashions the most practical of bathing capes. The one shown above is in a wide stripe featuring a blending of several gay colors.



The costume suit continues to be a reigning favorite whether of silk or wool fabric. Blouses of these suits find metal cloths, embroidered crepes and various laces desirable, and they are usually sleeveless or finished with very short sleeves.



This three piece or costume suit is of navy twill, the coat trimmed with flat braid edged with gold. The blouse of the suit, shown at right, is of multi-colored metal cloth.





The wrap-around coat, guiltless of fastening, is a favorite this season. The one pictured above is of a fine soft velour type of fabric elaborately eyelet embroidered and finished with a squirrel collar.

The frock below is of heavy silk crepe in white with woven in motifs in tangerine. Tangerine colored ribbon fastens it at the side.



"Something different" is this semi-fitted coat trimmed in silk sou-tache braid. It is all black except for the white fox collar and lines of red and gold between the braid bandings.





(Above) Printed crepe in navy and beige is utilized for this frock with plain beige crepe for trimming. The dress opens in front over an accordion pleated underskirt.

(Right) White or plain color silk crepe, plain or striped shirting silks and lingerie fabrics are employed equally often for frocks of the type pictured. Flannels are also often used for these simple sports frocks for youthful figures.





Small Section of Oxford Cross Net Curtain in actual size, showing the general character of the net.

Glass Curtains of Quaker Oxford Cross Net, hung in double tiers, give freshness and sunshine to Mrs. Oliver Harriman's boudoir.

"LET THERE BE SUNSHINE!" SAYS FASHION

THE gloomy, even the ultra-formal house is "out."
The cheerful, informal house is "in."

Nowhere is this more marked than in the decoration of the windows.

Overdrapes are pushed back till now they are mere strips framing the sides of the window.

The old standard window shade in many places gives way to silk gauze hung with draw-strings so as to let in light from the very top of the window.

The windows are curtained with the most open of net (or lace) curtains to properly break up and distribute the light and to veil the window.

Net or lace is chosen because it is the most open of materials—so open that someone has half humorously—but wholly accurately—described it as a collection of holes held in place by strong threads.

Now fashion demands that this cheery window treatment be carried a step further.

"Add a touch of sunshine," says fashion, "and your window is perfect."

The decorators first attempted to get this sunshine effect by using a net curtain dipped in golden dye.

This gave a fairly satisfactory result in the room but was too splashy in color when seen from outside the house.

To weave color into a net or lace so that a haze of color results, rather than a splash, is the Quaker art.

There are several new Quaker Craft Lace Curtainings that meet fashion's decree, the most favored being Oxford Cross Net, in Sunshine color or a combination of Sunshine and old rose or blue; Sunshine Casement; and Colonial Filet Net in Sunshine or colonial blue—all both sunproof and tubproof.

A Booklet That Will Help You

Booklet "Concerning Window Draperies" will be sent free if you mention the name of the best retailer handling window draperies in your city or shopping center. Otherwise enclose 10 cents in stamps.



QUAKER LACE COMPANY

Lace Works and Accounting Rooms:
4th STREET & LEHIGH AVE., PHILADELPHIA

Wholesale Salesrooms:
BROADWAY, COR. 19th STREET, NEW YORK



The vogue for lace is evidenced in this graceful negligee of Macrame lace over chiffon, with bands of marabou as trimming. Long silk tassels finish and swing from the open sleeves.



The designer of this negligee or lounging costume christened it the "Mah-Jong." It is of a printed silk in Oriental colorings trimmed with plain self fabric.





This strictly tailored knitted suit is in a blue and white plaid with bindings of white artificial silk. The notched revers and white novelty buttons are interesting details.



This orange colored sweater-blouse features Peasant sleeves and the Coolie neckline, and is trimmed with bands of three-tone bouclette. White crystal buttons make an effective fastening.





The monogrammed sports or morning frock of heavy linen is an aftermath of the sports blouse so embellished. This lettering serves two purposes. It individualizes the frock and also manages to ring a touch of color into an all-white frock or a note of contrast into a colored one. The dress pictured above is of white linen fastened with self covered buttons and loops and with string belt also of the linen. It is monogrammed in color.

Inquiries regarding merchandise described in this section, and where it can be secured in your town, as well as comments, suggestions or criticisms, will be welcomed. Address, Style Editors, The Quality Group, 681—5th Ave., New York City.